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your sincere Friend
& most obed^t Servant,
Himley. J. B. Ward.
December 27th 1799.

P.S. The Verses go on miserably, yet I
neither drink, hunt, shoot, or fish.

Day & Hagler, U

LETTERS

17450



THE EARL OF DUDLEY

TO

THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

"It is certain that no works have done more service to mankind than those which have appeared in this shape, upon familiar subjects, and which perhaps were never intended for publication: and it is this makes them so valuable."

LORD HARDWICKE, *Pope v. Curl*, Atk. Rep.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1840.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY STEWART AND MURRAY,
OLD BAILEY.

P R E F A C E.

THE Letters of the late Earl of Dudley now laid before the public, were printed and announced for publication nearly a twelvemonth ago, but the publication was suspended in consequence of an unexpected objection made on the part of his Executors, which is now removed. I think it right however, for my own vindication, to give some account of the circumstances under which this interruption took place.

Lord Dudley died on the 6th of March, 1833, having been placed under the care of medical attendants, and entirely withdrawn from society, for near a twelvemonth before the melancholy scene finally closed. After the lapse of six years (or rather of seven years from his civil death) it occurred to me that some memorial of the character and literary talents of a man so distinguished in

society would be well received, and would be no improper tribute of respect and friendship from one, who had lived in habits of intimacy and of constant correspondence with him for more than thirty years. In this opinion I was confirmed by several of his more particular friends, to whom the design was occasionally mentioned; for I made no secret of it, little dreaming of the legal right which Executors possess to stop the publication of letters addressed to myself, and still less of the probability that such a right would be claimed and exercised. I had held scarcely any communication with his Executors concerning him, and never made any enquiry about his Will, or about the state and disposition of his affairs. Once indeed, very soon after his decease, having reason to think that he occasionally kept some of my letters, and wishing to have them restored to me, I did ask whether any of them were preserved; but I was assured, in the most concise terms, that every thing of the kind was destroyed, in pursuance of his own directions. The present then seemed to be as proper a season as any for the publication—a sufficient interval of time having elapsed to obviate the censure sometimes passed on the in-

delicacy and indecent haste of such a disclosure, and yet not so great an interval, as to deprive the Letters of that interest which arises from an acquaintance with the persons and things described, or to detract from the natural freshness and truth of the descriptions and opinions contained in them. Every year would thin the ranks of those who remembered and admired and esteemed the writer, and who would recognise the stamp of his characteristic qualities almost in every page: and while I felt perfectly sure that nothing would appear which could lessen their admiration and esteem, I had no doubt that the effect of the work would be, to correct errors and misrepresentations which had often prevailed in the world to his prejudice, and to create a just and favourable opinion in the public mind, of his political character, of his strong attachment to his country, and of his excellent moral qualities.

An advertisement was accordingly inserted in the usual way, announcing the work as soon about to appear. It was then that I received, to my great surprise, an official notice that the Executors objected to the publication thus announced: upon which having taken legal advice,

and being informed that if application were made by the Executors to the Court of Chancery, an Injunction would probably be granted, I signified my acquiescence in their private injunction, and abandoned the design.

A few months after this affair, the letters already printed were shown to one individual only, who was an intimate friend of the deceased, and in the same rank of life. His opinion and wishes were expressed to me in the strongest terms, that the publication might go on; and through his means a personal communication took place between Lord Hatherton, one of the Executors, and myself. By his recommendation the letters having been shewn to the other Executors, their objection to the publication was withdrawn; and I am now at liberty to do, what I hope it will not be thought rash or presumptuous in me to have intended doing upon my own responsibility. To their legal right, as soon as I was informed of it, I paid immediate submission: but their individual judgment and authority on such a point, as far as that depends upon long and intimate friendship with the writer, I deemed far inferior to my own.

It is therefore still to be understood, that I alone am responsible for all the matter now printed, a responsibility which I always wished to be exclusively my own, and from which I anticipate no serious blame or complaint. I cannot indeed expect a perfect agreement in opinion as to the judgment exercised in retaining or rejecting things of subordinate importance: but from the first I had resolved to publish nothing which could in the slightest degree impair Lord Dudley's reputation, or be injurious to others, or give just cause of offence to any individual now living. Under this restriction, it seemed best not to mutilate and abridge the letters, but to give them in their genuine unaltered form. Although many passages might appear to be trivial and insignificant, yet this is what invariably happens in familiar correspondence when publication is unthought of, and is almost necessary to the maintenance of that character. Strictures however upon public men and public affairs, upon parliamentary proceedings and party politics, even when freely and sharply given, and individuals are named, I did not consider as coming under the rule of exclusion: and the same was my

opinion as to criticisms upon the literary merits of published works. In all other respects, there has been a studious endeavour to avoid giving offence, not by altering but by omitting the passage.

It is remarkable, however, and it was even unexpected by myself, how small in quantity was the whole of the matter thus excluded—not amounting, I believe, to three pages; with the exception indeed of two entire letters written just after the late Lord Londonderry's death, and relating to that melancholy event. These letters I had intended to include, subject to the consent of his nearest relatives, in the present volume; but in deference to the opinion of some friends to whom they were shewn, they have been suppressed. To myself they appeared to be among the most deeply interesting of the whole collection, and in their general tendency most favourable to the memory of that distinguished statesman.

The only portions of the letters which ought perhaps to have been retrenched, and which I still feel some scruple in communicating to the world, are those which relate personally to myself. But every experienced man must know, and every candid man will make allowance for the fact, that

language of this kind in a letter naturally, and without any consciousness of insincerity, tends to excess—that we are apt when absent, and especially at a great distance, to feel more kindly, and to utter our feelings more warmly in writing to a friend, than either his own merits, or our usual demeanour towards him would seem to justify. The most ingenuous correspondent never willingly hazards a phrase that may create an unpleasant feeling, and if he errs, always takes care to err on the side of kindness and favour. All passages of that nature therefore ought to undergo a corrective process, like bills of exchange, and not to be hastily admitted and placed to account according to their full apparent value.

It was not my intention to write a full biographical memoir of Lord Dudley, nor to enter into a very minute delineation of his character. A just idea indeed of that character may better be collected from his letters, than from any portrait which my own pen could draw. If another volume of these letters should be permitted to appear, there will be an opportunity of completing this sketch, and of giving a general view of the principal incidents and the course of his life. The first letter is

dated Dec. 27th, 1799,—the last Feb. 11, 1831. That they are all equally worthy of publication cannot be supposed or pretended : but I assert with confidence, that they all bear marks of the same intellectual and manly character — strong sense, acute yet candid observation on men and manners and political affairs,—original and deep reflection combined with a lively imagination, and a knowledge of books and of the world rarely found united in the same individual. They afford also the same evidence of a sincere, virtuous and honourable mind, intent upon being useful, and upon performing his duty well in public and private life—exhibiting, in the season of youth as well as in more advanced age, that most engaging of all compounds, a playful fancy joined with a vigorous understanding and a serious heart. Intellectual energy, and contempt for an idle and indulgent life, are also prominent features in his correspondence from its very commencement : and this, together with his extensive reading and his exquisite taste in literature, makes one lament that he has left behind him no other productions of his pen (although he certainly wrote a great deal,) besides letters to his friends, and a few papers in the

Quarterly Review. Some of these are by name acknowledged in the following collection: of others the authorship, though generally attributed to him, must still remain matter of conjecture.

It would however be almost injustice to his memory not to state, as the result of my own unvarying experience, that a deep and awful sense of religion formed one ingredient of his character; together with a hatred of profaneness in those who profess outwardly a belief in Christianity. He was distinguished also by constancy in friendship, gratitude for acts of kindness and for benefits of any sort, warm affection and esteem for real friends, considerate and kind behaviour towards dependents and inferiors, and a never-failing sense of filial duty and respect. His main infirmity, which increased with years and with the accession of large property, consisted in a sensitive apprehension of being duped or over-reached in ordinary transactions: and this vigilant and over-nice jealousy was often construed into a closeness and parsimony unbecoming his great fortune. His expenditure was indeed carefully but not sparingly regulated: and the duty of almsgiving, and of contributing to charitable and

religious objects, was never forgotten. As an example I may refer to one donation of £200 bestowed unhesitatingly, at my recommendation, to a single family in distress.

I should here be content to close my preliminary observations, but in compliance with the desire of his Executors I have to state, that a testamentary paper, in his own hand-writing, enjoined them to burn his papers and correspondence unread: and farther, that in the *post mortem* examination which took place by eminent professional men, a formation in the brain was discovered, which they think affords a satisfactory solution of some peculiarities in his last illness.

The two specimens of his hand-writing, taken from his earliest and his latest letters, although their publication is not specially authorized, will I trust be deemed innocuous.

*Deanery, St. Paul's,
Feb. 2, 1840.*

[Jan^y 1st 1831.]

Park Lane - Friday

My dear Lord.

I shall have great pleasure
in dining with you upon Thursday.
- Along with this note I send a
small & pleasant which I beg
of you to accept.

yours ever sincerely
Dudley

The Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

Park Lane - February 11. 1831

My dear Lord

Will you do me the favour to dine
here on Wednesday 23^d

I put 7 on the card meaning to
dine really at 4 1/2 past.

You will meet Halkam & some others
of your acquaintance.

yours ever sincerely

Dudley

The Lord Bishop of Llandaff



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FERRATA.

- P. 146, for Lyttickon, read Lyttichon.**
— **304, and after. for Fende, read Yende.**
— **347, Letter LXXX, dated London, instead of Loughton.**

LORD DUDLEY'S LETTERS

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1814.

LETTER I.

Brighton, January 6th, 1814.

MY DEAR COPLESTON.

I HAD a letter from Lord Lansdowne this morning, by which I find that he meant to be at Oxford to-day. Though it is too late to acquaint you with his arrival, yet I rather hope you have met each other by this time, as you did not talk of leaving the University till the 12th.

I have not been so surfeited with good news as not to feel quite delighted with the accounts this morning's paper has just brought down. One could never have imagined that in any circumstances Buonaparte would be brought to deliver a speech containing such evident marks of humiliation. But I trust the Allies will persevere for all

1.

* B

that. Let them negotiate, provided they do but advance while they are negotiating. The only unlucky thing is that strange declaration from Frankfort : but in the course of the negotiation, he will be almost sure to give them a fair opportunity to depart from the precise terms of it.

As to the Bourbons, I don't think they are at all likely to be restored. These events give them their last chance, but I can't find that any body in France thinks much about them. The rapid succession of mighty events, foreign and domestic, for the last twenty years, seems to have produced upon the minds of the French, an effect like that which generally arises from the lapse of a much longer period: The Bourbons, for any thing that one hears, are as much forgotten, as if they had not reigned within the last hundred years. However, I should rejoice in their restoration as heartily as you would, though I don't agree with you in looking to it as a probable event. It would give the best chance for the happiness of France and the tranquillity of the rest of the world.

I shall not think of going to Holland till spring. This season is a great deal too bad for travelling in a northern and disturbed country, without any of those facilities which a public function affords. Besides, in three or four months we may have peace, and then it would be quite provoking to

have taken a great deal of trouble to see a very little, when with no trouble at all one might so soon after have seen a great deal.

If I spoke of Mr. Stewart's new volume in a way to convey a notion of its being actually published, I expressed myself (as I am apt to do) very hastily and incorrectly. It is, I believe, *printed off* by this time, but not *published*, but I suppose we shall have it very soon. I should be very much pleased indeed if you could be prevailed upon to undertake it for the Q. R. If I am not much mistaken you have a great deal to say upon the subject of it, and it would be a good opportunity of making your *debut* in metaphysics. I don't think you need be deterred by the fear of anticipating any thing you might afterwards be desirous to give to the world in a more substantial shape; on such a subject there would be no harm in saying again what you had said before, with such or such additions and changes as time and further reflection hardly ever fail to produce. Do pray think about it. At any rate, I will take care that you have the book as soon as it comes.

I have been looking over a book on the state of Education in Scotland, by a man named Russell, a *Meenister* at Leith. Preserving a very quiet, polite, judicial tone, he has made such remarks upon the Scotch mode of teaching Greek

and Latin, and upon the University of Edinburgh, as cannot fail to be very unpleasant to some of my learned friends—your adversaries—in that renowned seat of knowledge. You ought to read him, for he mentions you as an authority along with Cicero and Quintilian.

I shall stay here till the beginning of next week. I came to avoid the fog.

If you have Mackintosh against you, you have Horner for you in thinking Madame de Staël's Metaphysics all unintelligible nonsense.

Yours ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

P. S. I believe I omitted to congratulate you upon your escape from the Professorship. I perceive, too that I have forgotten to say a word about the death of my uncle. It was impossible to be almost a witness to the last moments of so near a kinsman, or indeed of any person, without some painful emotion. But there was nothing in his character that particularly endeared him to me. He never took the smallest interest in me, or showed to me the smallest kindness—and, though I flatter myself that there is no person more capable of returning affection than myself, yet I fairly own that I am wholly unable to bestow it quite gratuitously even upon a near relation. The fact is, Mr. Bosville cared for nobody.

LETTER II.

130, Park-street, Friday, January 28, 1814.

MY DEAR COPLESTON.

IT is not at all to be wondered at, that, with an understanding and disposition, such as you possess, you should feel indignant and mortified at the bigoted hostility to improvement, however moderate and cautious, which you have to contend with in the greater part of your academical contemporaries and friends. From what I have myself seen and heard from other quarters, I am quite satisfied that you have not over-rated their obstinacy and intolerance. It may, perhaps, in one point of view, be of some consolation to you, though, in another, it is undoubtedly a cause of additional vexation, to remark, that you see that spirit at its very height, and that it is chiefly in that class with which you naturally have most intercourse, that it prevails. I will not abuse the University to its ablest defender,—indeed, I have no inclination to do so ;—but I must be allowed to say, that of all persons with whom I ever was acquainted, *churchmen, resident at Oxford*, have always appeared the most determined enemies to every species of salutary change. With all the influence that character and talents can give, you

will produce but little effect upon them. They are not the materials from which converts are made. Improvement must be forced upon them as it ever has been, from without. Do you think, for instance, that if Adam Smith and Gibbon had not attacked them—to say nothing of twenty other less celebrated persons—and if the world had not began to cry out shame, you ever would have had the new statute; though the necessity of it had been just as manifest for fifty years before, as at the moment when it was passed? Certainly not; and so of all the rest. But the public is further advanced, and by no means so intractable. The fate of Lord Harrowby's Bill is a proof of this. In Parliament, which, after all, is a pretty fair echo of the public voice, it passed. In Convocation it would have been infallibly rejected. In short, it must be admitted that, whatever other merits the University may possess, liberality, and a willingness to adapt institutions to the state of the country, are not among them. Perhaps it is useful that there should be a body of that sort to prevent any change from taking place too fast. Though it is no slight or doubtful advantage that could counterbalance that enormous evil of which, for so many years, Oxford was the cause,—that of teaching little else but idleness and drunkenness to half the young men in the country; of whose

education it is in a manner the joint patentee with its sister institution. But I am saying more than I intended. I said I would not speak ill of the University,—nor indeed am I speaking ill of it in its *present state* ; and of its former state, you, I believe, don't think much more favorably than I do.

I would not recommend a selfish course of conduct ; but I am inclined to think, that the pursuits of literature and philosophy, in which you doubt whether you may completely indulge, will contribute most, not only to your own pleasure and fame, but to the advantage of the ecclesiastical and academical bodies to which you belong. It is by literature and philosophy that the understandings, not yet hardened by interest and habit, may be prepared for the reception of truth, and such a light kindled without, as will, at last, glimmer through the very windows of the Corpus Common Room. The present race is quite hopeless ; though it includes many persons entitled to great respect from their learning, virtues, and talents. There are some exposures in which the mind seems to lose its plastic quality : Oxford, I suspect, is one of them. A naturally happy conformation, and constant exercise, enable a few men, like Davison and yourself, to preserve the free use of them ; but that is the common

lot. The place abounds in sense, learning, and worth; but the power of giving a fair consideration to any thing that is, or appears new, is precisely what it wants.

How did your visit to Dropmore pass off? Mackintosh went away just before you came, which I was very sorry for, as you would like to meet him again, as, I am sure, he would be equally desirous to see you.

I am glad you liked Lord L. He is really an excellent person,—quite the flower of our great nobility. But you surprise me by saying, that he has too little reserve. He has generally been considered as having quite the opposite quality.

At the same time, with this note, I shall take the liberty to send a paper I have just written for the Quarterly, on Miss Edgeworth's last novel, "Patronage." I am rather ashamed of making such an unreasonable demand upon your patience; but the fact is, that I am very anxious to have the benefit of your opinion before I send it to Gifford, so much less friendly, so much less candid, and so much less able a judge. I am not much pleased with it myself; so pray do not hesitate, if it be necessary, to pronounce sentence of entire condemnation. Why did you not try to make it better? you will say—and so I did; but sometimes

things take an unlucky cast from the first, and there is no help for it. If you find much difficulty in making it out, don't persevere, but send it me back, and I will get it transcribed or set up.

No event could be more contrary to my wishes and feelings ; but I am inclined to think that we are on the eve of a peace that will leave Buonaparte upon the throne of France. After all that has happened, such a measure would not be popular in England.

There is no hurry about the papers, for I have not consumed above one-third of the time Gifford allowed me. When you have read them—if that be possible, send them back ; and if you make any marginal, or other remarks, I shall be thankful.

Did I ever desire you to turn to the 43rd paragraph of Æschines's speech against Ctesiphon ? You may perhaps recollect it. It is singularly beautiful and applicable to the present times, in a way that can hardly fail to strike you—more, just after the battle of Leipsic, than now.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER III.

130, Park Street, Friday, Feb. 4, 1814.

MY DEAR COPLESTON.*

I AM very glad you like my paper upon Miss E. Any observations that the reading of her book may suggest to you, I shall be much obliged to you for communicating to me. But don't trouble yourself to write sooner than may be convenient—two or three days are no object to me.

I have heard it doubted whether Miss E. means Lord Ellenborough by her Chief Justice. How does the thing strike you? Whether she does or does not, the passage is almost equally absurd. At first it seemed generally understood that it was designed as a compliment to the actual C. J. The other theory is an after-thought.

I did not mean to refer you to more than the two first sentences of the paragraph in *Æschines*; after that it grows inapplicable. But those two

* This being the constant style of beginning his letters, it has been thought best to avoid a perpetual repetition of the same words. At first it was resolved to continue them, because they convey the idea that the letter, as printed, is not only genuine, but *entire*. I have therefore, once for all, to state that they *are* entire letters—not extracts; that there are no alterations—nor any omissions—except what have been thought necessary under the principle announced in the Preface, viz. not to give pain or just cause of offence to any living person. The exercise of this principle has been very rarely called for.

are wonderfully beautiful, and wonderfully adapted to the situation of affairs just after the battle of Leipsic.

What think you of the chance of the Bourbons now? I am afraid it is very small indeed, and I know that within the last week or two their own hopes have very much declined. In wishing for their restoration, I quite agree with you, supposing, however, that it is the *family*, and not the *government*, that is to be restored. The horrors of the French revolution have made us ready to think that every thing is good except itself. But the truth is, that the old government of France was an execrable abuse—not fit to be endured—and of course ten thousand times less fit to be re-established. I don't mean to say any thing for the tyranny of Robespierre and Buonaparte—but we must not forget the despotism of the Cardinal Dubois, and Madame du Barri—which, though far less cruel, was more insulting, more degrading, and tended still more to the corruption of national manners. The French are not fit to enjoy so large a share of liberty as the English, but they really ought to be indulged with a little more than was allowed them by the forms of the old monarchy.

I suppose you had not seen the "Corsair" when you wrote, or you would hardly have re-

frained from mentioning it. To me it appears the best of all his works. Rapidity of execution is no sort of apology for doing a thing ill, but when it is done well, the wonder is so much the greater. I am told he wrote this Poem at ten sittings—certainly it did not take him more than three weeks. He is a most extraordinary person—and yet there is G. Ellis, who don't feel his merit. His creed in modern poetry (I should have said *contemporary*) is Walter Scott—all Walter Scott—and nothing but Walter Scott. I cannot say how I hate this petty factious spirit in literature—it is so unworthy of a man so clever and so accomplished as Ellis undoubtedly is.

I will make immediate inquiry about the affair of the chaplainships.

Adieu—I shall write again as soon as I hear from you.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

P.S. I don't think we much disagree in our doctrine about *story*. All I contend is, that in a long narrative there should be a strong *interest* arising either from events or from characters. Like you, I prefer that which arises from character. The story of the “Nouvelle Heloise” itself might be told in two pages, as Voltaire has told it

in a paper entitled “*De ce qui se trouve dans le livre de Jean Jacques,*” and a poor story it is after all ; but they must be characters actuated by powerful passions, not every-day people, such as Miss E. represents or intends to represent.

LETTER IV.

130, Park Street, Friday Evening, February 11, 1814.

I AM really obliged to you for the trouble you have been so good as to take about my paper on Miss E. I have adopted some words you inserted, and as I agree with you in thinking that I had not done sufficient justice to her power of delineating characters and manners, I have added a laudatory page on that subject. The censures I passed upon the structure of her story I have allowed to stand, for on that point, I am, after reflection, disposed to adhere to my original opinion. Gifford has got it. What he will propose to alter I know not, nor do I much care, provided he suffers me to make them myself, and does not insert any thing of his own, which is, generally speaking, not good for much. His prose is remarkably inferior to his poetry.

I was preparing to make a vigorous defence of Miss E. from the canting hypocritical accusation against her on the score of religion, when luckily I bethought myself of turning back to the two former papers on Miss E. in the Q. R., in which I found this charge preferred with great earnestness and solemnity. Both the critiques are wretched, and I should not the least have minded contradicting flatly any doctrine, literary, moral, or religious, contained in them, had I not, just at the same time, to my great surprise, accidentally learnt from Murray (who told it me with a mixture of lamentation and contempt, comical enough for such a personage) that these passages were of Gifford's own manufacture, and inserted (*pro salute animæ*) at his particular instance in an article furnished by that "serious young man" the younger Stephen. Of course there was nothing for it, but to pass over the topic in decent silence. However, I am glad you see the thing in the same point of view that I do. It is, indeed, an odd complaint against a novel, to say that it an't a sermon upon doctrinal points.

Some copies of Mr. Stewart's book are come, but I have not been able to procure one. From some things Horner told me yesterday, I am inclined to imagine that it is a volume that will attract a good deal of your attention, and that some

of its doctrines will not please you so well as the general tenor of Mr. Stewart's other writings. The subject of Logic is, I understand, treated at considerable length, and probably you will find that he leans to the opinions of the Edinburgh Reviewers. If this is the case, I hope it will confirm you in the notion I suggested to you, and which you seemed disposed seriously to entertain, of furnishing a paper on the subject to the Q. Rev. It is a fair opportunity for discussion. I have no spirit of party—not even a regularly formed opinion, but I look for instruction from the collision, and I am sure you would appear to advantage even in conflict with so able and so experienced an adversary. Besides, it will be all pure tranquil discussion. You will have no illiberal insinuations to repel, and no intentional unfairness of argument to expose.

I am writing at night, for I feel unable to sleep. To-day every body has appeared to entertain a confident opinion that peace is at hand—close at hand—and that the next messenger may bring an account of its being actually signed. I do not feel—and I am incapable of affecting a morbid sensibility about public affairs. But my mind is really quite filled and agitated by the magnitude of the event—the amazing tissue of circumstances that has led to it—and by the prodigious scope it

is about to open to curiosity and the desire of knowledge. In a few weeks I may perhaps see Paris, and in a few months Italy itself—a sight which I cannot even think upon without emotion. Then fear is mingled with hope. Peace, the offspring of victory, increasing our own dominions and restoring those of all our allies, is at any rate a splendid thing, and far beyond the most sanguine hopes of a few years—I might almost say of a few months ago. But peace with Buonaparte, which must seal the doom of the oldest, greatest, and best royal family in Europe, and place a robber on their throne—which must exhibit that spectacle most hateful to all good men, and most pernicious as an example—the final prosperity and triumph of crime—regicide peace is not to be thought of without aversion and grief, at a moment when, however suddenly and unexpectedly, our thoughts had been raised to a greater and more fortunate catastrophe.

Saturday Morning, February 12, 1814.

I have just got Mr. Stewart's book. The chapter on Aristotle's Logic is the only one on which I have cast my eyes. It is a direct attack upon the whole system. You are alluded to in terms of great civility. I think you will be tempted to offer, in some shape or other, an

answer to his remarks. If what I have said makes you impatient to see the book, I will send it to you per coach; but you would probably as soon wait.

LETTER V.

130, Park Street, Thursday, March 3, 1814.

THE curtain seems just about to drop. Most people here are of opinion that Robinson carried over with him the consent of our government to terms of peace already acceded to by the Allies. Some indeed think that a battle must be fought before the negotiations close, and that the event of it will decide some point still in discussion, but every body appears persuaded that peace is not removed by any considerable distance.

You must for some time past have been convinced that my speculation as to the fate of the Bourbons was right. Neither the Allies, nor their partisans in France have done any thing for them. It may be said that the conduct of the confederated princes, taking no steps in their favour, but negotiating all along with Buonaparte as with a lawful sovereign, prevented the French from

declaring themselves for the ancient family. This, I believe, is what the emigrants say, and no doubt it is in some measure true. And yet I am apt to think that if there had existed any very strong spirit of loyalty in France, the presence of the Allies coming as they came, and making no other declarations than they made, would have been quite sufficient to call it into action. If, for instance, the French had been as much attached to their royal family at the end of twenty years, as the Scotch were to the Stuarts at the end of threescore, can you doubt that the white cockade would have appeared in a thousand places? But in Scotland (as in England during and after the great Rebellion) the royalists staid and preserved their property—in France they fled (*emigrated* as it was politely called) and lost it—and along with it every means of influencing the public mind. Not only the governing part of the state, senators, generals, préfets, and so-forth, but the owners and tillers of the ground are new men deeply interested in preventing a return to that order of things under which they would be detested—proscribed—and at the first favourable opportunity—plundered. Besides, the Bourbons have had miserable, obstinate, bigoted advisers. They have never uttered the words “liberty”—“limited monarchy”—“security to property.”

The old government, with all its abuses and absurdities, seems to be what they proposed to establish. Now, though I do not believe that would have been found possible, and though I should therefore have promoted their re-call without the smallest fear of the "Bastille," or the "Gabelle," or the "Corvée," yet as they never had the sense or the liberality to make a public authentic declaration against these disgraceful blemishes in the old system, it is not unnatural that people should hesitate before they risked every thing to restore an order of things the benefits of which were to be counterbalanced by such monstrous disgusting evils. "Still, how much better the old government with all its faults on its back, than the tyranny of Buonaparte!" True—but when great dangers are to be encountered by a wearied, exhausted, heart-broken people, the greatest care should be taken to remove from the prospect of change all disagreeable objects. They should never have allowed any one to suppose, or to pretend to suppose, that a crusade against Buonaparte must also be a crusade for the Bastille. After all I grieve most sincerely for the fall of the illustrious family, and still more for the elevation of the new one—on many accounts—but most of all because it is the

most conspicuous instance of successful villany that ever occurred in the civilized world.

I began writing to you the first thing this morning, and had got thus far before breakfast, and before post time. Your reproaches for my unusual silence are not unmerited. The truth is, which I mention rather as a cause than an excuse, that it is my habit, from time to time, to set myself tasks either of reading or writing, and until I have accomplished them I do nothing else; e. g. I have spent the last six days in reading over, for the second time this winter, and with all the attention of which I am capable, the two great speeches *περὶ στέφανου*, together with that part of Mitford's History which is necessary for the illustration of them. This job, with some parts of Mr. Bankes' writings on the F. R., in which I indulged by way of recreation, quite filled up my time till the middle of yesterday, and then came a new No. of the British Review, which, as it contained two articles on Madame de Staël, and two on Lord Byron, I could not resist. That on L'Allemagne is very well done. It coincides too very nearly with my own opinions—does ample homage to her astonishing talents—and at the same time reproves her without scruple, but without bitterness, for her strange whimsical doctrines in philosophy and religion. By-the-bye, you should not

let so extraordinary a person leave England without seeing her—any time you come to town this spring will do. She is a lioness I can undertake to shew, and with the more confidence, because she has never a moment of affectation, or of ill-humour.

I am glad you have seen Mr. Stewart's book. Why should you not take him in hand for the next Q. R.? He is just a fit subject for criticism, a highly respectable writer, with whom you agree on many points, the spirit of whose writings you approve, but with whom you have some important differences on a topic that has engaged a large share of your attention. From what Sir James Mackintosh, though he speaks cautiously upon the subject, has suffered to escape, I am inclined to suppose that this volume is inferior to the first. I am but little qualified to judge of its merits in more important respects, but I think it evident that his style wants compression dreadfully. In his hands the matter of each of Mr. Hume's Essays would have made a volume. With regard to the point in controversy betwixt you and him, you will pardon me for saying, that as at present advised, I lean to his side, and for this simple reason, that for several centuries the Logic of Aristotle occupied almost exclusively the attention of all persons that made any pre-

tence to philosophy or literature—that these centuries form a period of deplorable darkness, barbarism, and ill taste, during which the human mind seems to have made little or no progress towards the refutation of error (which it seems is the main business of the syllogistic method) still less towards the discovery of truth—that the decline of this art is pretty nearly coeval with the rise of science and true learning—and that in the last century, which has produced so many profound philosophers and acute reasoners upon all subjects, and in which such prodigious strides have been made in every branch of knowledge, it has fallen into utter contempt and disuse. I am aware that this is not a conclusive argument, but it is a strong presumption.

My plan is to stay here till the preliminaries are signed—to go early in April to Paris—to stay there a few weeks, and then return to prepare for a longer flight.

Believe me,
Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. WARD.

LETTER VI.

130, Park Street, Thursday, April 7th, 1814.

I NEVER thought much or very seriously of Oxford. It was impossible to disguise from myself that the obstacles are too many and too formidable for one reasonably to entertain such a project. Neither my life nor my opinions would suit the University. My life has not been good enough, and my opinions (as of course appears to me) are too good to please that illustrious body. Perhaps, however, if I had been in such a situation with respect to government, as to obtain its support, I might have tried it, well knowing how much that circumstance would do towards veiling my defects and placing my merits in a clear point of view. As it is, I should do worse than injudiciously to think of offering myself. You must, therefore, consider me as quite out of the question, but I thank you most cordially for the reservation you have had the kindness to make in my favour. Considering your intimacy with Heber, and his prior claim, it is no common proof of friendship.

The stupendous event of which we heard on Tuesday, so occupies one's mind with wonder and joy at the past, and with hope and curiosity as to

the future, that it is really difficult to write or think about any thing else. No English army was present, but no man can doubt that England more than any other country has contributed to the result, so that national triumph, the independence of the civilized world, and the grandest, most conspicuous, and most useful moral example ever afforded to mankind, are all combined in this success. The restoration of the Bourbons is now become a probable, not a certain event. On the whole, I am inclined to believe as well as to wish that it will take place. A few hours will most likely furnish us with an account of transactions, which, if favourable, must be decisive. If Paris declares for them with any appearance of cordiality, their business is done. But I am afraid that the disposition of the Parisians is far from good. The enthusiastic valour displayed by the National Guard even at a moment when valour was evidently unavailing, must be considered not only as a proof of the warlike spirit of the nation, but of a dislike to the old order of things, if not of attachment to the new. To do the French justice, they have behaved with heroic spirit in all the last stages of this struggle. Much as one detests the person for whom they were fighting, it is impossible not to admire the five thousand brave men (those entrusted with the convoy of provisions)

who, surrounded by an overwhelming force, determined not to yield, and were all slain, except twenty, who were overpowered and made prisoners against their will, being grievously wounded, and preferring death to captivity. The Emperor Alexander was so struck with their conduct that he honoured each of them with his particular and personal notice.

With the exception of my share of it, this No. of the Q. Rev. is uncommonly good. There is a very long, and very well done paper upon "L'Allemagne" an admirable account of the "Yankees" and an amusing—and, to me who regard the loss of the Greek language as by far the heaviest blow literature ever sustained or can sustain, consolatory article on the modern Greeks. I was quite rejoiced to see from the Archbishop's speech at once what they can do and what they may be expected to do hereafter. We may confidently hope that all subsequent changes in the language will be for the better, and even though it should never rise again to the level of Demosthenes and Sophocles, it may without any great difficulty be brought to surpass in grace, in force, in harmony, and in flexibility, any other instrument by which thought is now communicated among men.

You have charming weather for your country

expedition. It is quite delightful after our Russian winter.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

You may, perhaps, not get the news as it is come rather late. It is this—Buonaparte (*qui res humanas miscuit olim*) has consented to abdicate—receiving a pension and the Isle of Elba as an asylum. Louis XVIII. has been proclaimed at Paris.

J. W. W.

Saturday, April 9th, 1814.

LETTER VII.

Paris, May 7th, 1814.

AN easier journey than that to Paris, it is not possible to make. People in London talked of difficulties, and even dangers, but as I suspected, they turned out quite imaginary. I got over to Calais in three hours from Dover. As the King of France had only just left it, I did not choose to take the same road, and encounter so formidable a competitor for post-horses, but went by Lille, a road which I should perhaps have at any rate preferred. I was glad to take this opportunity to see something of French Flanders, and Lille, itself one of the handsomest towns in France, and one of the most extensive and perfect fortifi-

cations in Europe, is in itself a considerable object of curiosity. As I was quite sure to get to Paris before the King I proceeded leisurely, and employed five days upon the journey. At St. Omer I overtook that renowned champion of Catholic emancipation, General Montague Matthew. As we were going precisely the same road, precisely at the same time, we joined company, and did not separate till we got to Paris. You may imagine that accident had more to do with this association than choice, but I had really no reason to complain; good-nature, gaiety, and a gentlemanlike disposition are the most essential qualities, in a fellow-traveller, and in all these I must do the Irish patriot the justice to say that he appears to me to have but few superiors.

I was very fortunate in the day I arrived at Paris. It was beautifully fine, and as it was Sunday, and the first of May, and as the Emperor Alexander was expected on his way to join the King at Compeigne, all the people were out in their best dress in all the towns and villages through which I passed, and the houses were covered with garlands and flowers. The French seemed just as gay, and self-satisfied as if they had been preparing to receive a victorious general of their own, instead of a Sarmatian Prince by whom they had been conquered.

There are a great many English at Paris, but I am only surprised that there are not more. It is so easily accessible, and at this moment certainly by far the most interesting spot on the face of the earth. To a person that has never been here before, the mere sight of so famous a city affords no small gratification to curiosity, and when the first gaze is over, comes the observation of the appearance and manners of a people so great and civilized, and yet so different from ourselves; then follow (what would alone be sufficient to attract crowds to a place that had no other interest) the monuments of the fine arts which are displayed here in such astonishing profusion and magnificence. All this will remain for future travellers, but what makes it a particular object to be here at this moment, is the singular assemblage of eminent persons, and the extraordinary circumstances under which they have been collected. We have at present two Emperors, two Kings, Princes innumerable, all the great generals in Europe, except Buonaparte and Bernadotte, and a large proportion of the most distinguished statesmen.

I was at a ball two nights ago, given by Sir Charles Stuart, where I saw brought together in the same apartment, and the same society, the Emperor Alexander, the Grand Duke Constantine,

the Hereditary Prince of Prussia, Prince Schwartzburg, Marshal Blucher, the Hetman Platow, Marshal Ney, and the Duke of Wellington ; add to these, Lord Castlereagh and Count Metternich ; no inconsiderable personages in the drama that has just been acted.

I have heard you say (I think) that you care little for the mere sight of eminent persons, and I recollect once, in the streets of London, endeavouring, in vain, to induce you to bestow a look upon Lord Grey.* This is certainly the philosophical frame of mind upon the subject. Nature seldom invests great men with any outward signs, from which their greatness may be known or foretold ; and yet I own I share fully in that curiosity of the vulgar, which induces them to follow after, and to gaze eagerly upon the mere bodily presence of persons that have raised themselves high above the common level ; and that this “panorama” of those men, about whom we have been all thinking and reading for several months, to the exclusion of almost every other topic, and thus brought together by the final success of the good cause, gave me the most sensible pleasure.

* This was a mistake of my friend. What he took for indifference was merely a habit of not looking immediately at a person just pointed out ; or it arose from a dislike of staring even at public characters or distinguished men.—ED.

Schwartzenburg has nothing very distinguished in his appearance ; but Blucher is one of the finest old men I ever beheld.

I have not been here long enough, or had sufficient opportunities of observation to be able to speak with much confidence as to the disposition of the people, or the prospect of political events. From all I have heard, however, I am inclined to believe, that the prevailing sentiment in the *unarmed* part of the community, is favourable to the Bourbons. Not that they feel anything like affection or enthusiasm for them ; but they are convinced by long and sad experience, that their only chance of enjoying even a tolerable state of tranquillity, is to be found in the restoration of the ancient family.

At the ceremony of the King's entrance into Paris (which, by the bye, was a most magnificent pageant) the applause near the spot where I stood was neither long nor vehement ; and I understand from other observers, that my neighbours were no unfair representatives of the whole mass. The public feeling is quite different from that which seems to have prevailed at our Restoration. The cause of the difference is obvious. In the first place, ardent, affectionate loyalty is not likely to exist in a country where, for many years past, so much has been done to laugh at every strong dis-

interested feeling, and to reduce every thing to the cold calculation of self-interest. In the next place, the restoration of Charles II. was quite our own work. We had a great deal to repent of in the past ; but we had nothing to be ashamed of in the present. We quarrelled with our king,—murdered him,—then set up an Usurper, whom we maintained in power and glory,—dreaded by all foreign nations as long as he lived ; then we took his son, then we grew tired of rebellion and usurpation, and sent for our rightful sovereign. But it was all our own doing. National freedom had been impaired ; but national independence had been preserved. But the French have been taught loyalty and justice at the cannon's mouth. They have undoubtedly done what was best for themselves ; though they have been compelled to do it. This is what they know and feel ; though Madame D'Orset, a French General's wife, made a long harangue yesterday to prove, that if they were beaten, it was all with their own good will. In fact, we have lived to see that amazing event, which no man so much as dreamt of, till the last few months—the conquest of France. The conquerors, indeed, happen to be mild and politic ; but the conquest is not the less real. As they have wisely and generously determined not to use it for the purposes of aggrandizement or ven-

geance, the traces of it will soon disappear ; but I, who think the entire defeat and humiliation of the great nation, one of the most fortunate events that ever occurred for mankind, am rejoiced to have seen them while they were yet fresh and strong, as they are even to this moment.

All the country as I came along from Calais, was full of foreign troops. I shall not easily forget, that I was obliged to speak German in order to make myself intelligible to the sentinel at the gates of a French garrison town ; or the Cossacks I found quartered in all the villages ; or those that I saw galloping up and down the streets of Paris, before I had been in it a quarter of an hour. This is what was never known before—what will, perhaps, never be known again ;—but the recollection of which will long remain in France, to the infinite advantage of all Europe besides.

But the conquered are not likely to be very much pleased with the masters they receive from the hands of their conquerors ; though they are of their own race, and might, not unnaturally, have been the objects of their own choice. And I therefore understand well enough, why the French should receive the Bourbons with a sort of cold acquiescence—not as a good—but as the least of two evils.

As to the army, I suspect it contains a large proportion of friends to the late Emperor. They were dazzled by his military talents ; and besides, they looked to him for that promotion and fortune, which they are not likely to obtain under a pacific and economical administration, such as that of the Bourbons must necessarily be. But their discontent is not much to be dreaded. The Marshals are gained ; and an army without heads, and without any point of union, soon crumbles away.

Hitherto, both the King and his brother have conducted themselves with the utmost good sense and good temper. His behaviour towards the Marshals, has been extremely well calculated to conciliate them to his government ; and all his answers to the different public bodies,—all, at least that I have seen—have been highly judicious. His refusal to accept the constitution, looks like a dangerous step ; but, in fact, it was scarcely a bold one. There was no point upon which, so far as I can understand, people were more completely agreed than in contempt of the senate that framed the constitution, and in disapprobation of the constitution itself. Besides, I make no doubt he had felt his ground ; that the Marshals were all secured, and that Talleyrand was his adviser. Talleyrand was, on Friday (the day

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before yesterday), what is in England termed "sent for;" or, in more formal language, received his Majesty's commands to form an administration. The particular office he keeps for himself is that of Secretary for foreign affairs; but he is to recommend every body else, and is fully understood to be Prime Minister. This appointment does great credit to the sense and temper of Louis XVIII. Talleyrand, to be sure, is a great rogue; but he is a rogue of long experience, and of singular ability in the conduct of public affairs, and he is bound to the present order of things by the only sure tie, his own interest. He cannot hope to go higher than to be first Minister of France, under princes who, though not by any means deficient in understanding, are not possessed of any remarkable talents. The steady friends of the ancient government cannot but dislike him; however, the nobility may, perhaps, derive some comfort from recollecting that at least he is not an upstart. If the revolution had never happened, a Prime Minister of France could not have been chosen with more propriety than from the house of Perigord.

Into what government the present somewhat discordant elements are likely to subside, I cannot tell. But I hope, and indeed, believe, that it will be into some form of limited monarchy. To

answer the true purpose of government, that is, the happiness of the people—it must be less free than our own; for there is no riding the French in a snaffle-bridle. But, if it is but clear from revolutionary violence and uncertainty on the one hand,—which I hope it will,—and from feudal despotism and uncertainty on the other,—which it is pretty certain to be,—France will, in no long period, become powerful and flourishing to a most alarming degree.

At present the people complain every where of distress arising from the vast and long wars Buonaparte waged, and from the total stagnation of commerce. But wherever I have been, agriculture is extremely prosperous. All the way to Paris, I did not see a piece of uncultivated, or ill-cultivated land.* You may doubt my judgment in rural matters, even when assisted by the gallant member for Tipperary. But there are certain appearances that cannot be mistaken by the most unpractised eye. The corn is quite free from weeds,—the earth is tilled like garden mould;—they have a noble breed of draught horses—and,

* It will be recollected that Lord D. travelled by the Lille road, through the fine district of French Flanders; and not by the direct road from Calais to Paris, which passes through a country of very inferior character, both in point of fertility and of agricultural skill.

in short, the country looks like those parts of our island that are most famous for good farming,—East Lothian, Berwickshire, and the Scotch side of Northumberland. Here and there, too, I saw some very fine farm-houses, built by wealthy yeomen, with all their accompaniments of barns, stack-yards, &c., on a great scale. After all, execrable and mischievous as it was, the Revolution has not been without its advantages. Lands in mortmain, overgrown estates, and feudal rights, are monstrous clogs upon public industry ; and of these France has got rid for ever. The means were infamous ; but the end is salutary, and might have been attained quite as effectually without a single crime, or a single act of injustice. The state has an undoubted right to the property of the church, after the death of the incumbents ; feudal rights might have been made subjects of compensation ; and as to the great estates, they are sure to crumble away fast enough by the folly of their possessors, if you do but give them a right of selling.

There is a Congress of Ambassadors here to negotiate a peace. I have no doubt but that the interests of England will be well taken care of by Lord Castlereagh. I have heard but one opinion as to the firmness and ability with which he conducted himself in all the late transactions.

His arrival at head-quarters was most critical : but for that, the spirit that dictated the foolish declaration of Frankfort (that which Whitbread so much praised), would probably have prevailed, and Buonaparte would still have inhabited the Tuileries.

The details relative to that extraordinary man's late journey to Fréjus are, of course, known in England through the papers, long before this. They are really most singular. It is perfectly true that he expressed a strong wish to make England his asylum ; and even yet, I understand, he has not wholly laid aside the idea of ultimately retiring there.

Lord Aberdeen (who, by the bye, has been all this while filling a most agreeable and interesting as well as most honourable station) told me a trait yesterday, which I think highly illustrative of the French character. He had just been conversing with Ney, who had talked about the projected invasion of England in the late war. Ney declared that he had always been an advocate for the enterprise, and that he was still of opinion that it must have succeeded, and that England must have shared the fate of the rest of Europe. The Emperor, he owned, had never been so sanguine, but had treated it as an undertaking more fit for a partizan than a General ;

but that, notwithstanding this great authority against him, he still adhered to his own original judgment upon the design. The place where Ney chose to volunteer uttering this opinion, was at Lord Castlereagh's table, and in the company of eight other officers, some English, some Russian, and some German, all of the dignity of Marshal, and by all of whom the French had, at sundry times, been signally defeated.

I have made this an unmerciful long letter, for which you will have to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Let me have a line from you soon, direct to me at Messrs. Perregeaux, Bankers, Paris. I shall not stay long.

LETTER VIII.

Paris, June 5, 1814.

I HAVE staid here, as people generally do stay at Paris, longer than I intended. Indeed, when I had once delayed my journey till the Sovereigns were about to set off, it became absolutely necessary to delay it still further, as the road for the last week has quite swarmed with their attendants. The last of them, the King of Prussia, went away

yesterday, so that in a day or two I shall be able to proceed without interruption. I shall quit Paris with regret, and return to it as early as I can next month.

By exceeding the time I had at first meant to give to this expedition, I was enabled, accidentally, to see a singular, magnificent, and in many respects interesting, ceremony. Yesterday the King presented to the Senate and the Legislative Body, what is called the Charter of the new Constitution. This event was to have taken place some days sooner, but it was delayed in order that the foreign troops might have time to quit Paris, and that the French might not appear at least to have a government forced upon them by their enemies.

It so happened that I was one of a very few English—not I believe more than three or four, that were present. The tickets were all gone long before I thought of staying over the day, and indeed long before any body but the French themselves had thought of applying for them. You know I don't value sights very highly; indeed, perhaps, I rather undervalue them, so I gave myself no trouble about the matter. The evening before, however, I happened to meet Sir C. Stuart, the English minister here, who is an old acquaintance of mine, and who very good-

naturedly offered to take me with him and try to get me in along with the "Corps Diplomatique." Even my lazy incuriousness was not proof against this proposal. I accompanied him, no difficulties were made, and we were most comfortably and conveniently seated.

The building in which the ceremony took place is the Hall of the Legislative Body, a magnificent room built by Buonaparte, but of which he took special care little use should be made by the slaves to whose use it was nominally destined. The throne too was Napoleon's, but the names of fifty-six battles won by him were effaced from the canopy on which, a fortnight ago, I saw them inscribed in letters of gold. When we got there (about one o'clock) the benches were already very full, and had been so for two hours. The greater part of the audience were ladies. Their curiosity, it seems, had been boundless, and they had actually taken by storm the seats originally meant for the diplomatic body, which it became necessary to indemnify by two benches belonging to the Senate. The appearance of the whole thing somewhat resembled that of the House of Lords on a King's-speech-day, only it was more splendid, from the greater size of the room and the greater richness and variety of the dresses. The greater part of the ministers of State came

soon after we got there, but the King did not appear till half-past three. He made his entry in great state, preceded by the knights of the Holy Ghost, the Marshals of France, and the Princes of the blood. When he had seated himself upon the throne, they all ranged themselves upon benches below it, except Marmont (Buonaparte's favourite and the first to betray him) who stood behind him as captain of his guard. He then opened the proceedings by a speech which I suppose will be printed, though I have not seen it yet. He did not read it, but spoke it by heart, quite audibly, with sufficient dignity and in a pleasing natural tone. As a composition I thought it very good, particularly the passage about his brother's death, which is really pathetic, and in the best taste. He then ordered his Chancellor to address them, who made a sort of introductory discourse to the Constitution. The Charter was then read by some inferior officer of State—then a list of Peers, and afterwards the oath of allegiance was tendered to both Houses of the new-made Parliament. The King then went away, and the two Houses retired to prepare addresses of thanks.

While all this was going on, I was chiefly employed in watching the countenances of the Marshals. Marmont seemed pleased with his own

appearance, (and to do him justice, he is a very handsome manly looking fellow,) and satisfied with the price of his treason to a master, one of whose few weaknesses it was to have shewn towards him favours far more than proportioned to his *merits*.

London, June 13, 1814.

I WAS interrupted, and as I left Paris a few days after I begun this letter, I thought it better to finish it here. I was going on to speak of the Marshals. Except Marmont, none of them looked in good humour. Soult, who has naturally a stern, ill-favoured aspect, was particularly gloomy. He is known to be extremely ill-affected to the present government, acquiesced under it slowly, and with great reluctance, and is suspected of having been already informed of the events, that rendered the battle near Toulouse unnecessary before he fought it. He is, I believe, considered by the English army as the ablest and most intrepid officer to whom they have ever been opposed, but his disloyalty is the less to be dreaded, because he is not loved by his own troops.

You see what sort of a constitution his most Christian Majesty was pleased to bestow upon his faithful subjects, on the occasion I have been describing. In England such a government would

be held to be an execrable despotism, impudently mocking the forms of freedom. I am inclined to believe, however, that it contains nearly as much liberty as the French can bear. They are always either prostrate at the feet of their governors, admiring every thing that they do ; or in a state of violent rebellious hostility to them ; but as to steady reasonable attachment to their sovereigns, tempered by a regard to the principles, and to the forms (of which by the bye they have not the least notion) of a free constitution, they seem utterly incapable of it.

In a parliament like ours, parties would soon become too impetuous for any controul of law or reason. The high-water-mark of English faction is very much below the ebb of French violence. But indeed the elements of such a constitution as ours do not exist in France. Aristocracy is, perhaps, after all, the most prevailing ingredient in our government. Now the French have no Aristocracy. Their nobility has been beggared, and their clergy destroyed. The King has made a House of Peers, but the members of it have no power except what they derive from their station. Some of them indeed have illustrious names, but the influence arising from mere family has received in the revolution a blow, from which it is not likely to recover. Besides, the aristocracy of rank soon

ceases to be respected when it is separated from the aristocracy of wealth.

The Montesquious and the Montmorencys—the descendants of Clovis, and the first Christian barons, so long as they possessed great estates, were far more respected than men of equal property, but of less illustrious origin. But in their present state of comparative poverty, it is in vain that you restore them to their ancient honours, and confer upon them new privileges; they can never again hold the place their ancestors held, and which is still maintained among us by the Howards, Percies, Cavendishes and Russells. It is the great misfortune of France that it contains nothing betwixt the King and the people. It is extremely difficult for these so to check each other as to produce a mixed government. One is almost sure to prevail entirely over the other. If the people get the upper hand, that is Jacobinism, of which every body is tired. Nothing seems to remain, therefore, but an absolute monarchy, and that is very nearly what at present exists. The best thing that can happen to them is, that in the course of years, the public spirit shall improve; that intermediate bodies, or at least persons capable of forming such bodies, shall gradually arise in the state; and that then the two houses shall acquire and deserve to exercise a share of

power, resembling that which belongs to our Parliament.

I left Paris yesterday week and got to Dover on Thursday night.

I met at Calais, and crossed the water in the vessel with a person that in England may be regarded as a curiosity. The Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State to his Holiness. He is a very gentlemanlike pleasing old man. I had from him a very curious account of the treatment the Pope met with from Buonaparte. It is impossible to imagine any thing more absurd or more cruel. One an't surprised at his cruelty, but his impolicy is really hard to be accounted for. The Pope unites in himself all those qualities that most strongly engage the sympathy of mankind towards a sufferer, age, simplicity, innocence, constancy, piety, and a station which is still considered by a majority of Christians as the most exalted and venerable upon earth; and yet he chose to treat him with such barbarity and insult as would justly be counted shameful towards a malefactor under sentence of death.

You are, I suppose, at this moment assisting at the reception of the Emperor and the King at Oxford. The crowd must be excessive. A prodigious number of people are gone from London, and of course all the neighbourhood will flock in.

Pray give me some account of the way in which the ceremony passed off; I shall be quite sorry if Crowe* has not given himself the trouble to perform his part well. Every thing that depends upon Lord Grenville will, no doubt, be properly done. I find he has made a great muster of his friends upon the occasion.

I thank you very much for a letter I received from you at Paris. It is doubly agreeable to hear from one's friends when one is abroad. You mention the declaration of Frankfort and the negotiations at Chatillon. The declaration was, I believe, the act of the Allies alone. When it was done, we had nothing for it but to put a good face upon the matter, and say we approved of it. Any thing was preferable to disunion. As to the negotiations at Chatillon, they were, it now seems understood, equally insincere on both sides.

It is quite idle to talk of want of personal courage in Buonaparte. He was constantly exposed to fire in the last campaign, and shewed throughout the most perfect coolness and bravery.

You see that, in spite of all that has been said here about the Slave Trade, the arrangement upon that subject is such as no friend to humanity can look at without pain. But I really believe

* The public Orator.

Lord Castlereagh did his best. You can hardly imagine how far removed all foreigners are from those notions of religion, and justice, and mercy, which it is the chief blessing of Providence upon this country to have diffused so widely among us. They not only have them not themselves, but they utterly disbelieve in their existence in others. The abolition of the Slave Trade is considered by them as a mere commercial speculation on our part. Our colonies are stocked, theirs are not; and we wish to preserve the monopoly. That, they think, is the secret of all the petitions of the people, and addresses of the Parliament of England; and they laugh in your face if you talk of any other motive. I must make an end.

LETTER IX.

130, Park Street, June 29, 1814.

My plans are not quite fixed; but what I wish to do is, to leave England in about three weeks. I should go first to Paris; but as the summer is not the proper time of the year to be there, any more than in London, I should stay but a short time, and proceed towards Italy, so as to cross the Alps in the month of September. Whether I

shall go by Switzerland or Germany, I have not settled; Switzerland is the more usual and the nearest way; but I should be tempted to accompany Lord Aberdeen to Vienna, if he is not obliged to go sooner than I can make it convenient to leave England.

You are quite right to lose no time about taking a look at the Continent. There is no such rapid and delightful way of acquiring new and valuable ideas, as by travelling abroad. They flow in upon you whether you will or not. You should confine yourself as much as possible, though, to the capital cities. This rule is particularly applicable to France, which is all contained in Paris. The French care for nothing but their capital. All the rest is only accessory. As to the half-burnt villages of Champagne, you will soon have had enough of them; and you will be lucky if you have not too much of the fever that rages over all the country that was lately the seat of war.

I am very glad to hear that Lord Grenville's conduct has been so satisfactory to all parties. In spite of some faults, and some mistakes, he is altogether the ablest and most accomplished of our statesmen; and, moreover, a man of unimpeached honour and worth. You would do well to encourage in Oxford the notion of his coming into office—for the amusement of seeing

how much he will rise in public opinion. It would be an excellent *hoax*—harmless, indeed, but as perfect in its kind as Lord Cochrane's. No person, I believe, is more completely out of the question than Lord G. at this moment. The present administration is triumphant at home and abroad. The principal individuals of which it is composed, enjoy the highest personal favour with their master, who, let him pretend what he pleases, has for Lord G. the most rooted aversion. I see you so far give into the notion yourself, as to speak of its being natural that the P. R. should wish to strengthen his administration by the accession of so able a man. But then you forget that Lord G. is bound by all the ties of honour and consistency, not to strengthen it. If he comes in, he must bring his party with him. He would disgrace himself for ever if he consented to a partial arrangement. The truth seems to be, that the present Government has a lead of power coeval with the public prosperity. As long as the present favourable gale lasts, they will continue at the helm. But, if a storm comes on, they will, in all probability, be compelled, by the public voice, to take some abler seamen and more skilful pilots on board. They are so miserably off in the House of Commons, that one does not see how they could get through any severe debates,

when the public feeling was divided even in a tolerably fair proportion betwixt themselves and the opposition.

Canning, it seems, is in utter despair. Last year he dissolved his party; and now he is going, as it were, to dissolve himself. I understand he is going abroad for two years; and has offered to surrender his seat for Liverpool. That offer, however, has not been accepted. His son's health is the assigned cause; but every body perceives that political disappointment is the real one.

I wish you may be induced to come to town. As long as I stay in England, I am nailed to this spot, so that it is my only chance of seeing you before I go. When do you think of setting out yourself? I have already said, that I wish to go in three weeks; but I am afraid I shall not be able to be off quite so soon.

Lord Grenville made a capital speech the other evening about the Slave Trade. It is quite right that a great stir should be made in Parliament upon this subject; but, I believe, the truth is, that, to procure the abolition of the trade, was quite out of the power of the English Negotiator.

P. S. I should have written to you immediately, but I was interrupted, and forced to delay it.

LETTER X.

130, Park Street, Thursday, 7th July, 1814.

YOUR plan for a journey seems to me a very good one. It embraces several highly interesting objects, and may be accomplished within a moderate time. I remember having seen my namesake formerly at New Coll. He struck me as being a sensible man, with modest, pleasing manners. You, or he, or both have, probably, by this, obtained from a "viva voce" interrogation of some experienced traveller, all the common and elementary information as to the way of travelling, and the proper preparations for your journey. But if there still remains anything of that sort, which you think I am likely to be able to supply, I shall be happy to give the most useful answer in my power.

At Paris, I hope, we shall meet. My own plans are not yet fixed; but I rather think I shall be there about the end of this month. My stay there, however, will be very short. I have seen the Lions. As to society, there is but little to see; and (by the bye) you do quite right not to trouble yourself with letters, which, in the present state of things, would do you but little good. The French are poor, disunited and

ashamed of themselves; and, of course, they have neither the means nor the disposition to make their capital very agreeable to strangers. As to the difficulty of language, you will soon surmount that : you will improve daily, and with no trouble.

On the whole, you may reasonably promise yourself a great deal of pleasure from this expedition. The mere idea of being, for the first time, on a foreign land,—that land, too, being France,—a country about which we have been reading and thinking all our lives,—is extremely agreeable; and the impression (to judge by my own feelings) is not soon worn out.

Go by the ancient, regular, classical way of Calais; and don't listen to any body that talks to you about Brighton and Dieppe. You may be kept two or three days at sea, if you go by Dieppe, which, even to those that have been accustomed to make voyages, is not agreeable, and to you that have not, would be a very severe inconvenience.

I am sorry you don't talk of coming to town in your last letter. You will, of course, be here in your way to France; and as, from what you say, I think it likely that you will be off before me, I shall then have the pleasure to see you, and we can talk the thing over.

I am glad they have done you justice in the B.

C. ; but I wish the subject were properly treated in some publication of more merit and authority.

Lord Byron has written another poem, which I have seen. It is very beautiful ; but I doubt whether you would be inclined to shew any mercy to its great and palpable defect—the repetition of the same character. Lara is just the same sort of gloomy, haughty, mysterious villain as Childe Harold, the Giaour, the Corsair, and all the rest. This is a strange mixture of fertility and barrenness. One would think it was easier to invent a new character, than to describe the old one over and over again.

LETTER XI.

120, Park Street, August 9, 1814.

YOUR letter has just reached me. Before I even thank you for it I will dispatch something I had to say about myself, and which, if I had not been hurried some days, and lazy on others, I should have written to acquaint you with a week ago. It is merely that I do *not* take the office that was proposed to me by Canning. The more I thought of the arrangement, as far as it respected myself,

the less I was satisfied with it, and as those friends whom the publicity of the whole thing (for it soon became known) gave me an opportunity of consulting were for the far greater part of my opinion, I retracted my consent, and devolved the honours of the Privy Council upon Lord Binning. Canning thinks I have judged ill. Perhaps I have, but there is at least this comfort, that if, having declined, I afterwards think that I ought to have accepted, my regret will be of a less painful kind than if, having accepted, I should afterwards see cause to wish I had declined.

By-the-bye, the dæmon of ambition has just thrown another temptation in my way. A peerage promised to Lord Granville Leveson Gower is expected soon to make a vacancy for the county of Stafford, and I have just received an unsolicited offer of support from the Marquis of Stafford, whose rank and connexions make him one of the most considerable individuals among us. My own family influence is not small, and I know of no person that would be a formidable competitor, but still I do not feel inclined to try it. It would derange all my present plans in a most provoking way, and, after all, considering how many things happen between the cup and the lip, it is not by any means impossible that the vacancy might never occur. But it is hardly fair

to trouble you with a long story about English county politics, when you are in a situation, which, as I well know, is of all others least calculated to dispose one's mind to listen to it with patience.

The impression France has made upon you is exactly what I wished and expected. I don't like grumbling travellers, unless they can make out a very strong case of complaint; and the country you have just gone through is so fine and fruitful, the accommodations of almost every kind so good, the capital so magnificent, and the people so gay, ingenious, and obliging, that I am apt to judge of a person's sensibility, good taste, and good nature, by the degree to which he is pleased with them. The power of enjoying the harmless and reasonable pleasures of life is not only very essential to a man's happiness, but an indication of several valuable qualities both of the heart and the head which can hardly exist without it. I am so thoroughly convinced of this, that I do not scruple to own having conceived a strong prejudice against several persons, who, seeing France for the first time, pretended not to be pleased, and probably were not. And I can safely add, that wherever I knew any thing of the parties, my acquaintance with their general character always justified the conclusion I had been led to form by the particular circumstance.

I hear Sir C. Stuart has had a violent attack of ophthalmia, so as to be seriously ill from it. You therefore have probably had no loss in not presenting your letters to him sooner, as he was not in a state that would allow him to shew you any civility. You will find him a man of sound understanding—great knowledge of the world—plain, almost to roughness, in his manners—and without much literature. I used to see a good deal of him formerly here, and lately at Paris we renewed our acquaintance. On the whole, I think him an agreeable man, and very fit for the profession in which he is engaged.

I am very sorry to say that I have myself no chance of meeting you at Paris. Lord Ebrington, with whom I am going to travel, has command enough over his curiosity to reserve it for next spring, and we are to take the road of Brussels, Spa, and Aix-la-Chapelle. For my part I had much rather go to Paris, which is a place I delight in; but it don't do to begin a journey by telling your companion that you are determined to do all that you choose, and nothing that he chooses.

I am very glad, indeed, to observe, that the question about the liberty of the press excites so warm an interest at Paris. It seems too, so far as one can judge at this distance, to be just of

that kind one would wish it to be—a *constitutional* and not a revolutionary interest. Instructed by past errors and calamities, they seem determined to conduct the struggle in the regular forms within the pale of the law. The result will be most important. I am most anxious for the success of the popular party. You know I am as little of a democrat as any man, but this “censure,” which the French ministers wish to re-establish, is a vile thing. The mildest “censure” is worse than the severest tribunal. The tribunal is only bad in *degree*, the “censure” is bad in kind—no modification of its form, no gentleness in those by whom it is administered can prevent it from being an intolerable grievance. What is most wanted in France, both to control the government and to curb licentiousness, and what, if once created, would do more towards the public tranquillity and happiness than any positive institution whatever, is a steady, matured, *public opinion*, and that is what a free press, and a free press only, can produce. The want of it has, I am persuaded, contributed a very large share towards that monstrous evil—the disproportionate influence of the metropolis over the mind of the people. Every Englishman, from Johnny Grot’s House to the Land’s End, is certain that he knows the worst—that nothing is concealed—that

all the materials for judgment are before him—and that, by reading and comparing the newspapers and journals, he may be just as wise as if he lived within the sound of Bow-bells; but a provincial Frenchman, whose understanding is starved upon a perpetual “maigre” of “censured” pamphlets and “licensed” journals, justly suspects the sources of his information, and defers to the opinions of that aristocracy in political knowledge—the people of Paris, who, surrounding the seat of government, may be supposed to hear what he can never read, and see what he must never be told.

But I must make an end, or I shall exceed the limits of a sheet. I shall probably be gone before I can hear from you again. But if you will let me have a few lines they will be forwarded to me.

See above I saw D—— the other day in town. It is quite astonishing that with such an understanding and such acquirements, his manners should be so entirely odious and detestable. How you could live with him without hating him, I do not understand. Clever as he is, there must be some great defect in his mind, or he would try to make himself a little more sufferable.

I find, upon enquiry at Murray's, that your book has not been taken yet. I shall endeavour there-

fore to send it to Paris by George Vernon, who goes to-day, (11th).

LETTER XII.

Rome, November 29th, 1814.

THOUGH this letter is dated from Rome, you must consider it as written at Florence. I have been at Rome only a few days, and though those few days have furnished abundant topics for writing, yet I prefer saying absolutely nothing about it till my next, which as I am now settled for some time, will probably follow this at no great interval. Indeed as it is now two months since I was lucky enough to fall in with you at Geneva, I must own that I have been rather remiss in not writing to you before. But from what you have yourself seen of Italy, you will know how much time is passed in taking even the most cursory view that an educated person can consent to take of what it contains. The journey is not short, and at Florence, where I spent some weeks, I was a great deal in society, and gave a good deal of my leisure to the study of the language. Besides, till I had passed Milan, I had nothing to communicate.

You were, and indeed still are, a better *Lombard* than I am, and I should have only had to congratulate you, upon the good use you had made of your time. Even now, with Tuscany fresh in my recollection, and Rome before my eyes, Milan with its “Duomo,” its rich plain, and its astonishing prospect, appears no inconsiderable *Lion*; and when to that is added what you saw on each side of it, both towards the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, you have every reason to be pleased with your Italian expedition. It was the wise and manly use to make of the very limited space you could allot to travelling, and which nine people out of ten would have wasted at the coffee houses in Paris, or on the mountains of Switzerland. But I must leave you, and say something of my own journey. The country keeps its Lombard character till near Bologna. The truth is, one has rather too much plain. I should not like to live there, but passing rapidly through it at a fine season of the year, it is impossible not to be delighted with the variety, beauty, and luxuriance of its productions. Then, great towns, famous in history, and other interesting objects succeed each other so rapidly,—one goes through Lodi, Pavia, Parma, and Placentia, and one crosses the Adda, the Taro, and, what struck my imagination more than almost any thing I had before seen—the Po:

you passed it in another place, and must, I think, have felt very much as I did at the sight of Virgil's native river, of which he was evidently so proud. It is very broad at Piacenza, and pours along with tremendous rapidity.

You must have been mortified and disappointed, as I was, to find that in the midst of all the natural plenty of the north of Italy, the common people, particularly the peasants, live in a state of wretched poverty. They seem, from all the accounts I could get, to be very little better off than the Highlanders in Scotland. Excessive labour, and low diet, joined probably to some peculiarity in the air, have produced among them a particular sort of disease, called the "Pelagra" which in the course of about three seasons, generally reduces the patient to a complete mental and bodily debility. The hospitals at Milan are full of cases of this sort. One should have flattered oneself that the exuberant fertility of the soil would secure to its cultivators some degree of comfort, and ease; but it seems that an uncertain government, the stagnation of commerce, the exactions of various foreign masters, and a system of managing large estates similar to that which prevails in Ireland, have been more than sufficient to outweigh the advantages of nature. I was glad, however, to hear that in Lombardy as well as in Ireland, the

great proprietors are gradually leaving off the bad custom of leasing their lands to *middle men*.

Bologna, with its fine situation, its perpetual porticos, and its huge stately old palaces, is really a most curious place. I was sorry to stay there only a couple of days. The public collections are not by any means of first-rate value, but there are a great many very fine pictures in the hands of private persons. If you ever go there, remember the Correggios in the Mariscalchi Palace. I had a letter to Professor Mezzofanti, who is famous all over Italy for his wonderful knowledge of languages. He is said to know thirty-six in all, of which he can speak twenty-two. You may suppose how much of this I was obliged to take upon trust. However, he certainly speaks English in a way that quite surprised me, particularly in an Italian, and one that had never stirred out of Italy. He is a man of pleasing simple manners, but his conversation does not give one any notion of his being possessed of any remarkable talents. Indeed, a person of great ability would hardly have sought distinction from so useless a pursuit. He must have an immense memory, and that is probably all. I went over the "Institute." They have a fine anatomical collection, handsome lecture-rooms, &c., but I did not hear of any very eminent person belonging to the University. In

many places in Italy they seem to have all the apparatus of education, very handsome and perfect ; but as to the education itself, it seems universally neglected, and in particular among the higher orders. I fancy Milan was better in that respect than any other place. In fact, I believe ignorance thickens upon you as you go south. Tuscany is worse than Lombardy ;—the ecclesiastical state, worse than Tuscany ;—and Naples (at least till Murat's time, and he cannot have done much as yet) is worst of all.

From Bologna to Florence is a short, but rather troublesome journey across the Apennines. There are some fine views ; but, I own I grew tired of the constant repetition of savage scenery for the whole seventy miles. One is amply consoled however by the first sight of Florence. It stands, —not like the towns in Lombardy, in a uniform plain,—but in an immense valley, covered with all the productions that most adorn an Italian landscape, and broken into a thousand beautiful forms. The country round it, for several miles, is studded with white villas ; so that nothing can be more cheerful than the whole scene. Even if it had cut no figure in history, and never produced a great man, it would be impossible to look at it without great pleasure, on account of its intrinsic beauty. But when to that are added, all the

great and delightful recollections it excites in one's mind, I really think that the whole trouble of the journey would be repaid by the mere gratification of beholding it. I am not surprised at the impression it made upon the fancy of Milton. The Val d'Arno, Vallombrosa, and Feisole, the residence of the "Tuscan Artist," were all present to his mind's eye, at a distance of near forty years from the time when he had seen them. The expectations one had formed of the town, are not disappointed on one's arrival. Some objections may certainly be made on the score of cleanliness; and the proud style of architecture is, perhaps, a little gloomy,—but it is so well built, and so magnificently paved, the situation is so fine, and the public buildings and palaces bear so large a proportion to the whole size of the place, that, altogether, I know nothing that can be compared to it. You know how many objects of curiosity it contains. The Gallery still ranks first, in spite of what the French took away. Indeed, I think people seem generally to have formed an exaggerated notion of the degree to which the value of the collection was diminished by their depredations. The loss of a few of the most celebrated things,—particularly the Venus—absolutely confounded the poor Italians, and made a prodigious sensation over all Europe; and to say the truth,

it is never to be thought of without indignation and grief. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that what remains is not a most wonderful exhibition of ancient and modern art. For my part, I am much more surprised that the French left so much, than that they took so much away. In estimating the present merit of the Medicean collection, you may easily imagine that I am guided by better judgments than my own. I am a miserable barbarian in all that regards the fine arts ; but there are things in this Gallery that would have struck the Consul Mummius himself. Raphael's St. John, for instance, and his Julius II., which every body allows to be admirable ; and which to me appeared even superior to any specimen of the same master at Paris. The Venus has been replaced by a statue of the same deity by Canova. It is not a copy ; but executed upon a design of his own, and I very much suspect, wants nothing but ten or fifteen centuries passed over its head, to be thought little, or not at all, inferior to the work of the Grecian artist.

One of the pleasures of coming into Tuscany is, that, for the first time, one hears Italian spoken in all its grace and purity ; this pleasure, however, is somewhat diminished by the defects perceptible, even to foreign ears, of Florentine pronunciation. Its peculiarities are almost all disagreeable ; par-

ticularly a vile guttural they substitute for the letter C. The inhabitants seem lively, clever, and good-humoured. In fact, Florence wants nothing but freedom and knowledge to make it a most delightful residence ; but liberty they have none, nor do they seem likely to acquire any ; and as to knowledge, they have, generally speaking, just as much as may be expected in a country where the business of education is resigned to the lowest and most despicable hands. The want of noble pursuits is sadly felt upon the national character. The occupation of their lives is intrigue ;—their conversation, scandal. Adieu. My letters from England are not yet arrived. I shall be much disappointed if there is not one from you.

LETTER XIII.

Rome, January 4, 1815.

I BEGIN upon this monstrous sheet of long paper, not with the malicious design of inflicting the whole of it upon you, covered with my cramp handwriting ; but because as far as a single letter goes, it is always well to give oneself room enough, in

order to prepare against any sudden influx of ideas; and also, what is far more to the purpose, because at this moment my portfolio does not afford any thing of less unreasonable dimensions. I wrote to you before from Rome; but I said nothing about it, because at that time I had not taken even the most cursory view of what it contains. Since that, I have been pretty nearly over it. One is always desirous to collect as many opinions as one can with respect to a great man, or a celebrated place, from those that have seen them; and I shall therefore explain to you, as well as I can, the sort of impression that Rome has made upon my mind. In the first place, I am bold enough to think, and rash enough to say, with deference however to better judgments, that the merit of the ancient buildings here, has been a good deal exaggerated. No doubt they deserve a great deal of praise and admiration; but they have received a double share of both from fancy, affectation, and that blind attachment to classical antiquity which swayed the minds of artists and scholars for some centuries after the revival of learning. There are two ways of considering these objects,—as, what they are,—or as, what they have been. Now, there are not above four or five of the ancient monuments that are still perfect enough to give much pleasure, except to a very

enthusiastic eye. First, and much before anything else, comes the Pantheon—complete—beautiful—and of the purest age. I really think it deserves all that has been said in its praise ; though one's pleasure in seeing it is in part to be attributed to the satisfaction and surprise one feels at the singular good fortune which has preserved it entire amidst the wreck of almost every thing else. Besides, one is a good deal awed by Agrippa and the Augustan age. Still I will fairly own that if it stood at Turnham Green, and had been finished yesterday by a man from Birmingham, it would still strike one as a noble and beautiful work. Its size however, which in architecture is a very material point, is (as I need not tell you) not by any means remarkable. It is surpassed by all the great modern churches. Then comes the Coliseum, which, though sadly ruined, it is impossible to look at without being very much struck with its enormous mass. Then the triumphal arches, Trajan's pillar, and the little temple of Vesta. This is pretty nearly all that actually pleases the eye. The Obelisks, indeed, are numerous and perfect ; but they are curious rather than beautiful. What else remains of antiquity consists of unsightly ruins. There are perhaps some few exceptions which I ought to have made, but not many. You may find a great

many pretty bits and scraps ; but nothing else sufficiently entire to be admired as a whole. I am sensible, however, that the present beauty and perfectness of these monuments is not the most interesting subject of consideration. They are to be looked at chiefly as traces in which, by the help of history, we may discover the state of ancient art, wealth, and power. And certainly in every part of Rome there are abundant proofs of its having been once the capital of a great, rich, enlightened, and victorious people. Yet I own that when I recollect how long, and how completely the Romans were masters of the world, how severely they governed it,—how unmercifully they plundered it,—and how much of their greatness and authority was concentrated in this single city, I am not at all surprised at the extent or splendour of their public works. All that they did, when compared with the vastness of their empire, is very much inferior indeed to what was accomplished by the little republics both of Greece and its colonies. Indeed there is no point upon which travellers seem now to be more agreed, than on the preference that is due to the remaining monuments of Grecian architecture. Those that have seen Greece first,—and there are several of that description here now,—speak of the Roman buildings much less respectfully than I have

ventured to do. Something must be ascribed to the strength of first impressions, and to the vanity which induces people almost always to over-rate what they have seen, particularly if it is at all difficult of access; but still their opinion is so decisive, and so universal, that I am persuaded it is founded in truth.

The greatest part of the distinguished modern buildings are, of course, churches, which are every where scattered about with pious profusion. At first, their immense number fatigues the eye, and oppresses the recollection; but still one cannot but be struck with their size and splendour. The ancient monuments have indeed been heavily taxed to adorn them. They are full of columns taken from the temples and palaces of the Romans. In many instances these have been employed with more liberality than taste—chiefly in the older churches. You see Ionic and Corinthian, granite and white marble, huddled together with an ignorance not only of the nicer rules of architecture, but of the effect which uniformity seems universally calculated to produce, that in this age is hardly conceivable. It is but justice however to observe, that some of the finest specimens are more judiciously disposed of. It is probable, too, that the buildings from which they were taken, were already in a state of irretrievable

ruin, and that it is only by being transplanted into holy ground, that they were saved from being thrown down and mutilated.

There are, I apprehend, but few specimens of completely pure architecture among the Roman churches. Many of them are positively ugly. "St. Paul's without the walls," for instance, which on the outside looks like a huge barn. In others, even of those that have just pretensions to beauty, the defects are still obvious enough to strike the eye even of an unskilful beholder. However, they are all worth seeing, at least once, either for what they are, or for what they contain; and, on the whole, they give one a very high notion of the riches, taste, and liberality of papal Rome,—even exclusively of St. Peter's, which forms a class by itself.

I suppose I should, generally speaking, be reckoned among those that are inclined to undervalue Rome, both ancient and modern. But whatever praise I have subtracted from other objects, I am disposed to heap upon this one. My expectations were of course great; but they have been more than fulfilled. Indeed I had no notion that such an effect could be produced by mere building. There is no getting accustomed to its grandeur and beauty. I see it every day; but my admiration and delight are as great as

ever. The “Duomo” at Milan has not even prepared you for it. You have, I dare say, often seen and heard the common remark, that, owing to the accuracy of its proportions, people are not aware of its prodigious size when they first enter it. This observation, however, has not been confirmed by my own experience. Its size was what struck me most at the first moment, and before I had time to attend to the symmetry of its form, and the richness and exquisite workmanship of its ornaments. It has, too, another quality which one should not perhaps have expected to find united to so much grandeur and magnificence,—that of being remarkably cheerful. But it is a decent tempered cheerfulness, which is perhaps quite as well suited to its destination, as the awful gloom of the Gothic churches. I say this, though I am extremely fond of Gothic architecture. Indeed, if I could imagine anything finer than St. Peter’s, it would be a Gothic church of the same enormous dimensions, in as pure a taste, and as finely executed as the cathedral at York. You have seen a great many fine palaces at Genoa. They can hardly be upon a grander scale than those at Rome, which are by much the most magnificent habitations I ever saw for private persons, in point both of size and of exterior decoration.

But now comes the drawback upon the splendid

and interesting objects in Rome, and which I own diminishes their effect, in my eyes at least, to a wonderful degree. It is the extreme filth and shabbiness of the wretched town that surrounds them. Regular streets of lofty, well-built houses are not at all necessary in order to set off fine public buildings. Oxford is a sufficient proof of that, where there is hardly a single handsome private house; and yet, where every thing appears to the best advantage. But cleanliness, neatness, space, and a tolerable state of repair, are quite indispensable.

In Rome you search in vain for any one of these advantages. There is not a single wide street, and but one handsome square (Piazza di Savona). Poverty and dirt pursue you to the gates of every monument, ancient or modern, public or private. You never saw any place so nasty nor so beggarly, nor I, except one. Lisbon is a little worse than Rome, and only a little; and it is a disgrace to civilized man. The description of dirt is no very pleasant thing; and therefore, for your sake and for my own, I will not make one. But if you ever come to Rome, you must prepare yourself for having your senses outrageously offended wherever you go. The dignity of a palace,—the sanctity of a church,—the veneration that is due to the remains of ancient

greatness, nothing commands the smallest attention to decency or cleanliness. One of our earliest and most natural associations is that of purity with a fountain. Rome has destroyed that in my mind for ever. It contains an incredible number of beautiful fountains most abundantly supplied with water, but they are all so surrounded by every object that is calculated to excite disgust, as to be absolutely unapproachable. So much dirt implies negligence and sloth. Accordingly every thing is kept in a careless, slovenly way. Not a trace of that neatness and attention to details which gives so much additional beauty to the splendid scene you have beheld from the "Place de Louis XV.," and which in England is quite universal. In every thing here, and in every body, you see symptoms of that sort of foolish laziness of which among us none but children and very bad servants are guilty. You meet with it on all occasions great and small. When they repair a church, the rubbish remains to spoil the roof and encumber the steps. When they cut a garden-hedge, they leave the clippings to stop up the walks. The effect of this disposition upon the buildings is quite deplorable. Nothing looks its best, and most things look their worst—except St. Peter's—for to do them justice, they have the grace to keep that in good order. All the rest

looks as if it had been thrown into Chancery for the last twenty years. I believe the *substantial repairs* (as our builders speak) are in general pretty well attended to, but in spite of that they contrive to preserve all the effect of incipient ruin. Rome is like a beautiful woman slip-shod, in a dirty gown, with her hair "en papillote." It requires great enthusiasm or great powers of abstraction to prevent disgust from being the prevalent feeling even while one is looking at some of the most considerable objects. It has been observed that the Spaniards *finish* nothing. The Italians *take care of* nothing. They have suffered more fine things to go to ruin in Rome from mere neglect than almost any other modern capital ever possessed. Some of the finest works of Raphael, Domenichino, and Guido have been destroyed for want of the most trifling expense or trouble. One half of Rome is to me invisible. With respect to the fine arts, I am in a state of total irrecoverable blindness. I have caused myself to be carried round to all the fine pictures and statues, and placed in the full blaze of their beauty; but scarce a ray has pierced the film that covers my eyes. Statues give me no pleasure, pictures very little, and when I am pleased it is uniformly in the wrong place, which is enough to discourage one from being pleased at all. In fact, I believe that

if people in general were as honest as I am, it would be found that the works of the great masters are in reality much less admired than they are now supposed to be. Not that I am at all sceptical about their merit, but I believe that merit to be of a sort which it requires study, habit, and perhaps even some practical knowledge of the principles of the fine arts, to perceive and relish. You remember that Sir Joshua tells us that he was at first incapable of tasting all the excellence of Raphael and Michael Angelo. And if he, already no mean artist, was still uninitiated in some of the higher mysteries of his art, and obliged at first to take upon trust much of that which was afterwards made clear to him by further study and labour; what shall we say about the sincerity of those, who knowing so much less, pretend to feel so much more? For my part, I think of them very much as I should think of any body who, being just able to pick out the meaning of a Latin sentence, should affect to admire the language and versification of the Georgics. So much by way of apology “pro me ipso et pro omni *Mummiorum* domo!” I learn from others that the riches in all that belongs to the fine arts, which Rome still contains, are quite prodigious. They have been a good deal diminished by the robbery of the French, and by the poverty of

Prince Giustiniani, and the baseness of Prince Borghese, who both sold their collections. But what remains is sufficient to afford an inexhaustible subject of admiration to artists and connoisseurs. It is but justice to the French to say that though they deprived Rome of some of its greatest ornaments, yet in other respects they rendered it great service. My good friend Eustace wrote under the influence of a most childish prejudice when he represented them as enemies to the fine arts. Napoleon was beginning to improve Rome with the same magnificence and good taste of which he has left such monuments at Paris. By his orders immense accumulations of earth and rubbish were removed from some of the ancient ruins, an operation by which in all instances the appearance of them was much improved, and in some, curious discoveries were made. From what I have said (and indeed from what you well know already,) you must be aware that what is wanted here is not any new building. All that is necessary is to take care of those that already exist and set them off to advantage, and above all, to cleanse away the Augean filth of this imperial city. He had already directed his attention to all these objects, and in a few years Rome would have assumed quite a new aspect, and in my opinion at least, the loss of all that was taken away

would have been more than compensated by the improvement of what remains. Consider for instance, if you happen to have a plan of Rome, what an effect would have been produced in one single instance by throwing down the wretched houses that now come up to the colonnade of St. Peter's, and opening a magnificent street to the castle of St. Angelo and the Tiber. But the whole spirit of improvement is gone, and indeed the power. The Pope is too poor to employ money in building. Indeed, if they don't give him back the March he will hardly have enough to carry on his government even on its present frugal plan. The mention of His Holiness puts me in mind that there are several English Catholics here. Milner represents the violent party, but those of moderate sentiments have prevailed. Milner is not at all in favour, and the Pope has declared plainly and without reserve in favour of the veto. He says the King of Prussia has it, and he sees no reason why the King of England should not have it. I wonder what effect this will have on the red-hot Irish. Will they pretend to be better Papists than the Pope? I know that in France they used to complain "*que le Roi n'etoit pas assez royaliste.*"

What I have seen does not incline me to think very highly either of society or of learning at

Rome. But then I have not seen a great deal. I fancy there are several pretty good Latin scholars here. In fact it is the language both of the law and the religion of the place, and the Pope's correspondence is still carried on in it. No unfavourable specimen of pontifical Latin appeared the other day in a letter addressed by His Holiness to "Signor Egidio Sassoni Governatore di Novi, nel di cui Pallazzo in Savona (oviera Maine) dimonò nei primi giorni il S. Padre nel 1809, del quale fu accolto con filiale amore, e con quel sagro rispetto che merita un sì degno vicario di Gesù Cristo." So far the Diario of the 24th Dec. As the letter is very short I will transcribe it.

"Pius P.P. VII. Dilecte Filii salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Probe memores dilecte Filii sumus pietatis observantiæque in nos tuæ, humanissimique hospitii, quo nos ipsos tyrannicâ vi isthuc delatos excepisti. Eximii religionis sensus quos in te deprehendimus, et amantissima officia quibus erga nos perfunctus es dum apud te diversaremur, nostram tibi benevolentiam plane conciliarunt, quod ut re aliquâ testatum tibi sit, una cum his litteris precatoriam coronam et numisma aureum ad te deferri mandavimus. Hæc munuscula eo potissimum nomine quo a nobis ad te missa fuerint gratissima tibi fore

non dubitamus, dilecte Fili, cui benedictionem apostolicam cum universâ familiâ tuâ communicandam libenter impertimur.” Your accurate and skilful eye will detect faults imperceptible to me, but I think you will agree with me, that there is enough in this little scrap of Latin to shew that Dominicus Teste, the Pope’s secretary, is a man of taste and a good scholar.

The winter here is of course a great deal better than it is in England, but still it is winter. The few last days have been particularly bad. Thunder, lightning, hail, rain, and snow. But this is everywhere in our hemisphere the worst month of the year. I shall not stir till February, and then go to Naples. Our English society here is quite excellent. The Italian post is everywhere execrably irregular. I am quite persuaded that several letters to me must have been lost. I shall send this by a private hand as far as Paris, so that it will probably reach you. I wrote to you by the post about a month ago.

I see there has been an unusually active session before Christmas. My old friends the Whigs all alive again, and in Castlereagh’s absence making minced meat of Van and Co. I am not sorry for it. A government should never have things entirely its own way. Direct to me at Perregeaux, or if there is any difficulty about sending a foreign

letter from Oxford, under cover to John Benbow, Esq., Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

Believe me, my dear Copleston,

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XIV.

Rome, January 17, 1815.

I CANNOT follow your example in beginning about indifferent topics. I must speak first about that which interests me, beyond all comparison, the most. Your letter of the 27th of December has just reached me. I answer it immediately, not only because there happens to be a good opportunity of sending a letter to England by a private hand to-morrow, but because the joy it has occasioned to me has, for the present, at least, indisposed me towards any other employment. It is not easy, that out of your family, there should be any person more gratified than I am with the event that has just been communicated to me. I am glad with all my heart. There is no drawback: every reflection that I make adds to my satisfaction. If a mere piece of good fortune had befallen you,

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such as accident sometimes throws in a man's way, without any exertion of his own, still I should have rejoiced very sincerely ; but there are circumstances belonging to the situation you now hold, that must add to its value, much in your own eyes, still more in those of your friends. It is the reward of merit, not judged of by an individual, ignorant perhaps or capricious, but by a numerous and enlightened body, every individual of which had an interest (if, indeed, that can be supposed to have any effect) directly opposite to your own. This is one of those events—sometimes upon a greater, sometimes upon a less scale—which give one a cheerful, consolatory view of human nature, and our own institutions. “You have been active and virtuous, and *therefore* you are prosperous.” Whenever this can be said with truth, it is worth, in its effect, a whole volume of moral discourses ; and those of whom it is said, have probably made as near an approach to happiness as our condition here will allow. To be rewarded by prosperity, for qualities which might have consoled you even in adversity, is all that you can hope, and almost all you can wish. Your condition is really most enviable ; I can hardly conceive anything more delightful than the feelings of an able and excellent man, but of a modest and anxious mind, when the sense of his

own merit is at once forced upon him, by proofs too clear to be resisted, even by himself, when, at the same moment, his fortune is made, and his reputation is sealed. All this, too, happens to you in the vigour of life and health, when you may reasonably look forward to many active years to be spent in the pursuit of honest fame, and in doing good upon a larger scale.

You do not misunderstand my feelings about the University. I used to feel indignant at some defects which are now in a great measure removed, and I lament some others which still remain, and of which it will be more difficult to get rid, as they are rooted in the very foundations of our institutions. One of the greatest of these (as I have often observed in conversation with you) is the disproportionate size and influence of one of those societies of which we are composed. I say this without meaning to cast the smallest blame either upon the society itself, or upon the rest of the University. It is an accident, but it is an unlucky accident. It has done a great deal of harm already, or will do a great deal more. The only palliative to it is to be found in the abilities and exertions of some person at the head of one of the other colleges, and that is by no means the least of those reasons which make me consider your election as an event highly advantageous to

the whole University. Under your guidance there are no obstacles, besides want of room, to the prosperity of your College, and I shall be sorry if means are not found to obviate that. The applications for admission, so frequent before, will be quite endless now. I was interrupted in writing this morning. I have seen, in the course of the day, several Oxford men. You would, I am sure, have been pleased if you could have witnessed the satisfaction they all expressed at your success. No person, I am persuaded, ever attained a desirable object more free from envy, or with a more universal opinion, not only that he deserved it, but that in common justice it could not have been refused him.

I am particularly pleased with what you say of your own feelings for the last few years preceding the late Provost's death. It is like your conduct during the same period, honourable, and delicate, and every way worthy of you.

The future plan of my journey and the time of my return to England are not yet fixed; but, at any rate, I think I shall be back before the beginning of the long vacation, time enough to pass a few days at Oxford before you leave it. I assure you that I look forward to this visit as one of the pleasantest things that await me on my return to my own country. At any rate, I should

have been truly glad to meet you again, but the gratification will be doubled by seeing you established in so important and honourable a situation.

My next move will be to Naples, after passing about three weeks longer at Rome. I have remained stationary so long, because on every account I think it desirable to avoid travelling in winter. In this country it is vilely uncomfortable, and one sees nothing to advantage. This part of the year is of course much less severe than it is with us, but still it is cold and wet enough in all conscience. I am glad to have seen one winter in Italy, and certainly I have suffered no inconvenience from it, but if I come again, and for a limited time, it shall be in summer. Every thing here is accommodated to that delightful season of perpetual warmth and light. It is then that the Italian really enjoys his existence. Winter is a vile season, which he rubs through as well as he can by the help of patience and a cloak, and the expectation of a speedy change for the better, and as it can be endured without most of those contrivances which the northern nations have been in a manner forced to employ to resist its greater inclemency, he is much too lazy ever to think of adopting them. Many people here are disappointed with the weather ; they expected warmth

and sunshine in December and January, which I believe are not to be met with any where in Europe; the changes of temperature here are very great and very sudden—quite as much so, I think, as in England. We seldom experience a more abrupt transition than that from a “sirocco” to a “tramontane,” either at Florence or at Rome. In short, the merit of the Italian climate seems to be not that the winter is fine, but that it is short; and that the summer, a season which in England is sometimes wholly omitted for a year or two together, is always delicious.

I collect, from some expressions at the beginning of your letter, that it is not the first you have written to me since we met at Geneva, but that the others were not properly directed. It is, however, the first I have received, and I am afraid the others must be irrecoverably lost. As you have now got my right direction, and as the post from Paris to Rome has just been put upon a new footing (by the French of course, for the Italians do nothing, and on the contrary remonstrated against the change), I shall hope to hear again from you soon. About three weeks ago I wrote you a monstrous long letter from hence. Have you received it? Sooner or later I think it will get to you, as I sent it by a private hand. Upon reflection, I think the account I gave you in it of

Rome was too favourable; I had not courage to say how much the antiquities disappointed me; and as to the modern churches, the more I look at them the less I admire them. I abate nothing of the praise I gave to St. Peter's. It delights me as much as ever, but after that they have nothing to be compared with St. Paul's; nothing to be compared with the Abbey; with York Minster; or with that noble Cathedral at Seville, which, after all I have seen in Italy, still strikes me as one of the finest buildings in the world. Rome has been so much over-rated, at least among us, that one is naturally led to inquire what are the causes that have led to this unreasonable estimate of its merits. It was generally seen for the first time by very young persons, whose classical recollections were all fresh in their minds, who were awed by a celebrated name, and thought themselves bound to believe all that their Ciceronis told them, and to pay an unlimited reverence to the residence of so many great men, and the scene of so many great actions. They seldom came here a second time, and at a more mature age, and therefore carried about them this prejudice (highly laudable in its origin) to the end of their lives, undiminished by experience or criticism. Besides, till within the last few years, when bribery and violence have so

much diminished its stores, Rome was decidedly the capital of the fine arts. Nothing could be compared to it for statues and pictures, and people of taste were naturally inclined to over-praise a place which contained the finest objects that had ever been presented to their admiration and imitation. In the days too of our fathers, few travellers visited Greece, and it is by a comparison with the buildings still remaining at Athens, that the Roman antiquities have lately lost a great deal of their value in the eyes of all judges. You must not suppose, however, that I am out of humour with Rome, I never was in more perfect charity with any place in all my life, and my opinion of it, sound or unsound, is perfectly untinged with any sort of prejudice. I have not room on this paper for a good many things I have to say, both about Italy and about England, but I will write again in the course of the next fortnight if not sooner. On the whole, I think it best to send this by the post.

I am too far from home to speculate much about domestic politics. The unusual activity of opposition before Christmas surprised me. They seem to have been very successful in that war of perpetual skirmish which they carried on against Van and Bathurst. We have rumours of partial changes here, but I am not at all inclined to believe

them. I don't quite understand the affair of Canning's 14,000*l.* a-year, but I hope and trust it will not turn out to his discredit. It seems that government is slow about the Peerages. The terms of peace with America are not known here. Adieu. Again I congratulate you with all my heart.

Believe me, with the utmost esteem and regard,

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XV.

Rome, March 18, 1815.

THIS letter must be very short, for Frederick Byng, who is the bearer of it, is just setting out. However, as he proceeds to England direct, I think it too good an opportunity to be missed, of sending a few lines. I have staid here at least a month longer than I otherwise should, on account of the Holy Week, in which, as you know, some of the most magnificent ceremonies of the Romish church take place. It begins to-morrow,—after that I go to Naples,—that is, if political events will allow travellers to proceed. I am writing under complete uncertainty as to the success of Buonaparte's last expedition. In a few days we shall probably know his fate and that of the world.

It is impossible, as an Englishman, not to wish that he may fail ; and yet there is something so splendid in his past life, and so bold and romantic in his present enterprise, that I cannot help harbouring some feelings with respect to him, that are neither very reasonable nor very patriotic. In justification of myself I must remark, that Italy is, of all the countries in the world, that in which it is most natural to look upon his great qualities with admiration, and his bad ones with indulgence. Here he has done a great deal more good than harm. They say here now, what I find they said in England two months ago, that Murat is about to take possession of Rome. I fancy the fact is, that he is advancing his troops to the frontier, in order to be ready for whatever may happen ; but I have no notion that he will actually invade the ecclesiastical state till he has certain intelligence of his brother-in-law's success. In the meantime, Buonaparte's landing in France has struck great terror into the government here. They already talk of the Pope's retiring to Civita Vecchia. If the French army goes over to Napoleon, and the nation with it (which I reckon would be quite a matter of course), I see no bounds to Murat's ambition in Italy. He will have a clear stage to fight it out with the Austrians ; and I am told they have just given him a very good reason for

declaring war against them, by deserting him at the Congress, after repeated assurances of support and friendship. It will be no hard matter to drive them out, as they are hated beyond measure both in Lombardy and the Venetian States.

Your letter of the 5th February reached me the 11th of this month. I congratulate you on the manner in which your degree was conferred upon you. The University has done honour to you ; but I really think it has also done honour to itself. You are so fairly entitled to any compliment of that sort for which there was a precedent, that it could not have been denied you without great injustice. You talk of reforms ; but I do not know precisely what are those you have in view. A vast deal has been done already. In fact, the whole character of the University has been changed since I left it.

I see you think me prejudiced against Rome. I must say, however, that, be my opinion just, or be it not, such as it is, it was formed (I speak of the general appearance of the place) in sunshine. The first days after I got here were fine, and I viewed all the principal objects in the "Eternal City" in all the purity of a cloudless atmosphere. Magnificent and striking many of those objects are ; but, I persist in thinking that they lose more than half their effect by their

miserable situation, in streets worse than those of the old town of Edinburgh.

Some of the places in the neighbourhood are beautiful. I had intended not to run the risque of taking an unfavourable impression of them by going before the leaves were out ; but accident made me break my resolution, and I was charmed with Albano and Frascati ten days ago, before Spring had even begun to clothe the trees with which they abound.

I am reading over again the first books of Livy. The whole scene is almost within sight. For three centuries after the foundation of Rome, its dominions did not extend above the distance of a morning's ride from the walls. I expect a great delight from Naples. I am going there just at the most delightful season. My stay will of course be in some degree regulated by the state of the country. But at any rate, I see no prospect of being in England till the summer is far advanced. As to Parliament, I am not inclined to think that, unless Napoleon re-ascends the throne of France, the Session will be very active. In that event, of the probability of which I am wholly unable at present to judge, there will certainly be a struggle, and, I should guess, some change.

I have not seen Scott's new poem, nor heard much about it. Has it succeeded ? The Edinburgh

and Quarterly Reviews have found their way here. I have seen the Edinburgh. It seems vilely dull.

I am afraid it is quite true that my political friend whom you mention has declined very much in public opinion. However, whenever difficult times come, the greatest speaker in the House of Commons must have considerable weight, in spite of errors even more palpable than any of which he has been guilty. I must make an end.

Ever sincerely and faithfully yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XVI.

Naples, April 15, 1815.

I HAD begun to be afraid that the world was growing too quiet for those that have been kept in a state of wonder and anxiety for twenty years, and that we were fated to pass the remainder of our lives in a state of listless prosperity. However, what I and so many wiser people mistook for a *calm*, turns out to be only a *lull* (I think sailors call it so) betwixt two gales. A year has not elapsed, and we have again interest enough and danger enough to occupy any man, let him be as

curious or as bold as he may. Italy and France, the old theatres of great events, are contributing even more than their usual share to astonish and agitate mankind. The return of Buonaparte, and his uninterrupted triumphal march to the throne on which he has again seated himself, seems to me the most romantic and amazing piece of true history that is to be met with in the annals of the world. I knew that France had been *conquered*, not *converted* by the Cossacks; I knew that Napoleon was still the idol of a great part of the army; I knew that the Bourbons had no large number of zealous partisans, and I thought that if the King died within a year or two, the crown would totter on the head of Monsieur—always unpopular himself, and rendered still more so by the conduct and manners of his son, the Duke of Berry;—but that the whole fabric of the re-established monarchy of France should crumble to dust at the mere touch of one man, who, in less than three weeks should make himself absolute master of a vast kingdom, in which, when he landed, there was not a single individual who had already declared against the lawful government, is what, I confess, would a month ago have appeared to me, too extravagant for a dream. One cannot express one's sense of the vast importance of such an event more strongly than by saying

that it hardly allows one to attend to Murat's enterprise—that being no less than an attempt to unite all Italy under one government. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been enough to absorb all one's thoughts, but I own that even at Naples, Napoleon and France occupy the far larger share of mine.

What effect will all this produce upon our own affairs? is the question that is continually occurring to one. Shall we have war?—and if so, will it be war with Napoleon, merely as Napoleon?—or war with the Sovereign of France, who is desirous to recover part of what was ceded by the treaty of Paris. Even if we continue at peace, this change in the French government must very much interfere with our plans of economy. With so formidable a neighbour as the Emperor at our doors, we can never think of placing our establishments upon the footing to which they might safely have been lowered if the feeble, unwarlike government of the Bourbons had lasted.

Can our ministry continue to go on exactly in its present form? I am by no means sure that any blame attaches itself to them for what has just happened, but I am considering the effect that may be produced upon the feelings of that half-reasoning animal the public? As the popularity of our ministers (merited, perhaps, by the

constancy and spirit with which they had carried on their own system) was certainly very much increased by frosts in Russia and good harvests in England, in occasioning which, I suspect, they had no great share, may they not suffer for unlucky accidents equally beyond their control?

Whether or not it could have been prevented, is what I am not well enough informed to decide, but the mischief is dreadful. We may have peace, but so long as this man sits on the throne of France (and he is now more firmly seated on it than ever) we can have no security, no real repose. Great as our resources are, we must feel heavily the weight of such an army and navy as we shall be obliged henceforth constantly to maintain—to say nothing of the injury to our constitution which the diffusion and confirmation of military habits is likely to occasion.

I should like to know what effect this event has produced upon your mind with reference to the character of Buonaparte himself. I confess it has raised him very much in my opinion, and that, not merely because the common weakness of human nature inclines one to admire success, but because I think I see in it the triumph of skill, fortitude, discretion, foresight, and courage. With what profound dissimulation he concealed his design—with what promptitude and intrepidity he carried

it into effect. What will now be said by those that thought he ought to have put a pistol to his head rather than sign the Articles of Fontainebleau? What has now happened serves to explain some parts of his conduct which were made subjects of criticism and even of ridicule—his retaining the title of Emperor, and along with it a certain state which seemed not to belong to an exile in Elba—his choice of that island for his place of his retreat, and the care with which he kept together and exercised that handful of followers who were to protect him at the outset of the enterprise which he already meditated. The Russian campaign was a great blunder, and a blunder made more conspicuous by ill-fortune, but he has atoned for it with admirable ability; and what must be that military fame, and that art of gaining the attachment of the army, which in spite of the most disastrous campaign known in history,—which in spite of abdication and exile, rendered him, as much as on the day after the battle of Austerlitz, the idol of every soldier in France. He is an antagonist, a contemporary, and a Frenchman—all things we are naturally disposed to hate; but the fair way to judge of his actions is to consider what we should think of them if this had happened two thousand years ago in Plutarch's Lives. I really believe we should place

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him quite as high as Cæsar or Alexander, perhaps higher. Such a recovery is without example, so far as I remember. Take notice that when I praise Napoleon, I am not speaking of moral qualities. I consider him merely as a Statesman and a General.

His success has been so sudden and so complete, that I suspect the eight Allied Powers will hardly be inclined to act upon the declaration of the 13th March. It is not fair to judge of this paper after what has happened ; but as things have turned out there can be no doubt that they would have done much better not to take so high a tone. It is most likely that before six months are past, four or five of them will have ambassadors bowing and intriguing at the court of this very outlaw. That such a person as Prince Metternich should have to eat his words, is quite natural and proper, but I am grieved to see a declaration signed "Wellington" which it may be afterwards necessary to retract.

I suspect the King of Naples is not going on prosperously, and that the hour is *not* yet come for the union and independence of Italy. To say the truth, my wishes are with him. I know and feel the objections that may be made to him as the instrument in such a design ; but nothing useful upon a grand scale can be accomplished, if you insist upon waiting till all the circumstances

are favourable; and, if Italy were but an independent monarchy, I should be content to see the crown placed upon the head even of a French General. I suppose we have treaties with Austria and Sardinia which will oblige us to oppose King Joachim. That is unlucky, for our interests are directly contrary to our engagements. The Italian kingdom would be at once a great market for our industry, and a firm barrier against the ambition of France. But we are fated to play a bad game with respect to Italy, the country in the world that is perhaps most disposed to like us and look up to us. You cannot imagine how much we have been discredited by the affair of Genoa. Lord Castlereagh's explanation of it, as it appears in a newspaper which I have seen, is quite unintelligible.

But you will wish to hear something about the objects I have seen since I left Rome, instead of these speculations upon politics which will be rather stale by the time they reach you. What you have so often read and heard as to the beauty of this part of Italy is really true. After all I had seen before, the kingdom of Naples astonished and delighted me. In Rome and throughout the papal territories a sort of gloom and listlessness prevail. In the Neapolitan state, everything is alive again. Then the fertility, the

cultivation, the views, and the climate are what I never before met with united, except, perhaps, in the neighbourhood of Malaga. The country goes on improving all the way from Terracina to Salerno, which is the most beautiful spot I ever beheld. The people complain of heavy taxes, but there is less appearance of distress, than in any other part of Italy. The fact, I believe, is, that the French government has done a great deal more good by abolishing the feudal system, and by suppressing the religious orders, by introducing a wiser and less complicated system of laws and by encouraging manufactures, than it has done harm by increasing the public burthens for the maintenance of a large army and a splendid court.

In your last letter which I received about a fortnight ago, you anticipated an active campaign in Parliament. Your prediction will probably be fulfilled, though you were not aware of the circumstance that was to contribute most largely to its accomplishment. I shall, of course, hear none of these debates. My plans are not fixed. If political events allow me to pass that way, I shall be inclined to return home by Venice and the Texel.

I am now writing on the 3d May. I have waited all this time for a good opportunity of sending my letter by a private hand. A good one has now occurred. Some friends of mine are

going direct to Paris. They go by sea to Marseilles. If they have a good passage this will be a very expeditious mode of conveyance.

I am, as you may imagine, extremely anxious to know the effect Napoleon's restoration will have upon our politics—whether we shall have peace or war. It is impossible to judge without knowing all the circumstances much better than I can know them here. But all I can see at present inclines me to wish for peace. Is not the French nation decidedly with him? and if they are, *can* we overthrow him? A few days must clear up my doubts.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XVII.

Florence, July, 1815.

THE last time I wrote to you was from Naples by a person who was going by way of Marseilles to Paris, but I very much doubt whether the events that occurred immediately afterwards allowed the journey to be accomplished. My letter which was consigned to Perregeaux, will either not reach you at all, or only at some very distant period.

At Naples I was witness to an entire change of government, brought about through the conquest of the country by two foreign powers. This event, important enough in itself, occasioned comparatively very little sensation. The theatres were open every night, and the great mass of the people went about their usual occupations in the usual way. Some of the higher orders indeed, particularly those that had been attached to Murat, were a good deal alarmed lest, in the interval betwixt the expiration of the old government and the complete establishment of the new one, the populace should rise and be guilty of excesses, but their apprehensions always appeared to me groundless, and at any rate they were not realised by the event. The town-guard, which was quite strong enough, preserved complete tranquillity, for I don't consider the attempt of the felons to break prison, or the hanging of a Capuchin who was found exhorting the people to sedition and plunder, to have been any interruption to it. But the fact is, that the subjects of a despotic government, are so wonderfully ignorant of what is passing, and from the habit of slavery so indifferent to public events, except in so far as they affect their own private convenience from day to day, that they bear the greatest political changes with an apathy hardly to be conceived by the knowing,

jealous, irritable inhabitants of a free country. When Sir F. Burdett thought proper to call for a boat instead of a coach, when he was let out of the Tower, all London was in an uproar, and I could not help contrasting the agitation which I remember to have seen occasioned by this trifling event, with the composure displayed by the Neapolitans at an entire revolution in the state. The English were all along treated with perfect civility. Some people were inclined to think Madame Murat entitled to great credit for not having us all arrested. She deserved only just as much praise as is due for not doing an unjust action, which may speedily be revenged by the friends of the sufferers. I was presented to her. She is a pretty woman, clever, and with very pleasing manners. It is said, that in ambition and perfidy she very much resembles her brother Napoleon.

Poor Murat has cut a miserable figure. He has shewn himself a bad general, and a worse politician. The design of uniting all Italy under one government is no doubt so grand and so useful, that one should be willing to overlook a little ambition, and even injustice, in the execution of it. At least that would be my way of feeling, who deeply regret the disunion of this fine country, and who detest from my heart each of the little tyrannies by which it is governed. But the means

must be proportioned to the end ; there must be some honesty, and much wisdom in the execution of such a plan. Murat undertook it with an army that would not fight, and without (so far as I can learn) any previous understanding with the leading people in the countries to which he was about to propose himself as a liberator. But the fact is, that he never intended any good to Italy. His designs were as paltry as they were foolish. He was in hopes to frighten the House of Austria into an acknowledgment of him as King of Naples, and then he would have abandoned, without shame or remorse, the few unfortunate enthusiasts that had joined him to the vengeance of their governments. I own that my extreme dislike to the present order of things made me at first think better of him and of his plans than they deserved. But I was soon undeceived.

The Austrian officers conducted themselves with great judgment and ability in this transaction. Their movements seem to have been skilful, and their marches were rapid beyond all example ; and when they took possession of Naples, they maintained the most perfect order and discipline. However, the Court of Vienna has taken care to be well paid for its trouble. Not only have their troops lived everywhere at the expense of the country, but Ferdinand has been

obliged by treaty to pay a sum for his restoration. The people very much prefer his government to that of Murat ; the fact is, that Murat introduced many improvements in the management of the country, the effect of which is comparatively remote, and loaded them with taxes, the pressure of which was immediately and severely felt. The restoration will of course be attended by the loss of some of the benefits of the new system introduced by Joseph and Murat, but some of them, I am happy to find, are to be preserved. The abolition of the feudal system is confirmed, and the Code Napoleon is still to remain as the foundation of the law.

The higher orders of people at Naples seem much better educated and much better bred than those at Rome, but the rest of the community is plunged in the deepest ignorance, or the most despicable superstition. In most other parts of Italy some attempts have been made to instruct the people, but no Neapolitan government has so much as tried to communicate to its subjects the smallest particle of knowledge, literary or moral ; of course they are dishonest and profligate. In one respect, however, I think it is but just to remark, that they, and indeed the Italians in general have been too severely censured. They are by no means so idle as they have been represented.

Travellers from the north forget the difference of climate, and the consequently different distribution of time, and draw from what they observe inferences, which would be perfectly correct in their own country ; but which are altogether erroneous here. An English gentleman having breakfasted at ten (i. e. as soon as he is up), and meaning to dine at seven, walks out at the proper St. James's Street hour, to take the hottest part of the day, and finds the shady side of the street lined with people fast asleep. " Aye, here are the Lazzaroni ; so these fellows live in total idleness, and get their bread by begging and stealing." But his Excellency forgets that these fellows may have done a large part of a very hard day's work before he began his morning walk, and that they, perhaps, mean to finish it whilst he is engaged in that meal on which he relies for disposing of from two to three hours of his valuable time. The people of the south get credit for being lazy, because among them sleep is an overt act, performed, *sub dio*, in the sight of all mad dogs and English gentlemen that happen to be roaming about ; whilst the weather obliges the northern sleeper to hide himself, who, having snored through a cold night, has no occasion for rest through a day almost equally cold. But, I believe the sum of English repose is quite equal

to that of Italian or Spanish. In fact, the Italian peasants are very laborious ; but, unfortunately for them, they want skill—and capital still more, and, moreover, all the arts that minister to agriculture are in a low state—all owing to their execrable government.

One has heard a great deal of the beauty and fertility of the kingdom of Naples ; and it is all true. When you have been from Mola di Gaeta to Naples, you think you have passed through the finest country in the world ; but when you have gone on from Naples to Salerno, you find that you have been mistaken—it is still more delightful. In the neighbourhood of Salerno, nature seems to be at its perfection. As a residence, I do not however much like Naples ; but perhaps that is because it don't agree with me. At Rome, I never was ill ; at Naples, I never was quite well. Indeed, most of the English were ill at Naples ; for the sake of looking at the bay, we all lived in an unwholesome part of the town. I was oppressed by perpetual langour, and ended by having a fever, which kept me to my bed for seven or eight days, and left me vilely low and reduced ; but I am well again now.

I left Naples on the 22nd June, and spent a week at Rome, on my way to Florence. At Rome, I met the news of the battle of Nivelles ;

and this morning, the account of Lord Wellington's arrival at Paris reached us. I will say nothing upon these events. I could only express those feelings which I am sure you entertain in common with myself, and in common with all those that love their country. What honour to England!—and what happiness to all the world! Not ten years have elapsed since the battle of Trafalgar—and some of these have been disastrous,—and yet, what a career of glory! and all gained in a just cause.

We have not yet a complete list of the killed and wounded; but I see some names I deeply regret. I have read the debate upon the war. You may imagine how glad I was to see the speeches of Lord Grenville, of Mr. Grattan, and of Mr. Plunkett.

I hardly know where to desire you to write to me. My intention is to see all that I have not yet seen of Tuscany, and the north of Italy, and then to go, if I can, to Paris, to see Louis XVIII. sitting upon the throne of an humbled, chastised, and (I hope) a diminished kingdom. As soon as I know with tolerable precision where I shall be, I will write to you, and request you to send me a few lines.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

P. S. What I most hope is, that the Allies will not allow themselves to be duped a second time ; and that they will tear from the French all the fruits of their numberless robberies.

LETTER XVIII.

Florence, September 6, 1815.

I DON'T mean to cover this vast sheet of paper—far be it from me, for your sake and for my own—“ *Sed qui nolunt occidere quenquam, posse volunt.*” I like to have it in my power to write you half an acre of letter, and to be quite sure that when I leave off it is not for want of room.

Your letter, dated 19th July, reached me yesterday, and gave me, as your letters always do, very great pleasure. Indeed, you are the only good correspondent I have. All the rest I have lost, partly by their fault, and still more by my own, so that what I get from you is doubly valuable.

I am not only lazy about writing, but apt also to forget when I wrote, and what I wrote last, which makes me liable both to repeat and to omit. However, I am pretty sure that I have written since Naples—either from Rome, where I

staid a week, or from Florence, where I have been, with little intermission for two months.

I filled my letter from Naples chiefly with politics, not only because that was the subject which occupied every body's mind at the time, but because I think the principal objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood have been faithfully and satisfactorily described by other travellers. They are few in number and soon seen, but very grand and surprising. One could hardly imagine two more interesting sights than a volcano and an ancient town. Their being close together too, and connected not only by their vicinity but by their history, makes the impression occasioned by each upon one's mind, much more powerful. A burning mountain is a thing of which one has heard, and read, and thought so much of, even in one's childhood, and is at the same time so amazing and so terrible in itself, that I do not know whether my curiosity was ever so strongly excited, or so completely gratified, as by looking into the crater of Vesuvius.

Pompeii may be considered as a town *potted* about seventeen hundred years ago for the use of antiquarians in the present century. We that have seen it lately had greatly the advantage over those that preceded us during the last peace. The French government did a prodigious deal

towards removing the crust which in this grand specimen of natural cookery is very thick and heavy. At their rate of proceeding the whole town would have been soon disclosed. You may easily suppose how much one's notions of the state of things in the ancient world are helped by a mere glimpse of this singular remain. When, in the course of their labours, the workmen had got to any spot which seemed likely to contain any thing particularly interesting, notice was sent to the court, which generally attended to watch the result. I was present at one of these excavations, and saw several lamps, vases, and other articles, though nothing of great value, dug out. The Queen (i. e. the Maréchale Murat) gave me an ancient dish and a small "giallo antico" image. I have, of course, preserved them carefully, and if I live to be old, shall very likely show them to every unfortunate person that comes into my house, without recollecting that *my* having seen them dug out, which makes them curious in my eyes, don't signify a farthing to any body else. Madame Murat came at ten o'clock in the morning, and staid six or seven hours looking on with great patience and apparent interest. It was curious even on this occasion, which required, and one would have thought would have commanded, particular care, to see the usual slovenliness of the

Italians in full perfection. They worked with infinite awkwardness and precipitation—a parcel of English footmen would have done quite as well. They broke a number of things, that with a very little care might have been got out whole—even my poor little household god has got a most unnecessary chip on the nose.

I should have been very glad to go into Apulia and Bruttium, and in particular I had meditated an expedition to see the field of Cannæ. But it was quite out of the question. The whole country was under the dominion of robbers. Now and then a caravan with an immense escort passed, but regular travelling was almost impossible. The head-quarters of the banditti were at a pass called Ponte Bovino, and hardly any body got by with impunity. I went as far as Pæstum, and never was more amply repaid for a journey of sixty or seventy miles. All the way from Naples to Salerno is like a garden. One stage after Salerno you quit the beautiful country, and enter the plain in which Pæstum stands, or rather stood; for besides the ruins only two houses are to be seen. The poisonous air has driven away all the inhabitants, except one old man, who serves as a guide, who has lived there half a century, and who told me that he should not be well any where else—and a wretched family living, (if living it

can be called) in the other wretched cottage. One of the individuals composing it died the day before I came, and as the door was open I saw the rest of them sitting there, wan, moping, and already shivering under the same disease that had proved fatal to their kinsman. The old man must have an amazing constitution, but even he looks ill. The effect of the three temples is rendered more striking by the desolation amidst which they stand. They are in a solid and severe style of architecture, and wonderfully well preserved. In general nature survives art, but at Pæstum art has in some measure survived nature. The air which was once breathed by the inhabitants of a populous city has become pestilent by the slow operation of powerful but unknown causes, and yet these vast monuments of human industry and taste subsist almost unchanged by the lapse of twenty centuries.

The lazzaroni are very much diminished in number. They were giving way to French activity and French police, but I suppose they will revive again under the fostering influence of their restored sovereign, who piques himself (deservedly) upon speaking their language and participating in their feelings and opinions, particularly in what regards law, morality, and justice.

The government of Ferdinand will have no

difficulty in maintaining itself. It is far more popular than that which for a time superseded it. The people liked their old King, whose manners and notions are so congenial to their own. As to Murat they were oppressed by his taxes, and disgusted by the prodigality of his upstart court. He made many real improvements, but to some of them they were indifferent, some of them they hated, and with no one of them were they much pleased. He (or Joseph, but that is not material) abolished the religious orders and deprived the Church of a great part of its riches, but the people are too completely under the influence of the priests not to consider this an impiety. He utterly destroyed the feudal system, and took away all the inconvenient rights and privileges arising out of it. This too was a most salutary measure, but it was adopted a little too hastily, and without sufficient respect to the property of individuals. He established a much more prompt and equitable mode of administering justice, but that was not likely to be much relished by a litigious people given to plunder and assassination. As to the roads and bridges which he constructed, the Neapolitan public probably thought quite as much of the immediate expense as of the convenience and ultimate benefit. In short he had for him his court, and a few educated people attached

to what are termed new ideas. He took the *sense* of the country, and Ferdinand (like Wilkes) took the nonsense, and of course beat him ten to one. I forgot to add that his design of creating an army was very unpopular, not only because the expense was enormous, but because the Neapolitans have in general a great dislike to fighting.

I think Madame de Stäel is right in saying that the Italians in general have a strong sense of religion, but she has not (so far as I recollect) told us how base a religion it is. Our Protestant Divines who sometimes spoke roughly in the heat of controversy, have hardly exaggerated its demerits. Far from promoting good morals (I speak of the Catholic religion not as it is explained by Bossuet, but as it is believed by the common people in Italy) it only serves to injure them by lulling the natural feelings of conscience. They believe indeed in God and in a future state, but then they also believe quite as firmly that by means of a certain number of crossings, sprinklings, genuflexions, ave-marias and pater-nosters, a whole score of frauds, adulteries, and even assassinations may be quite wiped out, and they become as fit candidates for heaven as the most just and innocent of men. Whatever is sound and useful in this system is quite overbalanced by that which is absurd and pernicious. The more firmly

they believe it, the worse their lives are likely to be. Madame de Staël speaks of it with indulgence, because for some years past she and her friends have grown very favourable to the Roman Catholic religion. Not that they believe it themselves, but that they are inclined to bring it into fashion. As to her, it pleases her imagination, she perhaps fancies that on the whole it is useful, and she is a good deal influenced by those about her. But what their motives are, it is not so easy to make out. What I imagine, however, is this. Infidelity was pretty near worn out. No new reputation was to be made in that line. The harvest had been reaped by men of admirable wit and learning. Besides the French Revolution had frightened people, and they began to perceive that atheism was not quite so good a joke. On the whole then, religion was considered as a more likely step to popularity and fame. But a sober, rational, moderate belief would not answer the purpose. It would surprise and electrify nobody. But the new believers had quite as much vanity to gratify as the old infidels. Some how or another the world must be astonished, and as in the last century it was done by shewing how little wise men *would* believe, so in the new school it is accomplished by shewing how much they *can* believe. Therefore M. Chateaubriand's book is not only

Christian, but for the most part eminently Catholic; though I am told he has fallen into some heresies from not quite understanding beforehand what it was that he had undertaken to believe. M. Schlegel too (I forgot which of the brothers) seeing that no glory was to be gained in the Lutheran Church, magnanimously swallowed the whole Romish Creed at a single gulp—*cum totius Germaniæ stupore*—which was just what he wanted. But to return to the Italians. Superstition is certainly on the decline here—but it is never succeeded by true religion—always by infidelity.

I am very much concerned to hear of your illness and depression of spirits. It seems to me that nothing is so good for you as exercise and change of place. I never saw you so well and cheerful as when we met at Geneva; and I almost wish you had come abroad again this summer. The change of scene would have compensated for the greater heat. My own plans are undetermined. I am in the agony of settling them. I hate leaving Italy; particularly just at the time when the cold is beginning in transalpine countries. After enjoying six months hot weather, it will annoy me terribly; and yet it is too much to spend another winter here. However, happen what will afterwards, I must go now to Genoa, to Turin, and to Venice.

You say nothing of it, but I take for granted that your Oxford concerns prosper greatly under your hands. I believe I told you that I too was ill this spring at Naples. It confined me to bed for ten days, and so reduced me that I did not recover my strength for two months. Luckily it did not affect my spirits. As long as I see the sun glaring upon a white wall I am pretty cheerful. The blue devils will appear in the first fog that surrounds me. I have exhausted my folio; and yet I have twenty things to say. I don't know when this will go. I shall avail myself of the first private hand, and then put a fresh date. Adieu, and remember that when you have leisure you always do me a kindness by writing.

I have just been at Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoja. But these for another opportunity.

Milan, September 28.

I got here yesterday; but I have neither time nor space to add anything. I see Sir S. Romilly has been here on his way to Genoa. With even less time to spare, he seems to be making about the same tour you made last year. I love this activity and curiosity in persons whose duties are so laborious.

LETTER XIX.

Nerot's Hotel, Clifford-street,
Saturday, Nov. 4, 1815.

I WAS quite rejoiced to receive your kind note this morning: an account from a friend of so fresh a date is altogether a novelty to me, and on that account the more grateful. You shall be most welcome to my recollections of the remaining part of my tour, such as they are. At this moment I have not leisure to do more than acknowledge the receipt of your answer; but in a few days you shall hear from me again. My stay in this country will *probably* not be long. I say *probably*, for I always allow myself that latitude with respect to my plans, which an unoccupied person may not unreasonably claim.

You talk of a visit to London. If any thing prevents your coming, I will endeavour to see you at Oxford; for I should be very sorry to leave England without having had an opportunity, "*dextra jungere dextram*," and to have a day or two's talk with you. Direct to me at Boodle's, for I am not sure I shall stay at Nerot's.

LETTER XX.

Nerot's Hotel, Clifford-street.
November 9, 1815.

IF I recollect right, my last continental letter was sent from Milan, but it carried the account of my proceedings no further than Florence. I had passed two months in Tuscany very pleasantly ; though for the first fortnight I was by no means well, and the weather was too hot even for me. After that, the temperature became delightful, (though, by the bye, the Italians complained bitterly of a few rainy days, which we English scarcely thought of, but from which they augured nothing less than locusts, famine, and the plague) and that added to the beauty of the place, the cheerfulness of the country surrounding it, and the recollections belonging to it, make it, even with a tolerable society, one of the most agreeable residences in the world.

I ought not to forget in this enumeration of the advantages of Florence, the language—perhaps the most beautiful that ever was spoken by man, except only at Athens. One misses it sadly in going to Bologna. The loss is quite sudden. In a single stage, one exchanges all the graces of the

purest Tuscan idiom for the execrable Bolognese jargon. All Lombardy is miserable in point of language ; but I don't know whether this an't the worst place even in Lombardy.

From Bologna I struck off to the right, and went through Ferrara to Venice. Ferrara, as you know, is a dismal old town in a flat marshy country, and not above half inhabited. But there are not many places even in Italy, that I looked at with greater interest. The house of Este, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini—all these names belong, more or less, to Ferrara, and they remind one of what is most splendid in the history and literature of the country. I don't know whether you are a warm admirer of Ariosto. For my part, I have a sort of enthusiasm for him. If the "*Orlando Furioso*" were better connected, it would in my opinion rank as the first of poems ; and even as it is, I should be at a loss what to put before it. As soon as I arrived I went with great eagerness to the library to see his MS. I am not ashamed to confess that I have much pleasure in looking at the hand-writing of any very remarkable person. If this sort of curiosity is childish, it is at any rate so general, that one may be well excused for sharing it. Autographs, and fac-similes of autographs, are seen with great interest, even when they consist only of a signature, or a few indifferent words.

But the MS. of Ariosto preserved at Ferrara, affords more reasonable ground of curiosity. It consists of nothing less than the additional Cantos (five I think, but I am not sure) of the Orlando which did not appear till the 2nd edition. It is all in his own hand-writing, and bears strong internal marks of being the first copy. The inspection of this MS. will greatly confirm the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence, united to the *appearance* of ease, is almost always the result of great labour. The corrections are innumerable. In several passages where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful facility, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over, till scarce a line of the first draught has been allowed to remain. The MS. is kept open behind a glass door; and I was told that it is not generally taken out. However the sub-librarian was so much moved with my just admiration of the genius of the place, that he put it into my hands, and allowed me to turn over the pages and compare it with the printed copy. The approach of the principal librarian, who was not so indulgent, prevented me from enjoying this advantage for more than about a quarter of an hour. I hastened to the famous passage about the use of artillery. It is one of the most ex-

quisitely finished parts of the poem, and one of those that underwent the most frequent correction.

There is a very fine "Ottava" which has always been a favourite of mine ever since I first read it (near twenty years ago). I was quite delighted to see it traced by the very pen of Ariosto, and at the same time to learn something of the history of its formation. It is that (I ought to have mentioned) in which he execrates the invention of fire-arms, which have put an end to those high feats of personal prowess, which adorned the ages of chivalry. It harmonizes perfectly with what precedes, and with what follows it. No one, I think, would suspect it of being an addition: But from its situation in the MS. it evidently appears to have been a lucky after-thought. It is written cross ways on the margin, and what is remarkable, without a blot. Perhaps it had occurred to him when his papers were not at hand, and he had performed all the corrections in his head. He writes upon a small folio paper, of a slight texture, such as is still in use in Italy. His hand-writing is small, neat, and distinct; but not nearly so good as Tasso's, which is bold, correctly formed, and very beautiful. The specimen is of a very different kind from that which is preserved of Ariosto's—not a Canto of the Jerusalem—but a letter which it fills one with shame and grief to

think that so great a man should ever have had occasion to write. It is dated from prison, and addressed to a friend whom he desires to get five shirts washed for him; "all of them," he observes, "also require mending." He seems to have been in extreme poverty and distress. There is hardly a more signal disgrace to civilized society than the fate of this great man.

Another MS. of Ariosto is preserved at Ferrara. It is a letter to his farming servant in Tuscany. It is curious from being full of grammatical errors and vulgarisms. He writes to his servant in the same dialect in which his servant would have written to him.

I have said so much about Ferrara that I must say the less about other places. I went next to Venice. It is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the world. The number of fine public buildings it contains is greater than in any other town in Italy, except Rome. But the interest they create, when considered separately, is feeble, compared with the surprise one feels at first on seeing such a vast and magnificent city rising out of the water. Venice has greatly fallen off from its ancient splendour. But I confess I am not so much affected as many other people are by its misfortunes. Its wealth and prosperity were owing to the barbarism and wretchedness of the

rest of mankind. What must have been the condition of those parts of Europe that are most favoured by nature, when civilization and liberty were forced to wade up to their necks in a pool, and stand shivering there for centuries?

From Venice I went by Padua, Vicenza, and Verona to Milan. I passed a day upon the Lake of Garda, which is quite beautiful. Sirmio deserves all Catullus has said of it. From Milan I went to Turin, and from thence I made an excursion to your favourite Genoa. You must excuse me if I do not admire it quite so much as you do, though it is certainly a most magnificent town, and finely situated. The post is going, and as to-morrow is Sunday, I am desirous to send my letter to-day. Let me know when I may hope for the pleasure of seeing you.

LETTER XXI.

Dover, January 17, 1816.

I GOT down to Dover yesterday, and if the wind don't change within the next three hours, I expect to sail between one and two to-day, with a cer-

tainty of missing the tide at Calais, on account of the mail, for which the packet must wait.

I intend to proceed first to Brussels and then to Paris. A friend of mine who is just come over assures me that nothing can be less secure than the present government of France. Indeed he measures the future reign of Louis XVIII. by days only. However, he is a Whig of the purest water, and perhaps believes in the downfall of legitimacy, only because he hopes for it. Still it is pretty evident that there is a considerable ferment, and it will be curious to witness even as much as a stranger can observe of the state of a country at the crisis of its fate. That to be sure is little enough, as I well know both from what I have *not* seen and *not* found out in other countries, and from what I have had occasion to observe at home of the ignorance of foreigners as to the real state of England. Nothing appears to me more ludicrous than those persons who after a short stay in some foreign country, come back with an opinion cut and dried upon people whom they scarcely know, and transactions, the real nature of which has been studiously concealed from them: and yet this is what we see every day.

I read yesterday a paper on France in the Edin. Rev. I take it to be Brougham's—the tail-piece perhaps by Jeffrey. It is a very sin-

gular performance—able like every thing that B. writes, but fuller than ever of strange doctrines. It is hardly to be conceived how any reading, reflecting man should have brought himself to believe that the dethroning of Louis XVIII. and setting up the Duke of Orleans in his stead, would be a copy of our revolution of 1688, and that the emigrants are to the present King of France, what the Jesuits were to James II. There is a good note, however, about the Whig Napoleonists, those zealots for freedom who have fixed upon a military despot as their true ally and protector.

Just after I got to town, Whishaw sent me two biographical memoirs, one on Mungo Park, the other on Tennant. Get a sight of them if you can. They are both extremely well done. You are likely to have already seen that on Park. If you have not, you will read it with great pleasure.

I shall write to you from the first place where I make any stay, probably Brussels.

LETTER XXII.

Brussels, January 22, 1816.

I HAD a very good passage of only three hours on

the night of the 16th—17th. It was eleven when we went on board, and by two we were at Calais.

There has been a great deal of bad weather lately on the coast, and the wind (or rather gale) that was so favourable to me, had just before done considerable mischief among our transports that were coming from the French side. I do not understand that any of them were actually lost, but they were sadly tossed about; the poor men suffered a great deal, and a great number of horses perished. I saw upwards of thirty of these unfortunate animals washed up against the pier at Calais. The fact, I suspect, is, that the whole business of the embarkation of our troops returning from the Continent has been performed in a most careless precipitate manner. It is quite inexcusable that any accidents at all should happen in so short a passage. But they neither employed vessels adapted to the purpose, nor waited for fair weather, and the result has been that our cavalry regiments probably suffered more than they did, on the average, in the passage to Lisbon. But this is an example on a small scale of what continually happens on a smaller one. Where a thing requires a great deal of care it is well done, because the whole attention is directed to it—where a little attention would suffice, even that

little is refused, and some provoking accident follows. Sir Denys Pack had just arrived to superintend the remainder of the business, so I suppose it will go on better.

I lost a day at Calais in getting my baggage on shore, but there is no resisting the triple alliance of the Captain, the Custom-House, and the Innkeeper, who all conspire (particularly if you have a carriage with you) to impede your progress. However, it is no great misfortune to be detained a day in a French town, particularly where there is a pretty theatre and tolerable actors—as is the case at Calais.

My original instructions to myself were to march upon Brussels; but, as I had been at Lille before, I chose to take another road by Dunkirk, Bruges, and Ghent. When I got to Ghent there was no resisting the temptation of going on to Antwerp. At Antwerp I was not without some inclination for the Hague, but as I can't skait, it is no use to go into Holland in winter; so I limited myself to the Austrian Netherlands and turned back to Brussels, which I reached this evening. I don't know that ever I saw a country with greater satisfaction than these Belgic provinces. It is not the same sort of satisfaction one has in seeing Italy for instance—not so exalted, not so varied, not so poetical, but more

perfect in its kind and more constant. Here is no beauty, and no recollections, but you have exhibited to you perhaps the most remarkable instance upon earth of how much human comfort may be produced by industry, and a tolerably good government operating upon a fertile and healthy soil. Such a number of large towns, rather gloomy, indeed, and not quite so populous as they were in days of greater commercial prosperity, but still sufficiently well peopled, clean, and well built. All the villages, which are thickly sown over the country, look as you here and there see one in England, which is either a remarkable instance of neatness in the inhabitants; or where “my lord and lady” are charitable, pains-taking people, and spend all the rent of the cottages, and more, in keeping them clean and in good condition. You see hardly any new houses, but they all seem as if they had just undergone a thorough repair—solid and weather-tight, fresh painted and white-washed. I have marked the windows of a whole village as I went along, without being able to find a single broken pane. As far as I can understand, nobody here is very rich. There are no very great proprietors, and no very great merchants, but every body seems well off, plentifully fed, and comfortably lodged and clothed. This is in many respects an admirable

order of things, and yet the want of wealthy and powerful individuals is a great public misfortune. We should do ill to change with them in spite of the poor's-rates and Calmel's Buildings. (vide Report on Mendicancy.) Where there are no overgrown proprietors, official people take the first rank in society, and then there is an end of liberty. In the great civilized states of modern Europe freedom must be content to lean upon aristocracy as its only firm support.

— It is said, and I believe with truth, that the Flemings hate their Dutch King. And yet he has given them, what I recollect Lord Castlereagh, in talking to me about it, called a “decent Constitution.” But in spite of the name of representative government (for as yet it is only the name) the taxes are heavier than in the time of the French. They regret the Austrian government, and acknowledge their folly in mutinying against it. The fact is that they are so awkwardly situated for want of a good natural frontier, that it is a hard matter to say to whom they ought to have been given. Joined to France, they would make her too powerful, and separated from her, I am afraid they will not even with the aid of Holland be able to defend themselves against those repeated attacks which, the moment she recovers from her present state of depression, she will not fail to make upon them.

Thursday.

I PASSED the morning of yesterday in visiting the field of Waterloo—as it is called, *euphoniæ gratia*, I suppose, since no part of the battle reached the village so called. If it had been really the battle of Waterloo the victory must have been Napoleon's, for it is on the Brussels side of the ground for which he fought. I had an excellent guide in the person of Creevey, who was here at the time, and who went over it the next day accompanied by one of the Duke's staff. I say nothing of those feelings with which one must survey this modern Marathon. The slight acquaintance I happen to have with Miltiades adds to the interest. It is quite astonishing how he escaped. The tree near which he stood for a long time during the battle is pierced by at least a dozen shot. The great struggle, as you very well know, was at the farm of Hougomont. It is a single house with a good many out-buildings, spacious, solid, and well built according to the Flemish custom. It served us as a sort of little fortress to prevent Napoleon's left from getting upon the Nivelles road—which would have enabled him to turn our position at St. Jean, and separate General Clinton's division from the main body. This made it of so great importance, that the Duke sent repeated orders that it should be defended to the last man. Colonel Hamilton, who was entrusted with the last of these orders,

was forced to communicate it by shouting over the heads of part of the assailants who prevented his nearer approach. This brave man escaped with his life—you may judge how narrowly. There were two farm-yards and a garden to be defended. The French after infinite slaughter carried the outermost of the farm-yards ; but they were driven from it again by our people setting fire to the surrounding buildings. Of the other and the garden they never got possession. The garden, which has been mis-named the orchard, is a curious old place and particularly excited my attention. It is such an appendage as one sometimes sees to a gentleman farmer's house in England. It is a square enclosure of, I should suppose, towards two acres, surrounded by a good stone-wall. It forms a sort of terrace, and you rise to it, from the side towards the house, by stone steps, after you have passed the gate. It is laid out partly for use, and partly for ornament—all in that formal rectilinear style, which is not so much amiss in a country where there is no variety of ground. Parallel to that side of the square which was the principal object of attack, and separated from it only by a shrubbery, runs a broad walk covered over by well trimmed trees, and which at that season must have formed a pleasant sort of arbour. There is something in the tranquillity of this spot, and in its

apparent security, made as it should seem for "retired leisure," that forms a singular, and to me, as I walked along it, a most striking contrast with the awful and sanguinary event of which it was the scene. This Belgian yeoman's garden-wall was the safeguard of Europe, and the destiny of mankind perhaps turned upon the possession of his house. The place has suffered less than one would imagine. A grove beyond the garden has been a good deal damaged by musquet shot, and some holes were pierced in the garden-wall by our men that they might fire upon the French in safety; but this, and the burning of the buildings near the outer yard, is all the mischief I observed, and the farm goes on as usual. After the battle the Duke joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. "Let them fire away,—the battle is won, and my life is of no value *now*." Vox magnifica, et tanto viro digna, quàm se non sibi, sed reipublicæ soli natum esse professus est.

I shall stay here only a day or two, and then proceed to Paris. Pray let me hear from you, and buy some thin paper like this for your foreign correspondence. In foreign parts, *wire-wove*, and

the gentleman-like use of wax must be abandoned. Have you read Dr. Holland's Travels? You will be pleased with them I think.

Yours ever sincerely,
J. W. W.

If you ever come to Brussels it may be as well to remember, that the Hotel de Bellevue, where I am, is the one where you will be worst waited upon, and most imposed upon.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, April 2, 1816.

My direction, when I am abroad, is always, "Chez Perregeaux and Laffitte," and I have never had the smallest reason to complain of them for want of punctuality in transmitting to me my letters, and I am very much inclined to believe that where any mistake has occurred, it has not been their fault. However, you will not have occasion to direct to me there, for some short time to come, as I mean to come over to England at the beginning of May. If I had gone as far as Italy, I

should not have thought of returning in spring, which is the most delightful season in that delightful country ; but as I am so near, I cannot resist the temptation of making a little journey to see my friends, who, for the far greater part, are now assembled in London, and to amuse myself by a closer view of domestic politics. But I mean to come abroad again before the end of the Session.

It was amusing enough to see the effect the defeat of our ministry upon the question of the Income Tax produced upon the minds of the people here. Most of them thought that the government would be changed, and that the Whigs would come in, and probably let loose Napoleon to disturb the world for the third time. If I had been in the House, I should have voted in the *minority*, and yet I confess I am not sorry it *was* a minority. Not that I am by any means convinced that the Income Tax ought to have been repealed, but because I think the ministry wanted beating upon something, no great matter what. Their prodigious success—which, without at all meaning to deny their merits and abilities, must be allowed by all reasonable men to have been vastly beyond their merits, and beyond their abilities—had made their underlings insolent, and the House too obedient, and a blow of that sort was necessary to remind the servants of the coun-

try that they are not its masters, and to give back to the constitution that spirit and activity which it was perhaps beginning to lose. They seem to have cut a miserable figure in the debate, and the consciousness of their deficiency in so essential a particular, will probably contribute very much to bring about an agreement with Canning; on such terms as it will be honourable to him to accept. On this subject it was quite ludicrous to hear the language of their supporters some time ago. They wondered "what use he could be of, and why Lord Liverpool could have thought of making any terms with him." The debates of this Session may perhaps have enabled them to form some guess as to what is the use of the greatest Speaker in either House of Parliament, in carrying on a Government with credit and ease.

You speak of a system of national education, and several other important objects that require attention, but you cannot expect any great measures of improvement from an administration which is only just able to keep itself afloat. The credit which *Van* gains from parliamentary discussions cannot incline him to multiply them unnecessarily.

I have no news to send you from this place. Things go on quietly enough—and quiet, and a tolerable system of internal administration is all

that is necessary to make this country rise again in a very few years to a prodigious pitch of power and prosperity.

Wilson's trial is going on. Of course a great many people attend it. For my own part, it don't much interest me. I consider it as a foolish business on all sides. Yesterday was the first day. I was glad (for the credit of the three kingdoms) to hear that they conducted themselves like men of honour and spirit.

I can't imagine how people got into their heads that I was going to marry Lady M. B——. Not but what she is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and would do me a great deal of honour by becoming my wife; only the fact an't so. I heard of it, however, from twenty people when I was last in England; and perhaps the story gained the more ground from my being at very little pains to contradict it. In fact I hardly ever take any trouble of that sort; for, in the first place, I dislike that the inventors of gossiping lies should have so much power over me as even to oblige me to contradict what they say; in the next, when a marriage is in question, any anxiety to have it disbelieved looks like an incivility to the lady.

We have had a dismal long winter; and I have been regretting Italy. At last it has grown fine

to my great joy ; for I am twice as happy in warm weather as in cold.

This letter was begun (as is manifest from internal evidence) several days ago ; but I was interrupted, and neglected to finish it.

I rather wish I had heard the last day of Wilson's trial. Their advocate made what by the unanimous consent of all the persons present whom I have seen, appears to have been a most splendid, at the same time, a most judicious speech. They had a fair trial ; and the sentence was as mild as it could be.

Yours ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXIV.

5, Bolton Row, June 3rd, 1816.

It was not from a vindictive spirit that I omitted writing to you upon my return to England ; though your forgetting my direction is the only instance I know that could justify the complaint I have so often heard you make of your own want of memory. Upon one's return to England, one always has a large arrear of reading, visiting, and business. This made me put off writing from day to day, till you heard of my coming from

some other quarter ; and anticipated me by your friendly welcome and remonstrance.

I did not attend the Oxford address. I had not my cap and gown in town, and did not think of the deficiency till Saturday evening after the post, when it was already too late to write to Giles to send them to me, and I did not choose to do as Wilberforce is said to have done on occasion of a Cambridge address. He hired a black domino at a masquerade shop. Heber was also prevented from attending by the want of his academical dress. I understand the number was great, and the reception very gracious. The V. C. seems to have behaved oddly enough, in proposing to you all the labour without any of the honour of this ceremony. It can be explained only by supposing that he considered the going up to town as an additional trouble ; but even then he might as well have given you the option. By the bye who is Vice Chancellor ? for I have forgotten.

Your mention of Franklin, reminds me of what you said in another letter about Ward of Coll. Nov., and to which, writing in a hurry, I omitted to make any answer at the time. I will speak first of my namesake. From the little I know of him, and from all I have heard, I am inclined to believe that he is eminently qualified to undertake the task

for which he proposes himself; and if I could hear of any opportunity of going abroad, such as I thought suitable to a man of his education and feelings, I should be most happy to point it out to him. Such things, however, are rare; more so, I apprehend, than they were some years ago. The system of travelling is altered; and the far greater part of the young people whom I have met with abroad, have either accompanied their own families, or been trusted to their own discretion. The custom which obtained almost universally in the days of our fathers, of sending young men round Europe, under the superintendence of persons appointed by their parents or guardians, seems to be in a great measure discontinued.

As to Franklin, who is an old friend of mine, I should think myself very lucky, on his account as well as on yours, if I could be instrumental in serving him. But here again I am afraid the opportunities are rare. It would not be worth his while to undertake any but the management of a very considerable property. That, of course, implies a great limitation in point of numbers. Besides the management of the great estates seldom falls vacant, and when it does, the disposal of it is generally decided by local interests and family connections; so that little room is left for

a man that comes recommended only by his honour, industry, and skill. For my own part, I am quite persuaded that a great proprietor that don't choose to attend to his affairs himself, had better confide them to a *gentleman*, and that the absence of local interests is an advantage. But this is an opinion that don't seem to prevail much among the great Lords of the soil ; and they are, for the most part, better pleased to go on in the old way with their indigenous stewards and attornies. Where is Franklin now ? If he is in town, in his old law quarters, I will endeavour to see him, that we may converse together upon this subject.

I have not read Bertram, nor shall I ever read it. If it is only an attempt to dramatize one of Lord Byron's villain characters,—or rather Lord Byron's villain *chàracter*, (for he has but one, though all the portraits he has drawn of it are fine and interesting, notwithstanding their resemblance to each other,) it is not likely to possess much merit. Lord Byron's subject is nothing,—and worse than nothing without Lord Byron's genius to adorn it,—which it is not very likely his imitator should possess.

By the bye, I observe a point in which your taste and mine differ from each other materially. It is about new publications. I read them un-

willingly. You abstain from them with difficulty, and as a matter of duty and self-denial. Their novelty has very little attraction for me; and in literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time. If I hear of a new poem, for instance, I ask myself first whether it is superior to Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto, Virgil, or Racine; and in the next place, whether I already have all these authors completely at my fingers' ends. And when both questions have been answered in the negative, I infer that it is better (and to me it is certainly pleasanter) to give such time as I have to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer, Ariosto and Co., and so of other things.

Is it not better to try at least to elevate and adorn one's mind, by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge, that such a book an't worth reading? Some new books to be sure it is necessary to read—part for the information they contain—and others in order to acquaint oneself with the state of literature in the age in which

one lives. But I had rather read too few than too many.

It would have been better, if instead of making this sage dissertation upon the proper objects of study, addressed to a person far better able to judge of them than myself, I had said something about two or three other topics mentioned in your letter; but it is growing late in the day, and I must go out.

They say Canning is to be opposed at Liverpool; but it is only a man of straw they set up against him, for the liberal purpose of occasioning him trouble and expence, and without the smallest idea of success.

Tierney spoke to me the other day with as much satisfaction of having got his son in at Oriel, as he could if three years hence he were chosen fellow at All Souls. He told me he was quite convinced that it is the best College in the two Universities. I have not seen the young citizen since he was a child, but he seemed a fine sharp boy.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

Direct to me here—5, Bolton Row.

LETTER XXV.

5, Bolton Row, Saturday, June 22nd, 1816.

THE visit you have received from your family at Oxford must have given great pleasure to you and them. I can hardly conceive a greater satisfaction than that of a parent at seeing his son occupying a lucrative and honourable station in society, to which he has been raised by his own good conduct, and his own abilities originally cultivated and directed by that parent himself. The feelings of a son are not unenviable under such circumstances.

It is a long time since I have had much conversation with Mackintosh, which I regret, since, in spite of ultra-whiggism, nothing can be more delightful or more instructive. When I saw him, however, he was not so much of a Napoleonist as your remarks would seem to imply. But I know the doctrines, the *esoteric* doctrines (for they want the courage of Fox to produce them openly in Parliament) of the sect. I quite agree with you in considering them as absurd, inconsistent, and revolting. The truth is, that Opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure.

Canning is returned from Liverpool in excel-

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lent health and spirits ; I have never seen him looking better. He has obtained a complete triumph over the opposition, though of a different sort from that which I had anticipated. What I expected would have been done by force, has been brought about by mere terror. His friends never doubted that he would be victorious. His enemies have shewn that they agreed with us, by not giving battle. It is really amazing, that after all their vapouring in and out of Parliament,—after all that their leaders said in their speeches, and all their underlings scribbled in the Chronicle,—they should not have ventured to assail him after he appeared. Both on Monday and on Thursday, they had every opportunity, and indeed every temptation. Canning set them before their eyes,—the debate turned upon economical reform,—everybody expected the fight,—and they were taunted by one of his friends (i. e. by myself) for their own jobs when in office,—yet, under all these united provocations they remained silent. Such a silence was really more impudent than any thing they could have said. A few weeks before they were burning with impatience. You, I dare say, noticed Lyttleton's complaint that his (Canning's) writ was moved at too early an hour to allow of a debate ; but when he was there to face them, there was no debate ; so small was their

confidence in their case against him, and so great their dread of his superior genius and eloquence.

I think it probable, though I do not know it for certain, that his visit to Oxford had some view to election business. Fresh from a Liverpool contest, he must at that moment have felt the value of a quiet and dignified seat. I am in great hopes that it will be given to him,—i. e. upon Abbott's vacancy—upon Scott's I don't imagine he has ever thought of trying it. Abbott's succession will almost, of course, be from Christ Church, and the Christ Church people can surely no longer hesitate between Van and him, now that Van has ceased to enjoy over him the only advantage he ever possessed, that of being in office when Canning was out of it. Adieu. Pray let me hear from you soon. How long do you stay at Oxford? If you are likely to have any leisure, I may, perhaps, propose myself to pass a day with you before I go to the Continent.

I will just add, what I forgot when I was speaking just now of Canning, that I am not without hopes that the only obstacle that stands in the way of his success for Oxford, may be removed before the end of this Parliament, by the settlement of the Catholic question. The division in the House of Lords last night was highly ominous, and I am inclined to suspect that Lord Castle-

reagh's desire to carry the question is very much increased, and that Lord Liverpool's zeal against it is a good deal cooled. The reasons on both sides are such as do them honour. Lord C. thinks that this is the best moment for doing something, and Lord L. beginning to be convinced that something must and will be done, is not disposed to embarrass the measure by vexatious and unnecessary opposition. These are my own conjectures, but I flatter myself that they are not unfounded.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XXVI.

5, Bolton Row, Thursday, July 4, 1816.

You owe me a letter, and for the last post or two I have rather expected payment. But perhaps the *days of grace* are not yet expired, and I may be too much in a hurry to call in debts that are so well worth collecting. However I must write to you again out of my turn—not “*ex abundanti*” as Sir Philip Francis writes to Lord Holland, but on business, and at the desire of another person.

Some time ago Lord Harrowby spoke to me of

a wish which he had begun to form of placing his son at Oriel ; mentioning as his reason the high character he had universally heard of the society, and of the person now at its head. He is himself a Cambridge man, and had of course some scruples of filial piety to get over with respect to his own University, so that he was then able to come to a final decision. This morning, however, he came to tell me that he had made up his mind, and to request that I would undertake to be, in the first instance, the channel of communication with you. There exists, however, a formidable obstacle to the execution of his plan, which I am afraid it may prove impossible to get over, and of which, to prevent disappointment, I have apprised him in its fullest extent. Lord Sandon is near eighteen, and his father means to bring him into Parliament as soon as he is of age. No time therefore is to be lost in sending him to the University, and Lord H. thinks he cannot on any account delay it beyond the October Term next. Now I very well know that you are oppressed by engagements for three years to come, so that at first sight the thing appears impossible. Indeed I should have said so to Lord H. and declined writing, if in some conversation we had together upon this very subject last Christmas, you had not told me that you always endeavoured

not to engage yourself so completely and irrevocably to prior claimants, as to be unable to attend to a later application with which it would be desirable to comply. Now it appears to me that Lord Sandon's is a case in favour of which you would, for fair and just reasons, be willing to deviate (if it can be done consistently with good faith to others) from the strict order of rotation. To extend and improve the connections of the College is what you would naturally wish to do, and that too without its implying in you any *undue* regard to birth and station. In that point of view Lord H. is certainly entitled to favour; and when you take into the account that he is a highly learned and accomplished person, that he and all his own family were educated at the other University, and that all his Oxford connections belong to another college; his wishing to send his son to Oriel must be considered as valuable a testimony of respect to your society as it is in the power of an individual to pay. It would be injustice to Lord Sandon not to add that he is a young man of very pleasing manners, and of a sound and cultivated understanding. I have not seen a great deal of him, but what I have seen, I like extremely. He was not sent to a public school on account of an impediment in his speech, which, however, has by care been almost entirely

removed. His father, no incompetent judge, says he is a fair Greek and Latin scholar, and from what I have seen of him, I can venture to say that in point of general reading and knowledge, he is very much above the average. I am almost sure that you would be very much pleased with him. Almost all that I have said (except what relates to the character of the young man) would naturally have occurred to your own mind without my mentioning it, and I make no doubt that is sufficient to induce you to take him if you can. Lord H. is going to Spa in the course of next week, and would be particularly obliged to you for as early an answer as the nature of the case and your own convenience will permit. If you will write to me, I will take care to communicate with him immediately.

I shall be sorry if your answer is negative, and yet as the application comes late, and the press at the gates of Oriel is already prodigious, I am afraid it cannot be otherwise. Pray do all you can, and a little more—and let me hear from you soon.

Ever most sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XXVII.

5, Bolton Row, Monday, July 8, 1816.

Soon after I had written and dispatched my note to you, I received one from Lord Harrowby to say that, "upon second consideration, he thought it better not to trouble me to write again to Oriel, as there seemed no prospect of any answer which could materially remove uncertainty." I have since seen him, and he tells me, that as the case is urgent, and rendered more so by his own approaching journey to the Continent, he has turned his views towards his own college at Cambridge. It was too late to write to you a second time on Saturday, so that I have to apologize for having troubled you unnecessarily. I am very sorry you cannot receive Lord Sandon; though I see plainly, and so does Lord Harrowby, that no disposition is wanting on your part to oblige him or me.

It gives me great pleasure to find that your journey to town is decided upon, so that I shall be certain of seeing you before I go. Let me know the day you come, and when I may call

upon you, or when you will come here. I shall add nothing upon the topics of your last letter, both because this morning has been very much shortened by divers visits from friends whom I could not but admit, and because I am so soon to have an opportunity of conversing with you.

Your scheme for the continent promises well : you could hardly have more agreeable fellow-travellers than the Duncans.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, November 8, 1816.

THE only letter from you that has reached me was written from England. It acquaints me that it was preceded by several others, written whilst you were on this side of the channel. They must have all been sent to me at Frankfort, but did not get there till after I had left it.

The loss of them vexes me very much ; I say the loss, though I do not quite despair yet of recovering them at last. A friend of mine who went direct to Frankfort some little time ago,

promised me to make enquiry after them, and send them to me by the best conveyance he could choose. But it will no longer be the same thing as if I had received them fresh from the places where they were written.

An account of my own journey is very easily given, to you at least ; for Wilmot and I followed your track precisely through Holland, and after a deviation to Spa, took up the thread again upon the Rhine, and pursued it as far as that most ancient, handsome, venerable, comfortable, free, imperial city, Frankfort upon the Mein, where, for the last time I saw your name written in Mr. Bethman's Gallery of Statues. We went from thence to Manheim, Heidelberg, and Stutgart, through Carlsruhe, Baden and to Strasbourg, and then through Nancy, Metz, and Rheims to Paris, where I have been ever since.

It was a full month sooner than the time when prudent men lock up their post-chaise in the coach-house for the season, and I should have been glad to see the Tyrol, or some part of Swisserland ; but my companion was limited almost to a day, and the perpetual rain and cold of an unnatural summer had pretty nearly worn out my patience, so I consented to advance upon Paris before the end of September.

I was very much pleased with the Rhine, though

I saw it under the utmost disadvantage of weather, which in my case is a very high trial. You know very well that I bear a cat-like antipathy to cold and wet. In winter I resign myself to them with a tolerable good grace; but to be rained upon all July and August, at a temperature of about 48°, is a species of discipline at which we admirers of Roman and Andalusian sky are apt to murmur. I feel as if it would be necessary to go over it all again in a better season.

What pleased me most was Heidelberg—some parts of the Wurtemberg country, and above all, Baden. I hope you were there. The road to it from Rastadt, through the Mürgthal is perfectly delightful; and as to the place itself I have seen nothing to be compared to it since Lucca Baths. Few situations have made a stronger impression upon my mind. The people too, who are horribly sulky and “*θηριώδεις*” lower down the Rhine, are much more humanized in the Wurtemberg and Baden States. I have seen only a little of Germany, that little however inclines me very much to see more. I owe Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and Munich, a visit. Perhaps I shall accomplish that next year.

You read almost everything that is to be told about us here in the English papers. I understand they have got the story—which is true—of

Talleyrand's being forbid the King's presence on account of a conversation at Sir C. Stuart's. He there addressed himself to Baron Pasquier, and said "that the present ministers were all despicable persons." Pasquier told him, (properly enough) "that he had done very ill to choose the house of a foreign Ambassador as the place in which to utter an invective against the King's government." I don't know whether he warned him at the time of his intention to report what had passed, but in point of fact it is understood that he did, and the Great Chamberlain was in consequence ordered to appear no more at Court. Perhaps the ministry were right in striking the blow, if it were only to shew that they are not afraid of him ; but we should think it rather odd if a private conversation were made the *avowed* foundation of such a measure as forbidding the King's presence to one of his most distinguished subjects, — and equally odd, if a great nobleman, ex-minister, and chief of a party, were to assail the SPEAKER at a private dinner at the French or Russian Ambassador's, with a bitter studied invective against the government, and if the Speaker were to trot away to Carlton House next morning with the story. I suspect, that this time, Talleyrand has made a bad calculation. He is in furious hostility to the ministers without having made his bargain with the

ultras, who are 'first oars' for office in case of a change. Canning was here for a month, and prodigiously courted by both Ins and Outs.

The public distress in England seems to be most afflicting. This evening I hear there are accounts of a pretty serious disturbance in London; and yet from all that I can learn, I am inclined to think that there is no great cause to be alarmed. Misery will of course produce discontent, but I see no signs of a revolutionary spirit having infected the mass of the people. Luckily the Jacobins are quarrelling among themselves. Citizen Hunt seems to consider Citizen Waithman as very little better than an aristocrat; and soon I suppose we shall here of Ultra-Burdettites.

If you can pardon such a long pause as I have made in our correspondence, I shall hope to hear from you before it is long. Direct to me, No. 16, Place Vendome, instead of Perregeaux, with whom I deal no more.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

P. S. I am glad the Beresfords liked that part of their tour they made with Wilmot and myself. When people agree, an accidental meeting is doubly agreeable. We had every reason to be delighted with our fellow-travellers to Malines.

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It is a most agreeable family. The daughter has begun before the mother has ceased to be handsome. They are both very accomplished, and a cleverer girl than Miss B. is not often to be met with. The son too is really a fine young man, and seems to have excellent dispositions; and it is impossible to see a family more happy and united.

LETTER XXIX.

2, Albemarle Street, February 1, 1817.

I LEFT Paris on Tuesday week, and got here on the following Monday. It seemed understood that the early part of the session was to be the most active, so I resolved to come over and witness what was going on, from the meeting till Easter; after which, debates generally grow slack, unless something very particular happens to keep them up.

I had been told that Opposition were in great spirits, but since I have been upon the spot I have seen no reason for this elevation. It is true that the country is very much distressed, and consequently in bad humour, but they are not likely

to be the better for it. They are just where they were in Parliament. Their amendment, which was sad stuff, or, as Canning contrived to tell them, "*all botheration*," did not get a single vote out of the holy brotherhood itself. In short, they seem, as usual, quite out of the question. The Deficit and the Jacobins are the only two enemies the government has to dread. By-the-bye, I heard a report last night, which I should not be sorry, and which you would be very glad to hear confirmed—that Lord Grenville, tired of useless efforts to patch up the semblance of an accommodation with a party whose principles differ so widely from his own, has written a letter to Lord Grey, the object of which is to dissolve the connexion that has for some years subsisted between them. I shall endeavour to satisfy myself as soon as possible, as to the truth of this story. If it is true I will write to you again immediately.

Our debate was spoiled the first day by the pop-gun plot, and a good deal damaged, the second, by those eternal petitions for parliamentary reform. However, the three last speeches were well worth listening to—Canning, as usual, the hero of the day. He really made a most dextrous, and at the same time, splendid speech. The beginning was not quite so good as the rest.

He was evidently very nervous, and a little oppressed by the consciousness of what was expected from him, and of the prodigious stake for which he was playing. However, he soon rose to his proper level. I was a good deal amused by watching the way in which the speech was received. The bitter, undisguised, clamorous hostility of Opposition was natural and expected; but what (though not so obvious) gave more room for reflection, was the gloomy silence and ill-concealed mortification of some of the second-rate people in office. Their countenances left one in no doubt as to what was passing in their minds. "What could Lord Liverpool be about to consent to receive into his cabinet a man whose talents so completely eclipse our own." Still his eloquence triumphed over both hostility and jealousy, and produced a very striking effect.

I unluckily did not hear Lord Wellesley's speech in the other House, which, I am told, was excellent.

Pray, tell me what you think of the state of public opinion and feeling at this moment. Is there a dangerous spirit abroad, or is there not? Canning says there is. But an eloquent minister is a bad authority upon such a subject. An *alarm* is the harvest of such a personage. For my own part I am still inclined to believe that what we

see is only the result of temporary irritation, and not to be imputed to mischievous and deep-rooted principles.

Pray, have you seen a little book called "Conversations on Political Economy?" It is written by a lady, Mrs. Marcet, the wife of Dr. Marcet, a physician of some eminence. It will not teach *you* any thing, but it would be worth your while to cast your eyes over it. It is, in my opinion, a judicious and well executed attempt to present the leading principles of that science in a very clear and familiar form. Perhaps (though in the form of dialogues between women) you would not think it an unfit work to be placed in the hands of your under-graduates at some period of their stay at the university. If it were pretty generally in use it would have the advantage, without taking up much of that time which cannot be conveniently spared from other things, of directing the minds of young people towards a most important branch of science, and of early eradicating from their minds those gross errors which are still so prevalent. If all the members of "the honourable House" had read Madame Marcet's book in their *teens*, I don't think Van would have ever persuaded them that a pound note and a shilling were worth a guinea in the

year 12. By-the-bye, the new coinage is disgracefully ill executed.

Pray, let me hear from you soon,

Yours, ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXX.

5, Half Moon Street, March 19th, 1817.

YOUR letter gave me a great deal of pleasure, for I too was beginning to think that it was high time our correspondence should be renewed. Indeed I ought to have written before now if it had been only to acquaint you with the change of my abode. They wanted to raise my rent in Albemarle-street, an imposition to which I would not submit, and so came here, where I pay for the whole house (which is very comfortable) just what they asked me for the first floor. I begin to think that we English are not so much honester than our neighbours as we sometimes pretend.

I have not read, nor even procured Jones's book yet.* The two months before and six weeks after Easter are just the two periods when a person that

* Jeremiah Jones, on the Canon of the New Testament.

attends Parliament has least time for any studies foreign to the sort of business which so constantly attracts his attention. But I shall profit by my first leisure to read his or whatever work is understood to contain the best information relative to the Canon of Scripture. I have read Freset's "Examen, &c." He seems a powerful antagonist, but I do not regret having begun with him. A clear and able statement of a difficulty, is perhaps the best preparation for the study of a complete and satisfactory answer. It is a most important question—the hinge upon which everything turns. An inquiry into the genuineness of the sacred writings, and the credit due to the sacred writers, is in fact an enquiry as to the truth or falsehood of the Christian Religion itself. I am perhaps stating almost a *truism*; but what I mean is, that if the Evangelists deserve to be reckoned as authentic historians, and if therefore the miracles they record were actually performed by their divine Master, then all *other* difficulties vanish; the whole weight is at once removed by a lever of immeasurable and irresistible power. It will not do to talk of anything hard to conceive in the *doctrine* their books contain, or even to marshal in battle array all the objections to the Old Testament which may be supposed to encumber our belief in the New. On the other hand, if the genuineness

of the Gospels were successfully assailed, their authenticity would at the same time be impaired, and the whole fabric of our religion must fall to the ground.

Freset, you know, pretends that as you mount higher the testimony in favour of the sacred writers grows weaker ; that the four Gospels in particular were, in the very early days of the Church, less generally received and appealed to, than several others which in process of time came to be stigmatized as spurious ; that there is in reality as much authority in favour of those that were rejected, as of those that we recognise to be genuine and authoritative, and in fact that there is no sufficient authority in favour of either. If Lardner exhibits the whole mass of evidence on the subject fairly, and in a perspicuous form, his book must be very well worth studying.

I quite agree with what you say on the subject of evidence. Every man that will confess the truth must own, that some of the things of which he feels most sure are those of which he would be utterly unable to offer such a proof as another might not find very good reason to reject ; e. g. I am convinced from my residence at Paris that the French dislike us extremely, and that this feeling has grown stronger during the last year. But if I were asked for my proofs I should cer-

tainly decline giving any ; as I am well aware that I have none that make evidence enough to "whip a dog upon," as poor Perceval said. And yet I should not make the smallest scruple of acting upon this opinion in the weightiest and most difficult affairs.

I am ashamed to say that I never read the "Horæ Paulinæ," though I am a warm admirer of Paley. My reason is no better than the fact it is to account for ; I mean my very slender acquaintance with the writings of St. Paul, from the reading of which (*i. e.* the careful systematic reading) I have always been deterred by a notion of their great difficulty and obscurity.

We have had rather an active Session hitherto, and it is likely to be quite as busy after Easter ; contrary, I own, to my first expectation. But the Opposition have put off most of their motions. They think that what they call the "Sham Plot" has a little frightened the country gentlemen from patriotic voting, and that time ought to be given to them to recover from their panic. Tierney's illness too has, I imagine, been in part the cause of this delay. They are naturally desirous to have his powerful assistance, and though he is considerably better, and in a fair way of recovery, he means to repose till after the holidays.

* M 3

What became of your new Statute about Exercises for the Degree of A. M. ?

Believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXXI.

5, Half Moon-street, May 10, 1817.

I SPOKE to Canning about Mr. Rice. He was recommended to him by one of the Courtenay's, and his good dispositions towards him are confirmed by the character you give of him, and the interest you take in his behalf.

I am hardly recovered from my delight at the splendid victory he (Canning) gained the other evening.* It was certainly the greatest effect, without any exception, that I ever saw produced by a speech in Parliament. It is confessed to have been so even by his enemies. I do not believe there is any instance upon record of a man having done so much by a single effort to redeem and raise his character. The whole load of obloquy seems shaken off at once; and his

* On Mr. Lambton's motion respecting Mr. Canning's embassy to Lisbon. The motion was negatived by a majority of 270 to 96.

prodigious abilities are now left free to carry him to his natural elevation. He is quite a new man. His influence in Parliament is at least double what it was on Monday last.

Some of the opposition behaved *very* well; not only Lord Milton, who spoke, but Lord Tavistock who went away, which was really all one could expect from the chief of the house of Russell on such an occasion. Others behaved just as ill. Mackintosh and Sharp are the persons with whose conduct I see most reason to find fault. But that is between ourselves; for having contained my indignation at the time (though with difficulty), and having seen them both since with an unaltered countenance, I do not now mean to say anything about the matter.

We had an excellent anti-catholic speech from Peel last night; really quite capital. He said all that could be said on that side, and said it as well as possible.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXXII.

5, Half Moon Street, Tuesday, June 3, 1817.

I CONSIDER the effort made yesterday in favour of Charles Wynne, as a decisive proof that there is

no negociation going on with the Grenvilles. Lord Buckingham indeed is, I believe, heartily sick of opposition, and Lord Ebrington (just by the bye as he is going to marry the President of the Council's daughter) is about to resign his seat in Parliament, on account of his opinions approaching nearer to those of Brougham than to the creed of his noble relation.

I have been reading a couple of Chalmers' Sermons, splendid theological speeches indeed. He is a great artist in the *ὀνόματων συνθέσις*. Indeed I hardly know a more magnificent galaxy of periods. They are most skilfully constructed, and I am not at all surprised at the effect they produce in delivery. But the foundation is hardly sufficient for such a superstructure. His reasoning powers don't appear to me to keep pace with his eloquence. In truth I don't think much of the objection he has to combat, and I am still less satisfied with the argument by which he meets it. In one place he states the objection fairly, and shortly enough. The *assertion* is, that Christianity is set up for the exclusive benefit of our minute and solitary world. The argument is, that God would not lavish such a quantity of attention on so insignificant a field.

He answers this by shewing (at great length) that it would be quite absurd to set upon any

fancied ground of analogy a system of botany (for instance) or of physiology for other worlds, and he infers that, by a parity of reasoning, it is absurd to affirm that Christianity is set up for the exclusive benefit of this world. This (if I am not mistaken,) is his argument, and it seems loose and disjointed enough. In the first place, the affirming that a system of botany or physiology belongs to another planet, and the denying that a system of theology is applicable to it, are propositions of so different a nature that the same mode of reasoning can hardly be used as to both. But that an't all, nor what is most material, for does he mean to say, and if he don't he means nothing, that as strong a presumption could be raised in favour of a system of botany for supposed plants in Saturn — or of physiology for supposed animals in Jupiter — as arises out of the history and doctrines of our religion in favour of the whole scheme of the redemption *being applicable exclusively to this sublunary world?* If he does mean that, I think the common feeling and judgment of mankind would be against him, though at the same time I don't think that infidelity gains much by the fall of his argument. The truth appears to me to be, that if the truth of our religion be well made out upon other grounds, any fanciful (or *apparent* if that word expresses

it better) incongruity of that sort betwixt the means and the ends, is not capable of shaking any man's conviction, but that where for other reasons more closely connected with the subject, the mind is already inclined to reject revelation, *there* such a suspected disproportion may have some weight in the balance.

I have not read Horsley's sermon yet, but I will. He had a vigour and a precision of mind admirably adapted to such subjects. This "euthanasia" of Sutton's parliamentary career will of course delay the Clergy Bill, but I shall not forget to watch its progress.

Yours ever sincerely,
J. W. W.

P.S. Chalmers, you know, has been in London, and drawn after him immense congregations.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dover, July 3rd.—11 o'clock, A. M.

So far on my way—and, unless an *άνεμος προυννησίος* which is now blowing should unluckily change, to sail in an hour. I should have written to you before, but the last days one spends in London are always a good deal occupied, and on the road one has sufficient leisure to fetch up the arrear of one's correspondence.

In another cover I return you the two Acts of Parliament you sent me ; and this reminds me to tell you the fate of your Clause.

Poor George Ponsonby's accident happened the evening before I left town. He was the least eminent man that ever filled such a station, and yet his loss is an event of considerable political importance. If Tierney were able to succeed him the party would rather gain by the exchange ; but his health, I am sorry to learn, is a good deal impaired, so that the fatigue of leading one side of the House would be too much for him, and he will scarcely desire it ;—Brougham is able and willing, and yet there are formidable objections. But I am persuaded that it is the best thing they can do. It is their only chance of going on as a party. They may prevent him from being leader ; but he will then take special care that they shall have no leader at all. By placing him at their head, they will lose little in point of numbers, (for the Grenvilles must be considered as gone already,) and gain greatly in point of energy and union. But Charon calls—so Adieu.

Yours ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

My direction is “ Chez Messrs. Ardouin, R. F. B. Possonnière à Paris.”

LETTER XXXIV.

Dresden, August 17th, 1817.

It is a good while since I wrote to you last, and the time seems longer on account of the space. Six weeks passed on one spot, particularly if that spot be a great town full of business and amusement like London, where one day is so like another, seem like six days ; but if they have carried one through two or three kingdoms, they seem in retrospect like as many months.

I staid eight or nine days at Paris longer than I intended, (but my carriage which had been left at Calais wanted some repairs,) and French workmen are all slow, and most of them unskilful.

From Paris I went directly through Strasburgh to Baden. I had been at Baden last year, but it is so beautiful a spot that I was desirous to revisit it. Several Courts had been there, but they were all gone except the Bavarian. To that I was presented, as I understood that such was the custom. It seems a very agreeable royal family. I saw the King only once as he was going the next day. He has a plain but cordial and gentlemanlike manner. The Queen staid longer, and I saw her several times. She is a very pleasing, accomplished wo-

man, and a very model of good-breeding. I found she understood English very well, though she cannot speak it. She seemed acquainted with some very late publications. We had but few English, amongst others the ——. Between ourselves, they made themselves prodigiously hated by the others for what is commonly called, “sporting fine.” To be sure, the other two English families there were nothing distinguished, and my excellent friend Sir ———, is as ludicrous a personage as vanity and self-importance can make a man. But then they were all perfectly harmless, perfectly respectable in all the essential points of character, and as good-natured and obliging as possible ; and if Lady ——— were a Montmorency, a Guzman, a D’Aremberg, or a Howard, (which she is a long way from being,) she might have come into contact with them without damaging a single quarter in her escutcheon. However she thought it right to cut them dead, and seemed surprised that I did not do the same thing. They of course detest her, and the court only laughed. After all Baden (where I staid rather more than a week) would have been dull if it had not been for Rostopschin. I knew him before at Paris, and at Baden we met every day. He is a most entertaining person— knows the world thoroughly — is acquainted with many languages and many nations, full of anec-

dotes, and full of sarcastic but cheerful wit ; and, to complete the list of his companionable qualities, he is very communicative, and his animal spirits never failed him an instant. He amused me so much that I quite forgot to ask him whether he burnt Moskow or not ; I rather think though that he says the people burnt it themselves.

I believe you know Studtgart and Frankfort, so I need say nothing about them. From Frankfort to Dresden is a six days' journey—*ἄνδρι εὐζώνῃ*—and I believe I was seven about it. The road is tolerably good, and almost constantly through a fine country. If I recollect right poor Madame de Stäel, says, “ that Germany looks gloomy after France.” A natural opinion enough, for an exiled lady of fashion torn much against her will from the drawing-rooms at Paris ; but if she meant to speak of the face of nature there could not be a grosser misrepresentation. “ La belle France,” as they have had the impudence to call it for several centuries (for I remember Shakspeare makes their King John speak of “ our *fair* France”) is as dull and uniform, as Germany is varied and interesting. The land is everywhere cultivated with more diligence than skill ; their agricultural instruments (so far as I am able to judge) are very imperfect and their crops foul. Indeed I don't recollect to have seen any clean ones any where out of Eng-

land. The country people don't seem so well off as they are with us, in the towns I think they are, in proportion, better off; but I of course as yet speak from a very superficial knowledge.

I have been here a week. The town and the surrounding country are quite beautiful. In my catalogue they come immediately after Florence.

Your letter of the 21st July followed me here. One from an Opposition friend which came to hand at the same time, confirmed to me your account of the great success of Canning's last speech. It would have been worth my while to stay in England to hear it. His superiority over Brougham will, I presume, be scarcely contested any longer, even by the Reformers. Adieu. I have more to say, but my paper is at an end. Besides, as one's letters may be lost, one ought to write frequently, rather than much at a time, to and from the Continent.

LETTER XXXV.

Vienna, December 24, 1817.

I HAVE been silent for an unusual, and I am almost afraid, for an unfriendly period; but in

letters from the Continent, people expect something new or curious, and I have had very little of either to tell. I have lived in Vienna for near three months in an almost monastic state of retirement and tranquillity; very much as I should have probably lived in England at the same season; except that it is more amusing to be surrounded by an entirely new scene. By degrees too, (though very slowly in my case) one becomes acquainted with the state of the country in which one lives; and the repetition and combination of the small and casual occurrences of every-day life, lead one at last to conclusions less general, rapid, and striking, but more to be depended upon, than those that are drawn from epigrammatic anecdotes, and the wholesale accounts of professed wits, and regular-bred describers.

Till within a very short time, however, I must confess that I have been less in society than it is the duty of any one to be that can find leisure to pass several months in a foreign capital. But that has not been entirely my fault. In the first place,—which is the most satisfactory of all imaginable reasons—there was *no society* in the early part of the autumn. Secondly, I had not made any great provision of letters; and if I had, they probably would have been of but little service to me; because (which is another obstacle)

several of the best houses in Vienna have been shut up within the last year or two, owing to death and other disasters. And lastly, we English labour under the disadvantage of having no ambassador here at this moment. Lord S—— has been absent for some months, and is not expected to return till the end of January. He is a somewhat singular personage; but he keeps a magnificent house; and whatever objections the inhabitants of Vienna may feel to his manners, they by no means extend to his dinners and balls, which are as diligently frequented as if he were the most accomplished minister and courtier of whom Balthazar Castiglione or Lord Chesterfield could have formed an idea.

However, the approach of the Carnival seems to animate people. I have begun to go out, and I suppose the occasions will multiply as the season advances.

From all I can see and learn, I am inclined to believe that the highest class of people here (I speak now of the men) are very *low* in point of knowledge and understanding. They receive a detestable education,—generally at home, from a French Abbé. Indeed education is in general by no means properly attended to. It is said to be best in the Military College where, at any rate, they learn some mathematics.

A great nobleman here is in general a dull, ill-informed, and very debauched person ;—which is all natural enough considering his wealth, his want of a career of honourable ambition, and his dignity, which enables him to trample with impunity upon those decencies which are held indispensable in a better regulated society. The women seem to deserve the character they enjoy all over Europe, of being far superior to the men. I understand, for instance, that Prince Metternich's daughter, who was a year or two ago married to a Count Esterhazy, very properly begun his education by destroying his numerous and valuable collection of tobacco-pipes, and by teaching him to read.

Smoking, as I need not remind you, is a most important business in the life of almost every German of whatever condition. And to say the truth, I am rather inclined to consider it as a good thing for the common people. If they did not smoke they would probably drink more. It is a sort of defence against cold and bad air, and supplies a cheap, tranquil, harmless amusement. But it is an odd way for a gentleman to pass his day.

You know what sort of government they have here—a heavy, lazy, stupid, and stupifying despotism, but not violent nor cruel. The resources

of the country are immense, but they are sadly wasted by an inveterate system of mal-administration in every thing—law, army, and finances. There is no trial in open court. Justice is slow, and, I am assured, venal.

They have made the worst army out of some of the best materials in Europe, and at a ruinous expence. They have raised a great deal of money by taxes, and a great deal more by what is so incomparably more oppressive than the most odious and injudicious taxes, by fraudulent bankruptcies, and perpetual, foolish, ignorant tampering with their currency. All this has, of course, occasioned great injury to trade, great public dishonour, and extreme misery to individuals. What would you that bear so impatiently in poor Van a deviation of about 20 per cent. from the true polarity of an upright finance minister, say to a paper reduced by excessive issues to 1200 per cent. discount, taken, however, by the government (such was its honesty) at only 500 per cent. and paid for in a new currency issued at par, but which fell at once 50 per cent., and which, after having been as low as 400, has now settled itself for some time at 300. There was a law framed to rectify (of course very imperfectly) the defects of contracts made during the progress of the first depreciation, but (if I understand rightly) the

whole evil of the second has been left to fall upon society.

There is a fact, if it be a fact, of which I have been assured upon what I believe to be good authority, which places Austrian mismanagement in a most striking point of view. You know how unpopular their government is in Italy, and how much more onerous to the inhabitants than that which preceded it, yet it is said that the Emperor does not draw a single farthing from his Italian dominions, and that the whole revenue is absorbed by the civil and military government there. I shall enquire further into this matter, for I cannot help thinking that there is some mistake, though I have a great confidence in the wastefulness of the imperial administration; and though I have my information from a very intelligent English gentleman, who has been resident here many years.

The Emperor is a mild and virtuous person, and of an understanding by no means contemptible; but he is indolent, and has no confidence in his own judgment. Prince Metternich governs in his name.

The Crown Prince, the representative of all the heroes and statesmen of the houses of Hapsburgh and of Lorrain, the heir to so many thrones, is almost an idiot. His education has

been worse than that of a nobleman of the highest rank in a direct ratio to the superiority of his illustrious descent, and his capacity is even below his education. He is four or five-and-twenty years old, and they have just appointed a governor for him, Count Bellegarde, a very accomplished gentleman; but the case is quite hopeless. He will never be able to turn him out a producible Emperor; yet, as this is a very orderly submissive country, it is probable that if he outlives his father he will be allowed nominally to reign, whilst the power is deposited in the hands of the present or some future mayor of the palace.

I have left myself no room to say any thing about English affairs, except in reference to my own movements. Parliament, I perceive, meets late. Easter falls singularly early. Opposition is in complete disarray; there is no prospect of any great public question, and there is a deep general mourning, which will make the least mark of gaiety indecent through the whole winter; from all this I infer, that I may very reasonably stay abroad till the end of March, therefore I shall remain peaceably within the walls of Vienna till the end of next month, then proceed to Munich, pass a few weeks there if the society is as agreeable as the court, and if not, come on to Paris, and there wait till the honourable house show signs of life again.

This reminds me of the Poor laws, which is a business upon which so much will certainly be said, and so little will probably be done. There are charitable institutions for the relief of the poor all over Germany, and here in particular some very excellent ones. But the notion of providing or rather of endeavouring to provide out of the common stock for as many children as boys of 20, and girls of 17 think fit, (*in vinculo matrimonii*) to bring into the world, is a benevolent absurdity that seems peculiar to the English law. I wonder whether we shall have courage to lay the axe to the root of the tree. I am afraid not.

If you pardon my long silence, and send me a few lines directed to me, "Chez Messrs. Nockherr à Munich, Allemagne," I shall be very thankful, and testify my gratitude by better behaviour.

Believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

I have been living in the same apartments with Mr. Irvine an Eton and Christ Church man, with whom I became acquainted in Italy. He is a person of a good deal of quickness and accomplishment, and industrious—which I like in others, though I have great difficulty in conquering my

own laziness, or to speak more correctly, though my own laziness often conquers me.

LETTER XXXVI.

Vienna, January 31, 1818.

YOUR letter of the 2d has just reached me. The direction to Dresden which I have so long quitted, reminds me how idle I was (not unfriendly I assure you) in neglecting to acquaint you with my movements. You have, however, I hope, received a letter before this time from Vienna. In that I told you, whatever occurred to me about the place, and to that account I have little to add. I still think that the merit of the society here has been very much over-rated by some of our English travellers. The men are coarse, ill-educated, dull and inhospitable. The women are very much superior to them, but still I suspect they have been praised more than they deserve. However, there is no denying that they are very well-looking, perfectly well dressed, and far better educated, (in proportion) than their male relations. There seems to be no public education for the higher orders, which is quite sufficient to account

for the fact I have just mentioned. Young men of family are generally bred up at home by a French tutor, who is often anything but a respectable person. You may easily imagine what an effect this must produce. Among us, the defects of those that have had the misfortune to receive a private education, or, what is sometimes the same thing, no education at all, are corrected by the influence and example of those that have been more lucky; but where such a system prevails exclusively, it must occasion universal degradation. The public and private character of the Austrians seems to be, pride without dignity. The country and the individuals rise at once, whenever they can, to the utmost height of unchastised insolence, and are equally capable of sinking to the lowest point of sycophancy and submission. The barbarian stateliness of their grandees forms a most ludicrous contrast with the humble anxiety with which they pay their court to power. The middling and lower orders are better than their superiors. They are rather rude and coarse, but still good people enough. Crime seems scarce among them; and I must do Germany the justice to say, that it appears to me of all the countries I have been in, that in which there is the most tranquil and inoffensive enjoyment of life. I lament very much that the

governments are all despotic. The Germans, especially in the north, are capable of something better. They possess a very tolerable share of instruction, and their slowness, gravity and phlegm would occasion them to respect the forms of a free constitution, which French vivacity will always be trying to overleap. Indeed, I have always considered it as a great misfortune to the cause of liberty, that the first grand experiment of *rumfolding* an old monarchy was made with such inflammable materials. The republican parts of a German constitution would be infinitely less liable to explode, to the destruction of the rest, and the peril of the whole neighbourhood.

There exists no friendly or hospitable disposition towards strangers here in Vienna. They hate the Russians the most, because they fear them, and expect that the first war will bring them to their gates. Next to the Russians, they seem to dislike us,—probably from a sense of obligation painful to minds like their own. Besides, there is another cause of English unpopularity sufficiently powerful, and quite manifest, on which however I do not like to say anything except in confidence.

I am glad to hear of ——'s promotion. He is a man I feel bound to respect, though I cannot help disliking him. He deserves, no doubt, to be rated very high, and yet it requires

all my confidence in your better judgment and knowledge of the particular case, not to think that you rate him *too* high. I have great difficulty in believing that his pinched, hard, conceited manner, his covert and dissembled but jealous and vigilant assertion of superiority, even in small things and towards small persons, can belong to a man of the highest order. I can easily conceive that he will be no real loss to the college. The difference, in point of talents and acquirements, betwixt him and his successor, is probably not sufficient to be felt in the business of education. Besides, where the character, as well as the understanding, is in some degree to be formed by an instructor, a little natural frankness and good humour are of vast consequence. Mr. Stewart, whom I must always consider as a great model in that line, was too reserved. But his reserve was so different from ——'s! The warmth of his feelings, and the kindness of his disposition, were continually visible beneath this, perhaps necessary, garb—and as to petty victories in argument—sharp turns upon weak and unprepared adversaries—minute and philosophical accuracy in that ordinary discourse when men chiefly seek repose and recreation—this is a sort of superiority which he never sought—which he never thought of seeking—and which could

never have afforded to him the smallest pleasure.

I am much obliged to you for imparting to me your project for the peaceable extension of your dominions, and I shall be really concerned if the Magpie Lane ABORIGINES do not ultimately accede to the terms you propose to them. The plan is no doubt liable to the imputation of Jacobinism. Many respectable persons will be alarmed. *Stare super antiquas vias* is their maxim, and the turning of Magpie Lane will be held a notable departure from it. However, I am tinctured enough with the new principles most heartily to wish you success. I should indeed be very much concerned if any unforeseen difficulty were now to occur. In the first place, I sincerely desire the prosperity and credit of a body over which you preside. In the next, I think this increase of your college will in a great degree remedy what is now (without anybody's being much to blame for it) a great evil in our University. I need not say that I mean the immense preponderance of one body. Oriel thus enlarged will become a salutary counterbalance. It will contain near a hundred under-graduates—a number large enough to nourish a corporate spirit, to afford a good chance of distinguished talents in some of the individuals that compose it, and to make head against any

other society. There will be *another* college in Oxford—and with the means of education you possess in your Fellows, it need not be much behind its rival. I hope you will be able to set about the work soon. The money required, I agree with you in thinking, will be without much difficulty procured. The usual mode of application is by no means discreditable, and a great many persons will be glad of an opportunity of shewing their respect and affection for the society. Pray, give me some news upon this subject, which interests me a good deal, when you write again.

I shall stay abroad till after Easter, relying upon an uninteresting session — Vienna for another fortnight or three weeks—then through Munich and Paris home. Direct, chez Messrs. Ardouin R. Fauxbourg Poissonnière à Paris. If I were to judge by the experience of one season I should say that this is the best climate I ever was in. We had a good deal of rain soon after the equinox; then a delightful autumn till the middle of December; then fog, cold, and on Christmas-eve, a very deep snow. But the second week in this month it thawed, and since we have had fine open weather, with a great deal of sunshine. It seems a very healthy place too, —the air is clear, dry, and refreshing, without

being too sharp. It agrees with me far better than Italy.

In abusing the Austrians, I ought to have excepted Prince Esterhazy, who is a pleasing, well-bred gentleman, and the Arch-Duke John, who, as far as I am able to judge from two pretty long conversations, is a man of excellent manners, understanding, and principles. It is quite extraordinary how much he saw of England during a very short stay; how well he saw it, and how perfectly he remembers it. He is far superior to any man of the same rank with whom I ever happened to meet.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXXVII.

Vienna, February 14, 1818.

YOUR letter directed to me at Dresden reached me with less delay than might have been apprehended from the circuitous route it took. Mine has, I hope, by this time, arrived in England. It must have crossed your second (directed to Munich) upon the way; or to speak more exactly, they must have been upon the way at the same time. It is not long since I wrote; but as there are two or three subjects you refer to, that interest

me a good deal, I write again whilst they are yet fresh in my recollection. Besides, I ought to thank you for your kind attention in repeating what you knew I should most wish to hear about, in order to supply the place of a letter you suspected might have been lost.

I am particularly gratified with what you say about the business of Hone. It is an additional proof (if any were wanting) of your superiority to those prejudices with which place and profession might have inspired a man of less sound understanding, and a less independent character. I have been inclined all along to think, and what you say confirms me in the opinion, that the prosecution was discreditable to the government and its law advisers. Not that I believe they were actuated by tyrannical principles. It was a mere blunder ; but the success of it would have afforded a very mischievous precedent for bad times. Certainly this man meant no good either to church or state ; and that is reason enough for the whole race of methodistical Tories (who are guided entirely by their own feelings as to the particular case, without any regard to, or knowledge of, the general principles of justice), to be sadly grieved that his ears were not cropped, as they would have been, by the Star-Chamber. That famous tribunal no doubt had its merits. It punished many

scoundrels that could not have been got at by a regular course of law, and was therefore an object of admiration, so long as it lasted, and of regret when it fell, to precisely the same sort of persons that now mourn over the acquittal of Hone.

One of the subjects you recur to in your last letter is the addition you propose to make to your buildings at Oriel. You will find something about it in the letter I sent about ten days ago; but I cannot help again telling you how much I am pleased with the probable accomplishment of an object of which I have all along been almost as desirous as if I were an actual member of your society. I reckon it of great importance, not only to the College, but to the University, and consequently to the public. The means of education which you possess are quite equal to *any* that Oxford affords. I suspect they are the best. It is therefore highly desirable that they should not be lost. But what is of still more consequence, is the establishment of a society numerous enough, and respectable enough, to give some check to that overweening, exclusive, vulgar insolence that has been so long the characteristic of your opposite neighbours. This spirit is purely mischievous without any counterbalancing, or even mitigating advantage. It is painful and irritating to the rest of the University, and at the same

time injurious to the character and manners of those among whom it prevails. It sticks to them through life; and I have not unfrequently observed in men pretty far advanced in years, and not unaccustomed to the world, traces of their having belonged to that which, as far as it goes, is as odious an aristocracy as any in existence. Nobody is the better for it. Under *the Dean** (and though some-

* I cannot let this sentence pass without bearing testimony to the extraordinary merit of the individual here alluded to, Dr. Cyril Jackson. During 30 years that he presided over Christ Church, he uniformly consulted not only the particular interests of that body, but the general good of the University, of which it was the principal component part. His talents for government, his knowledge of the world, his insight into character, his native energy, his thirst for knowledge, his universal information, his classical taste, his learning, and his love of learning, all conspired to fit him admirably for the station which he adorned. Added to these qualities, there was a generous desire to encourage and reward merit, and to infuse a love of liberal and honourable pursuits into young minds, over whom his personal qualities gave him a commanding influence. If measured by that which is perhaps the surest test of intellectual ability, ascendancy imperceptibly acquired over all with whom a man has to do, his superiority was decisively proved. If he carried too far his attachment to the "little platoon he belonged to in society," it was more than compensated by the great public services which through that medium he rendered, and by the disinterested part he took in establishing the system of Examination for Degrees. By this system, a new spirit was breathed into the University, and the *comparative* importance of his own College was proportionably reduced, a consequence to which he could not be blind, but which did not restrain him from promoting zealously what he felt to be an act of duty, in all persons enjoying endowments for the encouragement of learning, and invested with a public trust for that purpose.

thing of a mountebank, he still deserves to be so distinguished) Christ Church exerted itself. So much the better—but then it was a mere act of spontaneous grace. Its superiority arises in a great measure from its position ; and (as the University is now constituted,) it enjoys the privilege of spoiling a great proportion of the principal people of our country. The almost exclusive connection which it has established with the Oxford-going nobility and great gentry, can only be broken by the extension of such a College as your own—which will soon offer an alternative—a preferable one, I suspect, to persons of that class.

You will have, if I calculate right, about a hundred under-graduates upon your books, and about ninety resident. That is sufficient to ensure to you the three principal benefits arising from numbers, a corporate spirit, the chance of very superior talents in some individuals, and the existence of at least one *very good set*, to live in which is at once the greatest pleasure and the greatest advantage of academical life. I don't think you will find much difficulty about money. The Oriel men, especially those that have been bred there within the last fifteen or twenty years, are very much attached to their college, and there will probably not be many among them that will not, according to their ability, take this opportu-

nity of showing their attachment and respect. Besides, it is not a mere object of show or luxury to which they will be desired to contribute.

The extension of the society and the interests of the public go hand in hand. You remember Pope's line about "a College or a Cat." Impertinent enough to be sure. And yet I must own, that in my judgment a good deal depends upon the *particular* College, and the *particular* Cat ; and that if my choice lay betwixt a respectable Angola with emerald eyes and a long, well-curved tail,—and a society whose princely revenues are employed merely in maintaining certain trees, certain fellows, certain demies, and certain cabbages, a president and a park, all in a state of undisturbed vegetation, without the smallest attempt to promote the studies of the place—or one which sets up the privileges of the 14th century against the discipline and learning of the 19th, and surrounds itself, like—what is the name of the fish?—with a darkness of its own making,—I should prefer buying a silver collar for grimalkin. But every body that knows Oxford, must be convinced that no greater benefit can be conferred upon the University, than by raising up another great College, and giving wider scope to the usefulness of such a body of men as your fellows.

Pray don't omit to let me know how you are

going on. When you once begin to build, you will, I imagine, lose as little time as possible. The sooner so good an object is accomplished the better.

Hitherto I have had no merit in secrecy, for there is nobody here to talk to upon the subject, but you may equally depend upon my discretion when I fall again into the English tide at Paris.

An account of the opening of Parliament has just reached us here. I have seen nothing but the extracts, (meagre enough) in the German papers.—As fair a promise of an uninteresting Session as a man desirous of staying abroad can wish. The exaggerated lamentation for the poor Princess could not but be, from its obvious purport, offensive to the other branches of the royal family; and in the speech which the Minister has composed for the P—R—, I think I distinguish somewhat of that feeling which it was calculated to excite. The mention of her is rather dry—sulky rather than sad.

The country seems reviving. I have excellent accounts from Staffordshire. At one moment the iron trade was as brisk as ever, but since, it has a little gone off;—no distress however.

I am glad you mean to come into the Alfred this time. We are the most abused, and most

envied, most laughed at, and most canvassed society that I know of, and we deserve neither the one nor the other distinction. The Club is not so great a resource as many respectable persons believe, nor are we by any means such quizzes or such bores as the wags pretend. I have passed many quiet comfortable hours there. I have perhaps not been very much amused, but I never was in the smallest degree annoyed, and I had rather give up any other club that I belong to, i. e. either Brookes's or Boodle's, for I am always blackballed at White's. You will very little need my assistance, but such as it is, I shall be in England quite time enough to render it.

I shall stay in this city of Vienna till the end of the present month. I see that I may with a safe conscience cut as much of parliament as I choose, and the further the season advances the more agreeable it will be to travel. After all, I shall not see Saltzburg in fine weather, which I lament. Every body that has seen it agrees that there is nothing in the Tyrol or Swisserland more beautiful. Direct to me at Paris, chez Messrs. Ardouin, Rue Fauxbourg Poissonnière.

You are certainly quite right in the opinion you express about Rose. It was quite absurd that in a country which has produced such a work as the "Wealth of Nations," a man of such limited

views should have so great an influence upon almost every branch of its economy ; yet I could not help feeling rather sorry for him when I read the account of his death. I had grown accustomed to him in the House of Commons, just as one grows accustomed to an old, clumsy, ill-contrived piece of furniture in an apartment, which one is loth to part with, though it only holds the place of something neater and more convenient. Besides, I know both his sons, particularly William, both excellent persons. F. Robinson, who succeeds him as Treasurer of the Navy, is a most amiable, gentleman-like man. But this is one of those rare periods of tranquillity and prosperity, when the efficient members of the government may indulge themselves in appointing whom they please to what they please. Time was when the odds were ten to one against them : luckily for the country as well as for themselves, they have won the game, and they are now enjoying themselves in spending the stakes.

Write to me whenever your various, and I hope, increasing duties permit it. If you accomplish your plan, you will be "alter Fundator," and mentioned along with Edward II. and before Adam de Brome.

Yours ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Munich, May 29th, 1818.

I AM still at Munich, to which I returned about ten days ago, after an expedition to Saltzburg and Inspruck. About that time I had intended to be at Paris, but the weather became very fine, and I thought it a pity to be almost within sight of such a district at such a season, without going over some part of it. I had the advantage too which is not always to be obtained, but which I hold to be quite essential in travelling, except when one is merely making the best of one's way from one great town to another, of having an agreeable companion. Francis Hare was my fellow-traveller, a person of excellent temper and disposition. His learning is extensive and various, and he is very communicative, not so much out of vanity, as from a cheerful and social turn of mind. To be sure this walking library wants a librarian ; the accuracy of the arrangement is not so much to be admired as the abundance of the materials. However, the want of method does not prevent his lively conversation, rich in all sorts of literature, from being agreeable to me, and he certainly possesses a large surplus of qualities beyond what are necessary in the com-

panion of a short journey in the Tyrol. We went first to Salzburg, then to Inspruck, and then by certain lakes called the Walchen-see, and the Hochel-see, back to Munich. We did it in ten days, without hurrying ourselves, and we were not one day without seeing something new and eminently beautiful. Upon the principle of reserving the best for the last, I should recommend any person that made that tour to reverse that order, and take Salzburg on the way back. The Bavarian Lakes, particularly the Walchen-see, are very beautiful; and so is the Tyrol, i. e. the northern or German Tyrol, for of the country south of the Brennen I have seen nothing. But everything that I have ever beheld, hardly excepting Grenada, Naples, Amalfi, and Cintra—yields to Salzburg. It has been much praised, but hardly so much as it deserves. I could not mention any natural beauty either of the softer or of the severer kind which it does not possess in an eminent degree. In short, it is one of those enchanting spots which it is difficult to see without a transient wish to make it one's abode; and without a more enduring regret that it should not be the seat of a more polished and extended society—of more persons qualified by leisure and education to enjoy it. We spent four days there, and thought them short, which is saying a great deal for me, who, I fairly own, should like

to spend a part of every day that I am well in a club or a drawing-room — and to whom the busy hum of men is hardly ever importunate. However, you do not quite do me justice in what regards the picturesque—I am as much delighted with a fine country as any body. All I plead guilty to is, not liking wild scenery, rocks, and glaciers, so much as you do. Without undertaking to decide the question whether or not *all* the pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of nature arise from association, we may fairly presume that a very considerable part of it is derived from that source. Now I must confess that the greater number of ideas that are suggested to my mind by very high rocks, snow-covered peaks, &c., are eminently disagreeable. I turn with horror from these emblems and causes of extreme cold, of desolation, and of the suspension of the benign and productive powers of nature. I do not like to see the face of the earth turned into a frozen desert, and the human race degraded below the beast. Perhaps I ought to think of something very fine and very delightful when I see an Alp, but what I do think of is barrenness, and *cretinism*. Salzburg exhibits a very different scene; a fertile plain, and hills covered with wood; the greenest, freshest, healthiest, and most luxuriant vegetation. Nature displays great power, but it is all in benevolence. The Moun-

tains of the higher order are visible, but it is at a great distance, and they serve to enhance the beauty of the surrounding country by contrast. The palace and part of the town had been burnt down two or three days before we got there. The fire began in the barracks, and seems to have been occasioned by the stupidity, or carelessness of a regiment of Austrian barbarians, who were quartered there. This misfortune has occasioned great private loss, and great public mortification to the poor Saltzburgers. They were very proud of the archiepiscopal palace, which was a pretty building in a very agreeable situation by the river side. And there is no chance that the Emperor, their present master, will ever give a farthing towards building it up again.

Within the last few days the government of this country has been changed from a despotic to a limited monarchy. On Tuesday last the King published an entire new Constitution, which is to take effect on new year's day next. I shall not give you an outline of it, because the act that contains it will of course be translated into English and inserted in our papers. On the whole it is a decent constitution enough. The religious toleration is very complete. There are to be three spiritual Peers—two Catholic Bishops—and the President of the Protestant Consistory. The right

of public worship is confined to the three religions of the Westphalian arrangement, but no test is required for any office. Forty years ago this was a very bigoted country, but since that time the progress of liberal opinion, keeping pace with that of education, has been very rapid over all the south of Germany. One must do the Emperor Joseph the justice to say, that it was he who struck the great blow against superstition and ignorance in his vast dominions. A change of the same sort has taken place in Bavaria—helped on, as you may imagine, by the profane hands of the French. You, perhaps, saw the “Concordat” which the King was ill-advised enough to make some time ago with the Pope. The power it leaves to the Church of Rome is so little agreeable to the public feelings here, that it has been treated with universal contempt and execration. The government has not thought it prudent to put it in execution, and it will probably remain for ever a dead letter, in spite of any remonstrance on the part of the holy father.

The country is heavily taxed, but it looks flourishing. I lament very much that I am not sufficiently acquainted with agriculture, even with the rudiments of it, to judge of the comparative state of the cultivation in the countries through which I pass: I cannot help suspecting, however,

that in that, as in many other respects, the world is improving faster than gloomy people would have us believe. At any rate, the subject is every where very much attended to, and as there is no witchcraft in it, that must produce some good at last.

I see we have two new historical works by Bankes and by Hallam—I am very curious to know something about them. I suppose, to understand Bankes, one must read that horrid fellow ‘Dionysius,’ a task far too heavy for my stock of patience or of Greek. If it turns out a valuable work, Bankes will deserve double credit, considering the activity of his parliamentary life. The fact is, that he is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in England. Hallam is an excellent person, and I shall be very glad if his book succeeds. If it fails, it will not be for want of learning or of industry. If you gave yourself the trouble to canvass for the Alfred this time, I may almost venture beforehand, and without knowing the result, to congratulate you upon being a member. I shall stay here a few days longer, and then proceed to Paris, and then to England.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

P. S. I am glad to hear of your literary projects. In your academical situation a Bampton lecture is very likely the best form in which you could execute them.

LETTER XXXIX.

9, New Street, Spring Garden,
August 31, 1818.

I RETURNED to England about a fortnight ago ; and for near two months preceding, I had been on very beaten ground—a week at Baaden, and six weeks at Paris. I thought myself obliged to come over for a short time to see my father and mother, but I did not hurry myself.

After the gravity and *provincialism* of Germany, such a vast and lively capital seemed very agreeable. Not that I should like to be there for very long together. There is something in the French character for which I have a strong dislike—I mean *dislike*, both in the sense of *disapprobation* and in that of *distaste*. Besides, they hate us so much at this moment, that it is impossible the feeling should not become to a certain degree reciprocal. In the long run I am sure I should prefer the Germans in spite of their clumsiness, and the Italians in spite of their roguery.

If you have looked through the list of the new House of Commons, you will have perceived that for the first time, since I was a boy, I am out of Parliament. The news of the dissolution reached me in Germany too late to get to England, time enough to accomplish any thing by my own personal interference. However, I had already written upon the subject to friends and agents, and I am out, not in consequence of not having been on the spot, but owing to an accident which might have equally occurred if I had been here. Every thing was settled for Ilchester, for which I had sat in the last Parliament, and which would be a close borough in any hands but those of the present proprietor, Sir W. Manners. His brutal, or rather insane insolence, provoked the people of the place past all endurance : so they sought out a protector, and found one in Lord Darlington, whose candidates they have returned. Thus, you see, I am a victim to the defect, in one instance, of the *seat-selling, borough-mongering system*. I am looking about, but not very anxiously, for another seat. I shall know my fate in a few days, and if I do not succeed, which is more than probable, I shall proceed almost immediately to Italy, with the intention of passing the autumn and winter there, and of not returning till late in the spring, or even summer. If I come in, my plans

must undergo some change, though in any case I shall feel strongly disposed to go to Italy.

If the Continent were shut I should consider being out of Parliament as a great evil, but as we are at present, I am not sorry for the pretence which Sir William's mismanagement has accidentally afforded me, for being abroad another year. Indeed, I have always meant to go to Italy a second time. I was there twelve months, but that is by no means enough. It is just sufficient to kill the principal lions, but one ought (if possible) to return again and again, to pause and enjoy those spots and those objects that pleased one most at the first view, which could only be cursory.

The next session, however, is likely to be more interesting than the last. Opposition comes into Parliament in rather greater numbers, and in far greater spirits. It is marshalled, too, under an able and experienced leader. The government don't seem much beloved. It has quite spent the popularity of the war. There seems too to be a great deal of discontent in the country, which may on some occasion be brought to bear upon party objects. I should be able less to understand what was the cause of this discontent, if I did not know that peace and prosperity have always a tendency to produce it. We have had

peace for some time, and we seem rising fast to prosperity, for I observe the old symptoms of it again,—credit, building, improving, and the increasing luxury of the middling orders.

I see there is, as usual, a great arrear of reading to be fetched up. The two last novels, *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* I keep for my post-chaise. As long as they are unread I consider myself as possessed of a little fund of pleasure, upon which I can draw whenever I please. What a happy genius that of Walter Scott! When a man can do great things only at the price of severe incessant labour, I don't know that he is much to be envied. It is almost sure to spoil his stomach and his temper, and to make him pass many dismal hours. The case is still worse where great talents are combined with a frantic misanthropy like that of Rousseau and Byron. But it is hardly possible to conceive a more fortunate mortal than him that is possessed of such powers, along with such felicity in the exercise of them, and who unites the finest genius to a cheerful, social disposition, and an undiminished relish for the pursuits and amusements of ordinary life. He is a great poet, grafted upon the excellent stock of a good-natured, lively, active, reasonable, companionable man. As to Byron, his finest fruits savour of the

parent crab, or rather the noxious Upas of his pride and malevolence. You know how late Scott's talents were in developing themselves. He was eight-and-twenty years old. I happened to be in Scotland when he stumbled upon this great genius—just as a man finds a treasure buried in his garden, or a gold mine upon his estate. He has lived upon it jollily ever since, and scattered his deodand over the world.

I have only begun Hallam's book. I fancy it is extremely well done, and highly valuable, but the chapter upon the feudal system where I am yet sticking, is rather dry. He writes rather like a man who holds those readers cheap, that expect to be amused, as well as instructed.

The last book I read is anything but new—the Odyssey. It is really a very curious picture of the manners of the age, and there are some interesting situations, and a great many pretty lines. But if I recollect what has been said by some of the critics, it has been monstrously over-rated. It is very prolix, deeply tinctured with the barbarism of the times, and after all it must be owned that those parasitical words with which Homer crowds his lines, are a sad blemish. In reading it, I used Rieman's Abridgment of Schneider's Greek and German Lexicon. I was already disposed to say, "meo periculo," that it is the best (i. e. that

Schneider is the best), when I was confirmed in that opinion by Peter Elmsley. I wish it were translated into English. I am sure that a Greek and *English* Lexicon would contribute very much to the advancement of Greek learning. We should sacrifice a little bad Latin to acquire a great deal of good Greek. I feel that German, though I understand it but imperfectly, does the business better than Latin. One's notion of the meaning of a word is rendered so much clearer, by one's having heard it in actual use.

Pray tell me again, if you write soon, the name of that Abridgment of Lardner which you once mentioned to me. I will take it abroad this time. After so long a silence, I cannot venture to ask you to write to me *immediately*. If you do, (and I shall be most happy to hear from you) direct to me here, if after this week to Hammersley's, Pall Mall. I don't know whether you are at Oxford still, but I heard you were there a little time ago, and busy with building.

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XL.

Florence, April 17, 1819.

It is true that I have not written to you for an age. To be sure you set me a very bad example for some months after I left England. I do not pretend to deny that a man who is at the head of a very large college, who exercises hospitality towards almost all the strangers entitled to notice that come to Oxford, who has before him the composition of a set of theological discourses, and who still finds leisure to write pamphlets on political economy, has rather more excuse for letting a correspondence fall in arrear, than an unemployed inhabitant for five months, of that quietest of all the English watering places—Rome. But I am lazy about writing, and apt to lay hold of any pretence for indulging myself in a bad habit. Still this much is true, that the very things that occupy your thoughts and time in England, are subjects on which it is natural to write, and agreeable to read. Italy affords no topics. It is a mine that has been worked out. England is a field that yields a new crop every year. There is no going over the old story about antiquities, pictures, statues and buildings, and nothing ever

happens here worth mentioning. The little despotic states into which the country is divided, have no sort of influence upon the fate of the world, and are hardly permitted to govern themselves. Strangers see little of Italian society, and what they do see is tiresome and despicable. One lives in a small foreign society (foreign with respect to the country one inhabits) one sees the sights or one lets it alone as I do;—one basks in the warmth of a genial climate, one reads what was written in Italy or about Italy many centuries ago, or one prosecutes any study in which one wishes to engage. All that is agreeable enough, and edifying enough, a decent sort of “*strenua inertia*,” but there is nothing in it to remind one of writing; you can tell of debates, and changes, and struggles, and improvements, we can only say that we are alive, and warm, that the sun shines, and that the sky is blue, and that the Pope, with one foot in the grave, is spending five hundred thousand crowns in giving fireworks to the Emperor. The speeches upon Mr. Goold’s evidence are ten times more interesting than this. In short we ought to be written to, without being expected to give anything in return, unless we can dig up a good manuscript from Herculaneum. By the bye, Sir H. Davy who has been to Naples to look at the collection they have there, does not give me

much reason to hope for the recovery of any thing valuable. He has indeed shewn them a way of unfolding the MSS. more quickly, but most of them are in a miserable state, and none of them are of sufficient volume to contain any important work. What is at once provoking and consolatory about Herculaneum is, that the town not improbably contains more libraries, but the excavations are not carried on because they would occasion the ruin of the palace at Portici, which, after all, is a building of no great value. Murray would undertake to build it up again a mile off for the copyright of a single Decad.

I have spoken with no great respect of the present state of Italy. Still however there is some improvement going on, though it is, of course, thwarted by the same class of persons of whom you complain in the University. They exist in every country, and here they derive most formidable aid from superstition and arbitrary power. The governments are bad, but not *so* bad as they used to be. I am inclined to believe that Naples is the best. Medici is certainly an able man, and I hear of his doing some things extremely well, in a way that would not have been dreamt of in the earlier part of the reign of the present King of the two Sicilies. In the present state of communication between the different parts

of Europe, it is not the smallest of the advantages arising from the free governments now establishing in several countries, that they have an influence on those that are still under the yoke of arbitrary power. The ministers and sovereigns of the despotic monarchies are shamed or frightened out of a thousand absurdities which are still dear to them in their hearts, and to which they would most tenaciously adhere, were it not for the example of their neighbours. The truth is, notwithstanding the great calamities we have witnessed, that we are living at a memorable, and, on the whole, fortunate period, in which mankind is making prodigious strides towards improvement and happiness.

I am passing soon from the sleep of Italy to an active and interesting scene. What is now going on at Paris is extremely important. The question seems to be whether or not a representative government can go on in that country. I am sanguine enough not only to hope, but also to believe that it can. The result is of immense consequence not only to France itself, but to all Europe. The influence of the French nation is always very great. Aided by reason and justice, it would be unbounded. If they succeed in establishing a government at once free and durable, it will in no long time destroy all the despotisms

in Europe by the mere force of opinion and example. Free England has been a great blessing to the world; free France will be still greater, in proportion to her greater moral ascendancy.

I have heard a great deal in praise of your first pamphlet, but I have not seen it yet. I shall be sure to find it at Paris. It appears to have had great, and I make no doubt, merited success. I have also had a letter from England mentioning the second, which was just then published with applause. My correspondent had not yet read it himself, but a passage had been quoted to him by Mackintosh. It related, I think, to Malthus.

There is no judging very well about what passes at home unless one is on the spot; but it seems to me that Opposition is not strong enough to come in, and "the Ministry" is too weak to govern. Van will, I suppose, be turned out, and replaced by Peel. But I doubt whether that will be sufficient to set the government upon its legs. Peel has no doubt a very good understanding, and perfect discretion, but still I cannot help suspecting that whenever he comes into very high office, it will be found that he has been over-rated. I wish you may see Mr. Stewart while he is in England. He has the fault of over-caution, and consequent unwillingness to talk. This is the

more provoking, because he has not only a very strong, but a very lively mind, and great natural powers of conversation. When he does talk, nothing can be more satisfactory, and at the same time more agreeable. But the occasions are rare, and you are more likely to be disappointed. I am sorry we don't agree about Hallam's History. Did you try the chapter on the English Constitution? Your opinion makes me tremble for its success, which I had too confidently anticipated. I have seen and admired the incomparable paper you speak of in the Quarterly Review.* The conclusion surely must be Canning's. I found Rogers's poem one day upon somebody's table. I had time to read about 130 lines. Some of them I thought very beautiful, and a great many I did not understand. Lord Byron's obscurity seems to be contagious, as the defects of a great man generally are.

My history is short. I staid at Rome all the winter, and then came away just in time to avoid the ceremonies in Holy Week and the fêtes in honour of the Emperor's visit to His Holiness. *Take notice* I saw the ceremonies the last time I was at Rome, and as to fêtes nobody is obliged to see them if he don't like it, so that I am fully justified. Now I am on my way to Paris, where

* Entitled "Mr. Brougham—Education Committee."

pray direct *always* when I am abroad— Chez Messrs. Ardouin, No. 7, Rue Bergère.

I shall use my best endeavours to be in Parliament next Session. Indeed it an't my fault that I am not there now. Canning preferred Ilchester to another proposal, and for what still seems to me good reasons. I hear you have had no winter in England. In Italy we have had our share of cold, but the spring here is delicious. How go on your plans for the enlargement of your College? Elmsley is here collating MSS. He is a very learned, a sensible, but not very agreeable man. Pray write to me when your avocations will permit you.

Ever yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XLI.

Paris, May 16th, 1819.

I DID not know of the return for Bossiney till I arrived here on the 3rd, the very day on which the Catholic Question came on in the House of Commons. This is the only thing on which I should have felt very desirous to give a vote ; and it turns out that a vote would have been more than usually

valuable. The division seems to have surprised everybody. The friends of toleration had not flattered themselves that they should be so near a victory, and the advocates of the exclusive system had confidently reckoned upon being much further from defeat. I see they are endeavouring to comfort themselves for their disappointment, and to weaken its effect upon the public, by ascribing it to the premature termination of the debate, in the absence of friends whose number would have swelled the majority to thirty or forty. But why should such an accident have been much more injurious to one side than to the other? If dividing that night was the effect of a manœuvre, the secret ought rather to have been known to the Anti-Catholics than to their adversaries—since the execution of it depended upon silence, not upon speaking, and *they* were silent—obstinately, miserably, and ludicrously silent, whilst the orators of the tolerant party were rising one after another, though without effect, to provoke them to the combat. Then Peel was waiting for Plunkett or Canning! I suspect this is an opinion that will find more credit out of Parliament than within its walls. If it is true, I think one may fairly congratulate him upon a most happy escape. The result is very important. It shows that the just and liberal principles upon the subject have not lost ground, which I was much

inclined to fear they had. It shows also, that it would be quite vain to think of forming a ministry upon an anti-catholic basis; a project which we heard sometime ago ascribed to the Duke of Wellington and some other persons. In short, it is now pretty clear, that though anybody may be an Orangeman that pleases, still it is not the way to become a minister. I presume your friend Van will be turned out. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive he should stay in after the Committee has reported upon principles directly opposite to his own. But his removal and the substitution of Peel or Huskisson will by no means cure the defects of the present ministry, which has suffered itself to be dragged through the dirt the whole session. For the sake of the country, as well as for its own, it ought to make some effort to raise itself from the state of discredit and insignificance into which it has fallen; occasioned not so much by great strength or clear justice on the side of its opponents, as by the wavering conduct of lazy, capricious, pragmatical friends; and by its own want of courage in not proposing to them the alternative of a more vigorous administration or of instant resignation. As it is, we have a most numerous ministry, but no government; an evil which, if it endures much longer, will be severely felt both at home and abroad. Indeed, I think I

could find instances in which the effect of it is already pretty visible.

Next week the bank question will be discussed, I shall not come over for it. It seems quite clear that the true principles are to triumph over Van, so that my vote will not be wanted, and as to the speeches I care not to hear them. Such subjects as the currency are highly important and curious, but much fitter for pamphlets and lectures than for speeches in Parliament. Government don't seem to be afraid of Tierney's motion, but towards the end of the month, I am told that some debates of real interest are expected. I mean to be in England about the 27th. The "Liberals," as they are called, have made prodigious progress since I was here in autumn. Indeed they seem complete masters of the field, and they have already bestowed upon France an immense benefit, long promised, and too long delayed by others—the freedom of the press. If the choice is betwixt them and the ultras, I do not see how any enlightened friend to the liberty and happiness of mankind can hesitate. But still I cannot help fearing that many among them are inclined to go too far. Republican opinions, and republican feelings are very strong in France. As to a constitution like ours, it is quite out of the question. They want the elements of which

it is composed. Their House of Peers is but a shadow, and they have no means of making a real one. There are hardly any great properties, and as there is nothing the French dislike more than the law of entail, there never can be any.

I know hardly any thing of the English literature of the last half year; but the truth is, that there is no privation I bear with greater patience than that of new books. Ross' voyage I never so much as heard of; but from your mention of it, I gather that it was made by order of the government. I quite agree with you as to the true use of historical abridgments, to precede or to follow, but not to supersede the use of detached and original works. I never had the patience to make any myself, but the practice must be highly salutary. Hallam's work is a series of dissertations—at least that is its general character. I shall be surprised if the chapter on the English constitution bores you. You ask whether English voyages and travels attract much attention in Italy? I should say, certainly not, so far as I have had any opportunity of knowing. But then I ought in justice to add, that I have lived chiefly in that which, for every liberal pursuit, is undoubtedly the worst town in Italy. In Rome the basest superstition, combined with an uncontrolled despotism, has extinguished almost every spark of

activity and of genius, of public and of private virtue. A literary journal has been set up there lately, but it is despicable beyond belief. The first numbers were already feebler than the decrepitude of the Gentleman's Magazine. Throughout Italy, literature, I suspect, is in a very languishing state. I could hear of nothing good. Nor is it surprising, when you recollect that there is not an uncensored press, nor a free man, from one end of the peninsula to the other. *Your* Tuscan was a remarkable man.* There are, I am afraid, but few persons animated by his spirit. I am glad you have seen Mr. Stewart. You had heard so much of each other that it was quite fit you should be acquainted. But I am rather afraid that his almost unconquerable reserve prevented you from seeing him to advantage. Mrs. S. has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers in their respective drawing-rooms. But she is almost as desirous to conceal, as they are to display their talents.

Pray, let me hear from you, and direct to Hammersley's, Pall Mall. My own house is let, and I don't know where I shall be in London.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

* He alludes to an incident during my own travels in Italy in 1814, which I had related in a letter to himself.—ED.

P. S. I spoke of coming in next session, because I thought it unlikely that I should find a seat during the present one. I have been luckier than I expected.

LETTER XLII.

Warren's Hotel, Regent-street, Sunday, June 1819.

YOUR letter reached me yesterday. It had made a trip to Paris, without however at all impairing its genuine anglicism.

Those that are near the scene of action are not less surprised than yourself at the turn the bullion question has taken. Canning says, "it is the greatest wonder that he has witnessed in the political world." It seems that the event has been accelerated a twelvemonth by the imprudence of the governors of the bank. Lord Liverpool gave them notice that he meant to grant a committee next year; but they were outrageous, said "they had rather abide the issue of a Parliamentary enquiry," &c. which, as you may suppose, was all mere vapouring; but he took them at their word, and their reign is at an end. I agree with you about the new converts. Never were labourers of the *eleventh hour* more richly rewarded. To me who am apt to laugh,

it appears laughable, and to those of a more serious turn it must be provoking, to see persons who after being a long time in high office, come down to Parliament gravely to declare, that they have just condescended to learn almost as much political economy as was usually known to the junior students in the University of Edinburgh twenty years ago, and to lend the sanction of their authority to the opinions of wiser and better men. I doubt whether there will be much discussion of the question in Parliament. The anti-bullionists are too much overmatched to make any fight. You see they had nothing for it but to put forward Alderman Heygate as their champion. Besides, the truth is, that it is not a very good subject for debate. It is too scientific, and consequently far better fitted for writing than for speaking.

Since I wrote last, I have read your first pamphlet, a clear, powerful, well-written, well-timed exposition of the true doctrine. I am glad to find by your last letter that you do justice to the incontestable merits of poor Horner on this subject. It proves that the omission of his name in your book was accidental. You will therefore forgive me for mentioning that it excited some dissatisfaction among his friends.

The ministry is in a strange state. The majority of the House of Commons seems equally determined

upon two points, first, that it shall always stumble, second, that it shall not fall. The result of the great battle that was fought upon Tierney's motion seemed to promise more strength, but Thursday night was a complete relapse into languid support and negligent attendance. You may judge what opinion is formed by persons whose trade it is to understand such matters, of the honesty and firmness of the present Parliament when I tell you, that the dinner which the Prince gives to-day to some opposition lords was gravely assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury, as a reason for the bad division to which I have just alluded upon the Enlistment Bill, one of the plainest cases, by the bye, on which any man was ever factious enough to raise a question. We shall see what happens upon the Tax Bills. I think opposition will hardly venture as a body to resist the principle of increasing the revenue at this moment. The necessity of it is so obvious.

You are, I think, under a mistake, if you suppose that in France the military profession is still esteemed the only road to honour. The establishment of a representative government has already opened another career. Some persons have distinguished themselves in it, and I trust that it will soon become the regular way to fame and power. The remains of such an immense

military system of course, still formidable—but on the whole, I think the “laurea” is evidently giving way to the “toga,” to speak in Ciceronian language.

Excuse the shortness of the note. I have not been in London (a few days in September don't count) for two years, so that I have a hundred people to see, and a hundred things to do.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XLIII.

Paris, October 5, 1819.

I AVAIL myself of an M.P. returning to England to renew a correspondence which my laziness about writing has interrupted for more than a usual time. You are too well acquainted with my liking for great towns, and my barbarous indifference to mountains, lakes, &c. to be surprised that I came direct from London to Paris, and that I have remained here ever since without making any more extensive excursion than to the Bois de Boulogne. Yet it is difficult, even in the country, to have a more agreeable view than

that which I enjoy from my window in the Rue de Rivoli. It is true, that I am up three pair of stairs, but I look to the south and over the garden of the Tuilleries, so that I am quite satisfied with the air and the prospects. I am not so fond as you are of the vast and terrible features of nature, but the sight of this gay ornamented scene constantly before my eyes, adds vastly to my happiness.

You have been perpetually in hot-water in England since about the time when I left it. It is the old story—the wickedness of the demagogues working upon the misery of the people. But, as the misery seems confined to some few manufacturing districts, I hope the mischief will not extend very widely. As the Jacobins, too, are very much disposed to quarrel among themselves, and as they are not at all skilful in disguising their real views, they are the less to be dreaded. Union and art would be required in order to give them any chance of attaining their objects immediately. All I am afraid of is, that by having the theoretical defects of the present House of Commons perpetually dinned into their ears, the well-intentioned and well-affected part of the community should at last begin to suppose that *some* reform is necessary. Now, I can hardly conceive *any* reform that would not bring

us within the draught of the whirlpool of democracy, towards which we should be attracted by an irresistible force and in an hourly accelerating ratio. But I flatter myself there is wisdom enough in the country to preserve us long from such an innovation.

France is quiet and prosperous, and yet I think that some great change is more probable here than in England, where there is so much distress and still more agitation. The House of Peers here goes for little or nothing; and, indeed, I see no reason why it should go for more. It is an institution that does not harmonise at all with the disposition of the country, with the state of society, or with the division of property. The real power is divided betwixt the Crown and the Chamber of Deputies. The late election has been for the far greater part favourable to the "Liberals," as they are called. Next year the renewal of another fifth will give them a majority. When they are masters of the Chamber, they will be masters of France, for in the division of power betwixt the King and the Deputies, the Deputies have by far the greatest share. They will be masters too, with the incalculable advantage (quite new to any party in this country) of having attained their superiority in a legal regular way. In order then, to prognosticate with tolerable

certainly what is to happen, it would be sufficient to know what are their real intentions. But with those I have not been able to make myself sufficiently acquainted. Of course they lean towards a very popular form of government; but whether or not they will be content to leave the present family on the throne—whether they mean to have a monarchy or a republic—or whether they all (or nearly all) mean the same thing, I have no information that enables me to decide. Some say that many of them will become ministerial—others, that the ministry will go into their notions. I see but one course of events that could check their career—the death of the king within the next few months—the formation of an *ultra* ministry, and the employment of an armed force to extinguish all the forms of a representative government in France. But I suspect that the *ultra* minority is too small, and the troops not enough to be depended on, to render such a measure successful. The popular party in all parts of Europe will be prodigiously alarmed and exasperated by the late proceedings of the diet at Frankfort. Perhaps I have some prejudice against Vienna politics, but I think I should have been disgusted with such a plan as that of the Austrian minister, from whatever quarter it had proceeded. I presume the real author of it is the celebrated

Gentz. He is an able man, and an admirable writer; but his excessive dread of the Jacobins has at last rendered him an enemy to liberty itself; and his love of money, or rather of the indulgences that money can procure, has induced him to sell his pen to the Austrian cabinet. I read some time ago a very well executed paper of his, in the Vienna Quarterly Review, against the liberty of the press as it exists in England. This, I suppose, was intended to prepare the public mind for the establishment of the "censure," all over Germany, which he and his patron Prince Metternich were then meditating. I need not remind you that Austria, proposing to establish the censure in other states, is the fox proposing to the other foxes to cut off their tails. Not the smallest vestige of the liberty of the press exists in any part of her dominions. Not so much as a reading-room is allowed to be opened at Vienna. Permission was given last year to establish one at Grätz, but with the exclusion of all but nobles and military men. I shall be anxious to see whether the Germans submit patiently to this grand blow, which the Congress of Carlsbad has agreed to strike at their liberties. It is to the states of the second order, whose sovereigns have lately given to them free constitutions, that we are to look for the first symptoms of resistance.

Does this affair excite any attention in England? I presume not. It is the fashion not to bestow much thought on the internal affairs of Germany. Spanish patriots are vastly more in vogue than German ones, though Germany is fit for liberty, and Spain is evidently quite incapable of it.

What do reasonable people think of the Manchester business? I am inclined to suspect that the magistrates were in too great a hurry, and that their loyal zeal, and the "*nova gloria in armis*," tempted the yeomanry to too liberal an use of the sabre—in short, that their conduct has given some colour of reason to complaints and anger of the Jacobins. The approbation of government was probably given, as the supposed price of support from the Tories in that part of the country. I shall really be very glad to hear from you on this subject, whenever you find time to write. I take for granted that it is very much canvassed in conversation.

I shall most likely stay at Paris till the meeting of parliament. If I were to go anywhere else, it would be to Nice or Genoa for a couple of months, to escape the severest part of the winter. In my way I should see the south of France which would be new to me. I suspect it an't very well worth seeing, except Marseilles, but the shore of the Mediterranean near Nice itself must be de-

lightful. Where have you spent the summer? By this time you are at Oxford, and as usual very busy. If I that have nothing to do am so negligent about writing, with what face can I ask you that are so actively employed to sacrifice to me any moment of your time? I can only say that whenever you can find leisure and inclination, you will give me great pleasure by letting me hear from you.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XLIV.

9, New Street, December 17, 1819.

I AM glad to have a sign of life from you again, but I lament to find that indisposition has been one of the causes of your silence since your return to Oxford. It is some comfort under so painful a complaint as that which has attacked you (not for the first time, if I remember right) that it has a regular crisis, and that whenever it takes place you will not only be relieved from the local suffering, but that your general health will probably be improved. As to myself, I have had but little

time to spare. I hardly ever knew so laborious a Session of Parliament as this has hitherto been. We have had constant, full, and late houses. I need say nothing of the debates, for you have read them. Yet a newspaper report conveys but a lamentably imperfect notion of a good speech—and what is almost equally provoking, it makes a bad one appear more tolerable. Sir W. de Crespigny gains part of what Mr. Plunkett loses. By the bye he has cut a great figure this year. His speech in answer to Mackintosh was among the most perfect replies I ever heard. He assailed the fabric of his adversary—not by an irregular damaging fire that left parts of it standing, but by a complete, rapid, systematic process of demolition, that did not let one stone continue standing upon another. After what I said to you of Peel's defeat last session, I should be unjust if I did not own that what he has done in this has been creditable to him. He has spoken twice. The first speech was the longest and most elaborate ; but the second, as far as I am able to judge, showed most power of the two.

I know Mr. Grey very little, but all that I have heard of him would make me believe that you have not formed an exaggerated opinion of his virtues and talents. Independently of that, his being a friend of yours would and ought to make

me most desirous of serving him. But I am not afraid you should think me to be "*dissimulator opis propriæ*," when I tell you frankly, that I do not see how it is in my power to promote the important object he has in view. To mention him to Canning is in fact to ask the office for him—at least it is something so like it, that I should despair of making him perceive that I sincerely meant any difference. Now to asking it there are two objections. In the first place, even the least eligible of the two appointments you mention, is far beyond anything that I feel myself entitled to request from Canning. In the next, my interest with him, such as it is, has been exhausted by a cadet-ship which I obtained from him, a few months ago, for a person to whom it was a great object, and which I am bound to consider as "in full of all demands," for some time to come. I have another reason, if reasons were wanting, why I should wish to be of use to Mr. Grey. He is a near relation of Mr. Ord's, a friend of mine whom I value very highly, but I really do not think that even if I were to decide "*frontis ad urbanæ descendere præmia*," I should bring him a bit nearer the mark.

Any application in favour of such a man as Mr. Grey will naturally be accompanied by abundant testimonials of his character. A mere

honourable mention on my part would therefore be superfluous—and to do any thing more would, I feel, exceed the just amount of my claims upon the patron. I am sure I am in no danger of your imputing what I have said to any reluctance to comply with your wishes. They have as much weight with me as those of any person living, and I am restrained from making an effort in favour of your friend, by a persuasion that it would be indiscreet or inefficacious.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XLV.

9, New Street, Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1819.

I AM really obliged to you for the kind way in which you have taken my last letter, and for being persuaded that if I declined interfering in behalf of your friend, it was only because I really thought that I could not take any steps in his favour with propriety or effect. Mr. Grey's merits as a professional man, will, I am confident have their due weight with Canning. He probably takes for his principle in the exercise of patronage the "inter

dignos detur amicissimo,” but I am deceived in him if in so important an appointment he would not limit his choice to the “*digni*.” I am glad to hear that you think of preparing something for the press—and the more so because you do not content yourself with a mere display of your own talents for composition, but almost constantly aim at some object of manifest and general usefulness. I shall rejoice if you can render still further services. However, I am afraid that you have formed but too just an estimate of the obstacles that lie in your way. Enough has been done to lull the storm of public indignation that was some years ago rising against the whole body; and the reformers, who, I believe, were always a minority in the University, will of course be thwarted in any attempt to do any thing more, by those whose intention it is to be as lazy as they can with impunity. There are two ways of assailing the “castle of indolence” from without, but neither of them promise much success. First, by legislative enactment; but that I am confident is quite hopeless, though if there were any chance of its being adopted, it would perhaps be the best mode of proceeding. Unluckily the country is divided betwixt two great parties, one of which is desirous to alter every thing, and the other of which is unwilling to alter any thing. The “*immutables*”

predominate in parliament, and they would raise, at the bare mention of what they would call a revolutionary proceeding against the University, such a clamour as no reasonable man would choose to encounter in a desperate cause. The other way is, by such a statement as you seem to have in view ; which might again draw down the public resentment upon the unsound parts of your great academical union. In such hands as your own it would, I doubt not, produce considerable effect ; and yet that effect would probably be diminished by the very circumstance that in fact renders the lazy colleges more inexcusable—the partial improvement that has already taken place, and the facilities for obtaining a good education which are afforded by several large and meritorious societies. Those too that by foresight, or interest, have been able to get their sons placed at Christ Church, Oriel, or any other good college, are perhaps even better pleased than if equal advantages could be obtained by all the world without any trouble. And those that do not succeed are not numerous enough, nor powerful enough, to make their discontent of any consequence. After all, the great grievance is want of room. The good colleges are strong enough to provide education for all that come, if they had the means of lodging them. This, to be sure,

does not render the drones one bit less culpable, but still it affords the means of remedying the most urgent part of the evil. For why should not the youngmen be lodged in the town? I know there were great objections to this system formerly, but I am inclined to think they are removed, by the great change that has taken place in the habits of the University. The age of rude boisterous indiscipline is over. Drunkenness has disappeared, and laziness is comparatively rare, and these were the great causes of disturbance and vice. Besides, a riotous behaviour, is, I understand, now reckoned vulgar, and is therefore discountenanced by the young men themselves.

I cannot then conceive what mischief could arise from allowing sober and laborious students to lodge in private houses. In all matters of police the University has completely the upper hand of the town, so that you might easily enforce any such regulations as you might think necessary, for the maintenance of good order. This return to what, I believe, was till within a few years, the practice of the University would greatly add to the usefulness of the good colleges, and open the door to a sort of competition from which I should anticipate very beneficial effects. One of the most obvious and certain though, it is probable, unintended results of the present restric-

tion is, to perpetuate not only the superiority, which might be borne, but the supremacy of Christ Church, which is an intolerable evil. I do not believe that a greater advantage could happen to the University than the rise of some other great society—large enough to have a corporate feeling of its own. At present that society would probably be Oriel, and that very circumstance might make you entertain scruples about proposing the change, even if you thought it beneficial. Are there, however, any objections to it which have escaped my attention? and would it meet with much opposition? To the colleges that refuse to take independent members it is of course a matter of indifference, unless indeed they would dislike to see more under-graduates walking about the streets. The working colleges are all overflowing, so that one would think they would be inclined to a plan that would enable them to answer the demands that are made upon them. But I am not sufficiently acquainted with the politics of the place to reason upon this matter. Perhaps, indeed, the little colleges would be quite empty, if the three or four most distinguished societies could take as many members as they have applications, and in that case they would actually resist a sentence of depopulation against themselves. At any rate, whatever difficulties

might attend this plan, I am almost sure that they are less than those that would be thrown in the way of any attempt to make large and half-empty colleges efficient for the purposes of education. But though nothing can rouse them from their lethargy, I do not see why they should not be made to feel the full disgrace of it, by such an appeal to the public as you seem disposed to make. For one thing they seem to deserve credit—I mean for their courage in keeping up such an abusive system, in the face of a scrutinizing and reforming age. But, perhaps, they think it will last their time, and that is all they care about.

I have not read the paper in the *Edinburgh Review* about Owen's plan. Articles of that sort are often well executed in that journal; but I shall be very glad if you determine to treat the same subject for the *Quarterly*, which, by-the-by, I suspect, needs your assistance very much. The paper in the *Edinburgh*, on the "Comparative skill," &c. has, of course, attracted your notice. It is remarkable not only for being very ably executed, but for a spirit of affectionate, yet reasonable partiality for our native land, which has not been very common among the *Edinburgh* reviewers. But they, and opposition in general, seem to have at last discovered, that openly and upon all occasions to plead against us the cause

of our national enemies, is no sure way to popularity with any class of Englishmen. By-the-bye, what a brutal attack they have made upon Philpotts. Their flattery of their ally Lambton, is almost as disgusting as their abuse of their opponent. Philpotts's is an excellent pamphlet, and written with great forbearance and moderation, as well as good sense.*

Whenever you come to town you will find me here. The only absence from town that I had meditated was one of two or three days, to make a visit to Alexander Baring, who had invited me to his house in Hampshire. But, on the day when I was to set out, I did not find myself very well, and therefore sent an excuse. I have now given up all thoughts of country expeditions, and shall remain quietly by my own fire-side, surrounded by my own books—no small enjoyment to any one that has been as much of a wanderer as I have been. Besides, I hate winter journies. When spring comes I shall most likely go over to Paris.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

* Edinburgh Review, Vol. xxxii. October, 1819. — A Review of "A Letter to the Freeholders of the County of Durham on the proceedings of the County Meeting holden on Thursday, 21st October, 1819—and particularly on the Speech of J. G. Lambton, Esq., M. P."—By the Rev. Henry Philpotts, M. A., Prebendary of Durham.

LETTER XLVI.

9, New Street, February 10, 1820.

I SHOULD have written to you sooner, but I have had no news to send, and my eyes have been a little out of order—thanks to the smoke and bad weather of this my native city. The event that has lately happened is of a sort that, though it unavoidably excites various and important recollections, is not likely to lead to any great consequences. Luckily the general election signifies nothing, except to those that have money to pay and constituents to manage. A few months ago it might have done a great deal of mischief. The separation—divorce—degradation—or whatever it is to be, is the only *event* to which the old king's death is to give rise. I fancy it is quite certain that they mean to do something. Their principal care should be directed to making the *form* of the proceeding unexceptionable; for I agree with you in thinking that the substance is not likely to encounter any respectable opposition. I am told that the evidence is very complete, and that they mean to proceed by method of bill. Leach is my authority; but though he did not enjoin secrecy, I do not feel sure that he would

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choose to be quoted. Perhaps, however, the plan is not completely determined on yet, for they hold very long cabinets every day; and one does not see what other business they can have that can detain them so long. The middling, as well as the higher orders, are pretty well acquainted with her present Majesty's conduct in foreign countries; but I am told that the common people are still in the dark, and disposed to espouse her cause—more, however, out of hatred to the King than out of regard for her. I cannot make out when the dissolution is to take place. Huskisson, whom I saw just after the late King's death, thought it could not take place till May; but, from what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe that we shall not be allowed to sit above three weeks, and that the blow will be struck early in March. That course, no doubt, will be attended by serious inconveniences, but they can hardly be so great as to counter-balance the necessity of bringing *civil-list-finance* and *divorce* before a Parliament so directly under popular influence as the present.

I shall be very glad to see you in town. You always bring with you almost all that I wish to see in Oxford. I shall therefore postpone my visit till a finer season of the year, and a time when you are less likely to come this way. Indeed, I

could not very conveniently leave London at this moment. I will write more when I have more eye-sight to spare. Let me know when I may expect to see you.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XLVII.

Brighton, April, 3, 1820.

Now that we have at last got a little better weather, I am come here for three or four days to change the air. This long and odiously severe winter has not agreed very well with me. I shall take a warm bath or two and bask upon the cliff. I have not seen the inside of the Pavilion, but I think the outside pretty enough in its way. What a difference in taste? An Italian nobleman lives upon a plate of macaroni and glass of sugar-and-water, that he may rear a marble palace that will last as long as the world, in a grave and dignified, if not perfectly pure, style of architecture; and this *gimcrack* is the only monument of the greatest sovereign in Europe. I hear it is the fashion among the courtiers to say that he is doing perfectly well, but with that class of people the

monarch is always immortal till the rattles are in his throat, and then they run away—and I was the other day told the direct contrary by a person that has known him all his life. I have not been here before for many years. The place is an hour nearer London than it used to be. The improvements in the road are quite surprising. There used to be several severe hills, and now there are none. Our wise ancestors certainly did not understand road-making.

This is a good verdict at York. It was a most agreeable surprise to the Government, who did not in the least expect it from the course the trial has taken. I have not read the evidence yet, but I am told it shews that the magistrates were too much in a hurry. I had always some suspicion that this was the case, but however true it may be, it by no means follows that they ought to have been “called over the coals,” in a parliamentary enquiry. It is one of the most difficult problems in practical politics to know how far the ruling party ought to go in protecting over-zealous friends. The safest and the honestest side to err on, is that of defending them too long. Yet it is an irksome duty, because the opposite faction are always very noisy and violent on such occasions, and, having a shew of justice in their favour, are sure to gain over some

weak, short-sighted people. In England, the government must not quarrel with the Tories. I wish with all my heart there were moderate Whigs enough to save the country, for nobody has a greater disgust to Tory prejudices than I have. But unhappily the Tories compose the main body of the army with which the Jacobins are to be opposed.

Though Lord Ebrington is an old friend of mine, I cannot be sorry for the result of your Devonshire election. I am not sufficiently well acquainted with the state of the county to have a good guess whether he had ever any chance of success, but the immediate cause of his defeat seems to have been a very rash unwarrantable use made by him, of a very rash unwarrantable letter from the Duke of Bedford ; in short, the notable indiscretion of two very solemn, grave personages. I am told that I might have come in for Worcestershire myself, but I have long since made and acted upon resolutions quite incompatible with that honour.

I am going at last to read *Ivanhoe*, which I have all along reserved for such an expedition as this. On Thursday I return to town.

Yours ever sincerely,

J. W. W.

LETTER XLVIII.

Brighton, Tuesday, April 11, 1820.

I WAS in town for two days at the end of the week, where I found your letter, and left it behind me by mistake, so that I answer from memory. But if I recollect right, you do not state the argument against altering the English constitution quite fairly. We do not say, and I do not think Canning has said, "the people are as well off under this form of government as the condition of human affairs admits, therefore let them trouble themselves no further about the matter. The object of all governments is the happiness of the subject,—when that is attained it is worse than useless to seek after change." This is the way in which the Austrians defend their *paternal government*—that being the cant phrase—the *εὐφημισμός* by which they are pleased to call their clumsy despotism. To such reasoning your answer is complete. "Be it so; but where is my security that this paternal government of Austria, this beautiful administration of Prussia, *will last?*" But it is no answer at all to the true argument in favour of the English constitution, as it has existed for the last century and a half, which is, that the people not only enjoy nearly as

much happiness as it is in the nature of government to confer; but that they possess an ample share of power, to prevent them from ever being deprived of their present advantages by the arbitrary will of their rulers. The question between us and the *reformers*, as they have been lucky enough to get themselves called, thereby begging the whole matter in dispute, is not whether the people shall have some power or no power—some influence upon the conduct of affairs or none (as is the case in your instance of Prussia); but as to the degree of that power and influence, and as to the way, more or less direct, in which they should operate. But I confess that when I see the progress that reform seems to be making, not only among the vulgar, but among persons like yourself, of understanding and education, clear of interested motives and party fanaticism, my spirits fail me upon the subject. You mean to preserve and improve the constitution, and I wish, with all my heart, that it may turn out that you are taking the true road to these objects; but to me it appears that you are leaning towards measures which will lead to its final destruction. I should look forward with much more comfort to what may remain to me of life, if I could persuade myself that the first day of reform was not at hand, and that the first day of reform would not be the

first day of the English Revolution. In the mean time, I quite agree with you that the arguments in favour of the present state of things are too fine for the persons to whom they are addressed. I said so in Parliament, in a speech, about two or three years ago, which, if the volume come in your way, I should not be sorry you should read. It contains all I have to say upon the matter, or nearly so.*

I saw Heber one of the days I was in town. He told me that you prefer *Ivanhoe* to any of its predecessors. I don't recollect to have heard that from yourself. It is Canning's opinion too, but I cannot subscribe to it. *Waverley*, the *Anti-quary*, and *Old Mortality*,—all appear to me more diverting, more affecting, happier efforts of the same genius. But still it is the same genius; and if I had not seen the others, I should think *Ivanhoe* a master-piece. As it is, I am delighted with it, though I cannot forget that the others gave me still more pleasure. After all, will they last, like *Don Quixote* or *Gil Blas*? or will a new generation arise to which the reading of them will appear a melancholy duty, as that of *Grandison* and *Clarissa* does to us? Luckily I have two-thirds of the last volume to read, and

* Speech on Sir Francis Burdett's motion for "A Committee on the State of the Representation."—May 20th, 1817.

that will be enough to make this a pleasant evening. “*Si duo præterea tales,*” &c.—two more writers of equal charm and equal fertility, and I would give up society altogether. They would supply one with constant reading; and what company can be so agreeable as such books? except that now and then of an old friend.

I am not surprised at what has been done about the term.* To say the truth, our *alma mater* is apt to be base, and clumsy in her baseness. To remit a part of education as you would remit a punishment! To what century does such a notion belong? A new reign then is to be reckoned a joyous event for felons and under-graduates.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER XLIX.

New Street, May 16, 1820.

So it seems you are unacquainted with the great event that has taken place at the Alfred—a radical reform, a revolution—and what no other

* A whole *Term* of academical study was dispensed with by Convocation, in honour of the accession of George the Fourth,—a measure against which I spoke and voted, but was left in a small minority.—ED.

radical reform or revolution is likely to be, under the auspices of such grave characters as Sir W. Scott, Sir W. Grant, &c. The canvassing was found at last to be such a bore, and the old mode of election to produce results so little conformable to the real wishes of the club, that at a general meeting held about a month ago, it was determined by a considerable majority to have recourse to the common method of ballot as practised in other clubs,—with some modification however. We require thirty votes to make an election, and there must be four black balls to exclude. At most other clubs twelve are enough to make an election, and one, or at the most, two black balls exclude.

There is an immense list of candidates. They are all to be written to and asked whether they desire to remain on the list. Those that continue will be balloted for in the order in which their names are drawn out by lot. “*Omne capax movet urna nomen.*” You are sure of being ballotted for at last, but *when*, depends upon chance. This alteration is so far favourable to you, that you are almost certain to be elected whenever your name is put up, for I must do the club the justice to suppose that it does not contain four persons that would blackball you. What is a still greater advantage, you are saved all trouble of

canvassing; but then on the other hand your turn may not come for a considerable time. But you need not be impatient. A duller place than the Alfred there does not exist. I should not choose to be quoted for saying so, but the bores prevail there to the exclusion of every other interest. You hear nothing but idle reports and twaddling opinions. They read the Morning Post and the British Critic. It is the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling Quidnuncs. But they are civil and quiet. You belong to a much better club* already. The eagerness to get into it is prodigious.

There has certainly been more talk than usual (there always is *some*) lately about a change of ministry; but I do not find that this opinion rests upon any foundation of fact. It is true that both the King and the people are restless, and not fond of the present ministry, but then they hate those that would take their places. Besides (as Brougham in a fit of candour was pleased to own) Opposition, even if it had "carte blanche," would find great difficulty in manning the vessel, and a coalition would be liable to still greater obstacles. In short I do not much believe in a change, though the ministry is neither strong nor popular.

I shall not fail to look back to your pamphlet.

* The Travellers.

I send your letter by this day's post. On Saturday I went down to Tunbridge Wells, and did not come back yesterday till after post-time. But a day's delay will probably not be material.

Ever truly yours,
J. W. W.

P.S. I am not very well acquainted with the merits of the Bishop of Exeter's case.* Nobody seemed sorry to see him in hot water, for he is generally reckoned a court sycophant. Does he bear a better character in his diocese?

LETTER L.

9, New Street, Monday, May 29, 1820.

Do you mean to continue a member of the Travellers' Club? You are in arrear for your subscription, and Wednesday is the last day for receiving payments, so be good enough to let me know your decision by return of post, i. e. in case you do not intend to let yourself die a natural death. It is at present a much better Club than

* Dr. Pelham—against whom a Petition was presented to the House of Lords for his refusal to countersign the testimonial of a Clergyman in his Diocese. It came to nothing.

the Alfred to which you were anxious to belong ; but after all, you are so little in town, that I hardly know whether it is worth the annual ten guineas. By the bye, I am quite out of patience with the absurdity of reckoning in *guineas*. It was always incommodious, and now that there are no guineas, it is doubly absurd.

Lord Liverpool's speech the other evening was very much admired.* The Committee will not do much good, except that people will perhaps be pleased with the attention that is shewn to the public complaint and distresses by so venerable a body as the House of Peers. Lord Lansdowne too seems to have spoken (for I did not hear the debate) with great sense, perfect knowledge both of principle and effects, and with that respect for all great public bodies, a tenderness for all existing institutions, that becomes a man who may one day have a principal share in the management of affairs.

It appears that they had but a shabby Pitt dinner this time, which I am heartily glad of. It is just what they deserve for having made it subservient to the purposes of a faction to which Mr. Pitt did not belong.

* Marquis of Lansdowne's Motion for a Select Committee on the means of extending and securing the Foreign Trade of the Country.—26th May, 1820.

What a dismal climate ! The 29th of May, and wretchedly cold. It is only the great superiority of our institutions that keeps me in this rainy island. If they succeed in establishing a free government in Spain, I shall emigrate. The union of sunshine and liberty will be irresistible. I saw some of their newspapers yesterday. They are written in a very proper strain,—free, but not Jacobinical.

Yours ever truly,
J. W. W.

LETTER LI.

9, New Street, June 26, 1820.

JUST as your letter came, I was reproaching myself with my laziness in not writing to you at a moment of so much interest, and should, even if it had not arrived, in a few moments have taken up the pen in order to apologise and atone for the omission. The fact is, that I have sometimes put it off because the business was delayed ; and at others, because the public papers had anticipated all that I could have told you. Hitherto the Queen has had all the advantage of the struggle. Her promptitude and courage confounded her opponents, and gained her the favour

of the people. Whatever one may think of her conduct in other respects, it is impossible not to give her credit for these qualities. If her father had advanced to Paris as fearlessly as she advanced to London, we might have been spared five-and-twenty years' war. But I suspect she has been intoxicated by success, and not seen what was the proper moment for altering her system. Up to the passing of Wilberforce's resolution, all was well. But then she should have drawn her stake. The advantages she had gained by her sudden invasion of the island were immense, and she should have been satisfied with them—the rank of Queen, complete impunity, and fifty thousand a-year to be drawn from the pockets of the natives. As to the Liturgy, the House of Commons had made itself the guarantee of her character against any imputation that might be cast on it on account of the omission. But she seems to have been advised by persons that are resolved to play the deepest possible game, and care little to what risk they expose her, provided they have a chance of turning out the government, or, perhaps, of overthrowing the monarchy. I do not believe that it is Brougham's doing. I think too well of him to suppose that he would give such bad advice to his client for the mere chance of doing mischief. But it is

said that Burdett and Hobhouse have had access to her, and they perhaps have been less scrupulous, or at least less judicious. It was quite evident, from the turn of Burdett's speech (a speech, by-the-bye, as able in its execution as it was pernicious in its tendency) that this is the advice, which, if consulted, he would give. He proceeded, however, upon one supposition, upon which the whole merit of such counsel depends, in which in private, as well as in public, he was very positive, but which the next few hours will shew to be erroneous—that the ministers would never dare to produce the contents of their famous green bag. Produce them, however, they will, and it is difficult to conceive that they should not be ultimately most injurious to the Queen. Suppose the evidence not to be sufficient for complete conviction, still it can hardly fail of producing the most violent suspicion; even in the minds of the multitude, that have hitherto remained ignorant of all the reports that have been in circulation against her, both at home and abroad, for some years past. In the mean time, as you justly observe, this scandalous history holds *entire* possession of men's minds, to the discredit, as well as to the disadvantage, of the country. Brougham's proposition, yesterday, seems a reasonable one, that certain days should

be set apart for transacting the real business of the state. I do not think that Opposition, as a body, are disposed to support the Queen; but as the Ministers, partly owing to the difficulty of the case, and partly owing to a little mismanagement on their own part, have got into a scrape about her, it is not to be expected that they should not take advantage of it for party purposes. If any body says this is factious, they may skreen themselves by the example of the present Lord Chancellor, who having kept her conscience then, keeps her offended husband's conscience now—and all for the public good! I have not seen her. As a matter of civility, (which, by-the-bye, is not quite the word when one speaks of a Queen, but I have not time to look for a better) I should have been happy to leave my name; but what is a mere mark of respect at one time, is a step in politics at another, and I do not observe that she has been as yet visited by any persons, except those that are disposed to make her an instrument of faction.

Here is, at last, some delicious weather. If this could last, it would be quite paradise—English comforts—English society—English interests—and an Italian sun. But we shall probably have a thunder-storm in a day or two, and then begin again upon a course of eleven months and

three weeks fearfully bad weather. You have a lucky constitution for an Englishman. I, less fortunate, require sun.

As to the proceeding in the Queen's case, I fancy there will be some deviation from the original plan, but what that deviation will be I do not precisely know. I believe the principle of it will be to give more to the Lords and less to us. Our incapacity to tender an oath obviously renders us unfit for judicial proceedings.

I am glad you are coming to town. All this week it will be a scene of very lively interest.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

4 o'clock.

P. S.—I find I was right. They mean to proceed by a bill, to originate in the Upper House, so that the green bag will be withdrawn from us. Lord Grey does not mean to oppose the bill, but I suppose he will abuse the Secret Committee. Lord Lansdowne withdraws from it.

LETTER LII.

9, New Street, Sept. 21, 1820.

I AM subject to fits of laziness about writing. This last has been long and severe. I entreat you to pardon it. In fact I have not been very well this summer, and bodily indisposition is in me always accompanied by mental languor, and a desire to put off the easiest and most obvious duties and occupations. For the last week I have been more than indisposed, for I have had a regular attack of fever, to which in spring and fall I am very liable. It has confined me to my room, and a good deal pulled me down, but I hope that a few days will bring back my strength. I look forward, however, with considerable apprehension to the approach of an English winter, the severity of which imposes upon one so many painful restraints, and aggravates every ailment into an illness; and of late my thoughts have been a good deal turned to a plan of retiring till spring to a milder climate. But there are some obstacles to the execution of it, which I may perhaps not be able to remove. Nice is the place I think of. I have seen all the *lions* on the Continent, all those at least that I care to see, and I believe, that for

sun and air it is the best place within anything like the same distance. Do you think that much is really gained by going into your own county?—which used to be very much in fashion for invalids. What is supposed to be the best spot? I hear of people going to Sidmouth. If to a milder air it adds the inducement of good accommodations, a pretty country, and the chance of some society, I should be very much disposed to make trial of it during part of the winter, supposing that winter must “per force” be spent in our cloudy island. I beg to say at the same time, that there is no truer Englishman than myself. I infinitely prefer our manners, society, constitution, character, and even cookery, to those of the rest of Europe. Every thing is excellent except the climate, and that, unhappily, presses upon me with an almost intolerable weight for more than half the year. With a little more sunshine this would be a paradise for every body in easy circumstances. Yet this is a moment in which one’s patriotism is tried high, by the astonishing display that we are every day called upon to wonder at, of public folly and bad temper. Are you as mad in the west as they are in the east and in the north, upon the subject of our virtuous Queen? I never was so puzzled to guess what would be the result of a bill pending in Parliament, and supported by

the power of the Government. On the one hand, experience shows that bills so supported seldom fail; and yet, on the other, it seems difficult to conceive how, if the present state of popular ferment should be kept up till it come down to the House of Commons, that assembly should not be too far under the control of national feeling to venture upon so odious a measure.

I have had a letter from Wrangham, whose name, I presume, is not unknown to you, in which he desires me to ask you to admit his son at Oriel, October twelvemonth. I have written to him to say that I am sure your wish would be to oblige him, but that, from what I know as to the state of your engagements, I cannot conceive its being possible, as you are generally hampered with promises for *at least* two years. This answer will probably be sufficient to deter him from looking any more that way. I suppose he might as well ask for the Garter. When you write, however, be so good as let me have a line upon this subject, that I may have something positive to say to him, and from authority. He was so eminent a Cantab, that I am surprised he should think of turning his back on his own university.

Revolutions, you see, are going *their train*, as the French say. To say the truth, I am not by any means sorry for it. At home I am all

against changes upon a great scale, but the governments of the south of Europe were so bad, that the overthrow of them can scarcely fail of turning out a benefit to the countries in which they were established. To say nothing of any other defects, they failed in the very first duty of a government—the protection of person and property by equitable laws, and a tolerably fair and skilful administration of justice. Besides, to do revolution-makers justice, one must own that as they go on they improve in their art. They spill very little blood, and plunder very little property. Look back to the history of Italy, four or five centuries, and you will perceive that more lives were lost in a rencontre between the “Bianchi” and the “Neri,” or any other factions into which a small state happened to be divided, than in the late entire change in the governments of Naples and Spain.

This would be a golden opportunity for effecting an union betwixt Portugal and Spain. It is indispensably necessary for the happiness of both. I understand it has not escaped the attention of the authors of the scenes that have just passed, but that the notion of it is at present unhappily laid aside. It would be a narrow antiquated view of policy that should induce England to oppose it.

I have no just claim upon you for a letter, if you make use of the *lex talionis*. But if you are charitable enough to forego the exercise of it against me, I shall be most happy to hear from you. Whether you write or not, you shall have another letter from me as soon as I shall have been enabled to decide one way or the other about going abroad.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LIII.

9, New-Street, September 26, 1820.

You have returned me good for evil. My gratitude shall for once overcome my laziness, and I will write immediately. A clergyman (named Carr, I think) whom I accidentally met with the other day at the Alfred, had already mentioned to me Torquay and its new edifices rising under the protecting hand of Beeke. When climate is one's object, one had better go where one is sure of a very considerable improvement, and I therefore mean, if possible, to seek the shores of the Mediterranean. But if I cannot get out of England, Torquay I am persuaded is the place. I am vulgar enough and worldly enough to wish that it were more of a watering place; but Beeke's

presence would make up for many wants. For example it would completely supersede the use of a circulating library, even if there were one, which it seems there is not.* He is rather too young and active for a person like me beginning to descend into the vale of years; but as his good-nature is on a level with his other excellent qualities, he would make allowance for the falling-off in me of those energies, mental and bodily, which he preserves entire for thirty-mile rides, and for grappling with the difficult question of political economy.

What you say, with so much happiness of illustration, as to the nature of our present dissensions appears to me perfectly true. The prevailing spirit, however, though bad in the main, is not without some mixture of good in its origin. Most of its ingredients are the same that go to make up that celebrated compound called Jacobinism; but to these are added some grains of honest hatred to hypocrisy—generous resistance to power unjustly used—and sympathy with persecuted innocence. The people may be quite mistaken as to the facts that give rise to these feelings; but the feelings themselves are not the less praise-

* Dr. Beeke, the late amiable and good Dean of Bristol, was at this time in his 70th year. He lived to the age of 86, with mental activity almost unabated.

worthy. I doubt whether the vote of the House of Commons will turn upon the guilt or innocence of the Queen. There are many persons of opinion that there are circumstances in the King's conduct towards her, which render any enquiry into her chastity necessarily unjust. The cause of morality may suffer by her impurity, if guilty; but on the other hand, may it not be said, with great colour of reason, that nothing can be more essential towards upholding one of the two pillars upon which human society rests — marriage, (property being the other,) than to teach husbands, of whatever class, that wives must be treated, if not with kindness and affection, at least with forbearance and discretion,—that they are the proper objects of care and salutary controul—and that the law out-steps its just functions when it interferes to punish misconduct that has been provoked by outrage, and facilitated by neglect? The guilt of adultery is greatly aggravated by the mean condition of the person with whom it has been committed; but you will hear from her advocates, that it is no wonder if she became familiar with low society, since the whole influence of the English crown was employed, by her husband and her kinsman to drive her from that which became her birth and station. In short it is a very thorny question, and made to try men's wisdom as well as their

courage. For my part I fairly own that I had rather read about it by an Italian daylight, than vote upon it in an English fog.

I think you hardly do me justice when you intimate that I ever expressed a preference of foreign to English society and manners. Some foreign habits are I think more reasonable and convenient than our own—and to them I have given their due praise. Our unpunctuality for instance, which fritters away so large a part of the English day in wearisome waiting and uncertainty—and our national insanity (I cannot call it by any other term,) as to late hours, are luckily peculiar to ourselves. Great evils they are, and added to the east wind, sometimes give one seasonable ground of discontent; but as to the materials of which society is composed, I do not think I ever dreamt of preferring the most favoured part of the Continent to this country. I am so fixed in my opinion, not only of English virtue and merit, but of English agreeableness, that I never mean again to give myself the smallest trouble to see any foreigners whatever. If they come in my way I shall not avoid them, but I shall never seek them; and even in foreign countries I shall always look to my countrymen for comfort and entertainment. If I go to Nice, all I pray for is two or three English families with whom one may pass the evening, and

two or three English gentlemen with whom one may join in a morning ride. If there are any foreigners at all in the society, I should wish them to be Polish or German ladies; they are for the most part pleasing and accomplished. We had some very good specimens the year before last at Rome. As to French impertinence and Italian ignorance, they are not to be endured in either sex.

I am glad to hear so favourable an account of your health. I too am tolerably well again. In a few days I must decide one way or the other about the Continent. You shall know as soon as my plans are settled. I had anticipated your answer about Wrangham; but I have written him a line to-day in order that he may have it in an authentic shape.

Ever most truly yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LIV.

9, New Street, Oct. 4, 1820.

At half-past twelve to-day, Brougham concluded a most able speech with a magnificently

eloquent peroration. The display of his power and fertility of mind in this business, has been quite amazing; and these extraordinary efforts seem to cost him nothing. He dined at Holland House yesterday, and staid till eleven at night, talking “*de omni scibili*” — French cookery, Italian poetry, and so on. I understand that experienced lawyers do not augur favourably of the case, from what they have heard. He commented upon what had been said by the witnesses with infinite ingenuity, but he spoke but little of any other testimony by which he could encounter their evidence. I am in greater uncertainty than ever as to the results. You express some alarm as to the soldiers. Notwithstanding the improper conduct of some particular corps that have caught the popular contagion, I believe the great mass is sound and may be depended on.

In spite of the climate I shall most likely stay in England. If the weather pinches me very much, I shall perhaps seek an asylum at Hastings. It seems agreed on all hands, that it is as warm as Devonshire itself, with the great advantage of being within a day of London. I direct this to Exeter, where I presume it will still find you.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LV.

9, New Street, Oct. 13, 1820.

You would have received a third letter of congratulation on your election at the Alfred ; if I had known of it. But not having been within the doors of the club for more than a fortnight, I was not even aware that *καταλυθεντος του δημοῦ*, an oligarchical and summary mode of choice by a committee had been adopted.* I am very glad you are come in, though you are so little in London that there is no great hope that either yourself or the club will profit much by it.

Some of the Queen's witnesses have broke down, but by no means all or the most material. Flynn, for instance, a miserable crack-brained wretch, hardly required the process of a cross examination to deprive his testimony of all credit. But Craven, Dr. Holland, Gell, Carrington, Carlo Forti, and some later ones, are by no means in the same condition, and they have shaken the accusation in its most material parts. The Naples case is quite gone. Trieste has shared its fate—great doubt is thrown over the scene in the car-

* Fourteen new members were nominated by a committee appointed for the purpose. This mode of election was never repeated.

riage, and Mahomet's dance. It is said too that Barbara Kress can be damaged, but of that we of course know nothing yet with certainty. Ministers, however, as one was every where told yesterday, mean to carry the bill through the House of Lords, and for that purpose they rely merely upon the *polacca* case. That certainly is the most untouched of all the Attorney-General's statements in his opening. It affords ground of violent suspicion. But is it sufficient in point of justice to inflict such a punishment upon so high a person? I doubt it, and I still more doubt whether, taking the prudential consideration into the account, the government judges right in pressing the measure. Something may still come out. The Queen has one or two witnesses to bring forward that may not improbably do her more harm than good, and the whole complexion of the business may be altered by a single individual in a single quarter of an hour. But if no very material evidence is brought forward, and the case remains nearly in its present state, I do not believe the bill will pass the Commons. Why then induce the Lords to load themselves with unnecessary odium? The country is evidently becoming more and more hostile to the measure, and even if the government should be triumphant at last, it will have made a most unnecessary ex-

pence of power and popularity upon an object of comparatively little value.

Your presence at Torquay would go very far to make me prefer it to Hastings. Indeed I have two strings to my Devonshire bow, for Lord Morley has very kindly offered to receive me at Saltram. But I have no fixed plan for the winter. Nice is what I most wished for, but it is growing too late.

Ever yours most truly,
J. W. W.

LETTER LVI.

9, New-street, December 22, 1820.

I THOUGHT the University Address would perhaps bring you to town, but you did not appear. I did not go up with it; I had not seen it, and I was afraid it might contain something to which I could not assent. For, though I am perfectly well affected to the constitution in church and state, yet I must own that Oxford loyalty is in general pitched a little too high for me.

Canning, you see, is out. He has, however, no sort of quarrel with his late colleagues. His reason for retiring is simply this; he had from the beginning determined to take no share in the pro-

ceedings as to the Queen. Those proceedings, or at least questions connected with them, are to form the main business of the approaching session. He thinks that absence or neutrality of one of the King's principal servants would be disrespectful towards his master, and discreditable to himself. If it is asked, "why then could he reconcile himself to an absence from the duties of the *last* session?" the answer for him is, I think, obvious, — that some inconveniences may be very well endured for a time, and in the hope of their speedily passing away, which when long continued become quite intolerable. The loss of him will be severely felt in the House of Commons. Peel, I take for granted, is to be his successor. We shall witness a most obstinate struggle. The parties are more nearly balanced than they have been for many years. On the one hand is the immense power of the crown ; on the other a most decided superiority of parliamentary talent. The ministers have the old tory feeling in their favour—the opposition are aided by the cry against the late measures as to the Queen, and by the great personal unpopularity of the King. I think the ministers will stand their ground—but the first advance of the Saracens under their renowned Emir Brougham, will be fierce and terrible.

I hope you continue as well as when I saw you.

This has been hitherto a most favourable winter. It agrees with me admirably, and I am quite rejoiced to be at home—for *abroad*, speaking generally, is but a poor place compared to England, in almost every thing except climate. Have you looked at poor Dr. Brown's posthumous volumes? Dr. Holland, who has just seen them, gives them a high character. In some places, I imagine, he must touch upon the subjects that have lately, and for some time past, engaged your own thoughts. Shall you publish soon as you promised?

I saw Mackintosh some time ago, who spoke with great pleasure of two or three days he had passed with you at Oxford. I am ashamed to recollect how long it is since I wrote you last. Pray excuse me in compassion to my laziness, and because I had nothing of any interest to communicate—and, above all, do not retaliate.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER LVII.

9, New Street, Monday, January 29, 1821.

LADY DAVY wrote to me this morning to ask me for an introduction to you for Campbell the poet. Such a request might very well have proceeded immediately from himself, for I have known,

admired, and esteemed him for the last two and twenty years. I should not scruple to make such a demand upon your kindness in favour of a less eminent person. But then a longer letter would be necessary than the few minutes I now have to spare would allow. Campbell's fame renders superfluous a great part of what it is usual to say upon such occasions, and you will probably not be sorry to become acquainted with the author of "Hohenlinden." For some years past, I have hardly seen him at all, but unless he is much changed, you will find him a man of pleasing and animated conversation—modest and unassuming almost to a fault. I think I have heard him reproached with affectation, but I believe it is nothing but embarrassment resulting from a very delicate and sensitive frame of mind. To me he always seemed quite natural. You are probably a good deal occupied at this time; but if you can take any opportunity of being civil to him, you will oblige me at the same time that you do him a kindness.

I do not know how long he means to stay at Oxford—but, I presume, only a few days.

Ever truly yours,

J. W. W.

P. S.—You see that on Friday, the opposition out-debated the ministry—and the ministry out-voted the opposition—and that will be the history

of the session. I regard the majority as a majority against the Foxites, rather than as an expression of an opinion upon the particular question. And in that view the House of Commons is perhaps not so unfaithful a representative of the public will as some persons pretend.

LETTER LVIII.

New Street, February 16, 1821.

I AM two letters in your debt—which considering the greater variety of your occupations, is I am afraid a clear proof of my laziness. And first of the first—I have not seen Campbell since—but I am as sure as if I had, that I have to thank you for civilities to him. Your house in Oxford is, I fancy, what Mr. Stewart's used to be in Edinburgh—the best by far to which a stranger of any merit could be introduced. It was unlucky that just at that moment, the poet should get himself into that scrape about Canning's letter. I do not know what are vulgarly called the *rights* of the matter. Some of Canning's friends blame Campbell very severely.* As far as I can under-

* The occasion of this remark was the publication in the New Monthly Magazine, then edited by Mr. Campbell, of Mr. Canning's letter to one of his constituents, assigning the reasons of his resignation of office. This letter had been communicated to Mr. Campbell, who naturally supposed it intended for publication.

stand, he was really to blame; but I am quite persuaded it was from no dishonourable motive. He may be wayward and indiscreet, but he is I believe an upright person. In any ambiguous case, a man is entitled to the benefit of his past life in interpreting it—and if that has been quite honourable, he ought to be acquitted.

You are quite right in not making presents of your book. With such an immense acquaintance as you have, there would be no end of the trouble and waste. Murray has not yet sent it to me, but I shall make enquiry about it to-morrow. The nature of the subject which I am very imperfectly acquainted with, makes me less impatient than I otherwise should be for a work of your writing. I must reserve it for a time of more leisure, when I can read it with the attention it deserves, and, if it be necessary, consult other books.

Your praise of Mackintosh's Papers in the Edinburgh Review is liberal, but not excessive. I told him yesterday how much you liked it, with which he seemed pleased in no common degree. He is so good-natured a man, so kind in his encouragement of others, that one has a double satisfaction

Upon being informed of his mistake, he suddenly returned to town to stop the press, but was too late. Afterwards it appeared, although a mistake, to be a thing of no consequence whatever. I was myself perhaps the chief sufferer, by losing the pleasure of Mr. Campbell's society at Oxford.—ED.

in rendering due homage to his genius and acquirements. I am glad to find that so limited a plan, as that which he proposes, will content a reformer so zealous as yourself. He would keep the nomination boroughs, to which I thought you strongly objected. For my part, I am well enough content with the constitution as it is. This much, however, I must confess, that if public opinion—the opinion of men of sense and reflection like yourself, unconnected too with party—once turns against it, there ought to be a change. We anti-reformers stand upon *practical benefit*—now there is no talking about the *practical benefit* of a discredited constitution.

The Scotch part of the case is very pinching. Whenever that is brought before us, I shall feel some difficulty in deciding what part to take.

As to what he says about *carrying voters*, I have always been of his opinion. Tierney once proposed a bill to put a stop to the practice—but it was crushed almost in embryo by Mr. Fox—than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer. The common argument against it—“that it would disfranchise a great part of the poor electors,” is so absurd that I could never listen to it with temper.

The post is going.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

LETTER LIX.

9, New Street, March 8, 1821.

I HAVE taken your name out of the Travellers. I mention this first for fear it should escape me afterwards, as it has done on former occasions. It gives me great pleasure to find that we agree about Naples. Generally speaking, I am not very eager upon political questions. The importance attached to them is so often merely artificial and factious. But the conduct of the Barbarian Triumvirate has been so atrocious, and the doctrines by which they vindicate it are so dangerous, that I cannot think of them with patience, or help entertaining a mean opinion of their apologists and defenders. Luckily, however, the number of those is but small. Tories as well as Whigs have behaved well upon this occasion, and joined in expressing horror at such an outrage upon national independence. Stuart Wortley spoke on the subject in a manner becoming a great English gentleman. What passed in parliament will, I hope, do good. It will convince the gentlemen at Laybach that the opinion of the people of England is against them in the abominable "latrocinium" in which they are engaged—and it will oblige our government to observe an *honest*

neutrality, to which, to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting they were not inclined to adhere. The poor Neapolitans, must, I suppose, be overpowered, for if Austria fails, Russia is coming to her aid. Yet, I hope they will not yield without a struggle. Under Murat, they cut but a bad figure, and yet Napoleon had some excellent Neapolitan regiments in Russia. Poor Napoleon ! if it were not for our particular sake, I should begin to wish him back again. At any rate he was a great man ; but it is quite intolerable to see the greatest part of Europe bullied by a drawing-room coxcomb like Metternich.

Well ! What say you at Oxford to the progress the Roman Catholics are so evidently making towards an equal participation of all privileges ? Is it borne patiently, or will a great cry be raised ? Not that I think the bill will pass *this* year ; but the *intellectual* preponderance in its favour is so great in parliament, that one can hardly conceive either that or some such measure being very long delayed. The tone of opposition to it is lowered to the utmost point. The anti-catholics have but one advocate, and he so completely overmatched by his chief opponent that hardly the appearance of a struggle is maintained. I wish you had heard Plunkett. He had made great speeches before ; but in this he far surpassed them all. I have not

for many years heard such an astonishing display of talent. His style is quite peculiar; for its gravity and severity, I prefer it to all others of which I ever heard a specimen. If he had been bred in parliament I am inclined to think he would have been the greatest speaker that ever appeared in it. Adieu.

Yours always truly,
J. W. W.

LETTER LX.

9, New Street, April 9, 1821.

I TOOK your name out of the Travellers some time ago, as you desired. If Beloe has been pestering you on the subject, it is either his fault or that of the stupid people of the house. The committee too, I have been told, have a fancy that in such cases they ought to receive a written communication; but I did not choose to indulge them in being consequential and troublesome. As to your name having appeared on the board over the chimney piece, which your sensitive honesty deems an *exposure*, it is no exposure at all. No mortal troubles himself about the matter; you were in

excellent company, I promise you, and indeed many people make it a point not to pay till the last possible day. Only one point remains to be settled, and that is betwixt you and me. I find there were ten guineas to pay.

From our private finances we pass to those of the public. The enormous expenses of the late war must have borne heavily upon us at any rate, but we have very much aggravated the difficulty by what I take to be two equally palpable blunders. First came the depreciation, and Van's anti-arithmetical propositions, which will be a disgrace to parliament as long as any memory of them shall remain; and in the next place, what seems to me quite as mischievous, our heroic determination to pay twenty shillings where we had borrowed only sixteen or seventeen, and this upon some three or four hundred millions of money. Our embarrassments, at any rate, must have been considerable; but it is perhaps this that will make the difference betwixt *bearable* and *unbearable*. Most people say, that it is too late to retreat. Baring, however, has a plan for letting our currency down a peg or two, which he thinks would afford a good deal of ease. You know what he means to do, as he mentioned it lately in a speech. It is, to make *silver* as well as *gold* a legal tender. It is already cheaper in the market, and there are

accounts from South America which lead one to suppose that, from some improvement in the working of the mines, the price is likely to become still lower. I have no great confidence in my own judgment upon such matters ; but, I own, that at the first blush this project pleases me. You may say, that it is, at bottom, a breach of the public faith. So it is ; but as *effect*—I mean moral effect—is in these cases half the battle, and as the people of this country have already shewn that they are very willing to wink hard at bankruptcy, provided any sort of veil however flimsy is thrown over it, I think we ought not to scruple at such a mode of obtaining relief. It may be the means of preventing some more violent remedy. Observe, too, that the depreciation or bankruptcy—call it what you will—has a natural limit, the price of silver, which is very little likely to fall so low as to injure the public creditor materially. Pray give me some hint as to the nature of your scheme.

You have of course read Lord Waldegrave. Very prettily written, and very curious. There are some early traits of the character of that much over-praised person, George III. which particularly amused me. I believe he is too hard both upon Lord Temple, and upon Lord Bute.

I am not at all surprised at what you tell me

of the conduct of your Oxford people as to the Catholic question. It seems certain that the bill will be thrown out in the House of Lords. Some reckon upon a small majority of *Lay* peers in its favour, so that the bishops will have all the glory.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

What a delightful spring !

LETTER LXI.

9, New Street, Saturday, 21 April, 1821.

THE payment of the ten guineas, which has been already *effected*,—to use the technical phrase—must according to the clearest rules of equity, fall upon me. The debt was incurred by my neglect in not performing that which I had undertaken.

I beg pardon for having kept your financial project beyond the limits you assigned. I must now return it with thanks, but without remark, both because I do not see my way very clearly in this matter, and because I have no time to

write to-day. I wish we may be able to tide over this difficulty without running fairly a-ground. It looks very serious. And yet Van preserves all his cool intrepidity—and Ricardo is even encouraging. But then Van's courage may be the result of short-sightedness and phlegm; Ricardo is so enamoured of his principles, that he will not allow that where they have been carried into effect, any harm can ensue.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

P. S.—I have got through about half a volume of Bishop Tomline's *Life of Pitt*. It seems an useful addition to the materials of the history of our times. Perhaps the purchasers will think its bulk unnecessarily increased by most copious extracts from debates already in every body's hands. The account of Pitt's early years is rather meagre—especially coming from the person that had of all others the best opportunity of watching them. Two miserable letters from the late Lord Chatham. I have borrowed the book from the bishop's son, so I do not care how big it is, or how dear.

LETTER LXII.

Thun, September 10, 1821.

I MUST own that I did not come into this country with quite that fair disposition to be pleased that a traveller ought to bring with him. It would not be easy for me to assign the precise cause of this inequitable frame of mind. Perhaps it was owing to my having often heard Switzerland, very much be-praised by silly tiresome people—perhaps, too, because having seen some of the more famous and distant parts of Europe, I was unwilling to believe that there was anything so much more within reach, as well worth seeing. But if I was wrong in entertaining this prejudice, I have at least the merit of sacrificing it readily to experience. The beauty of this country is quite irresistible. I never travelled any where with so much pleasure. In other countries you are occasionally treated with a single fine scene—or you have, at the most, a good day or two, but here you have a perpetual succession of what is magnificent or delightful. I know you have seen the Lake of Lucerne, for your name with that of the Duncans is still to be found on the “fasti” of some of the neighbouring inns. It seems to me to rank high among the four or five finest

things I ever beheld—Cintra, Grenada, Gibraltar, the lakes in Italy, and the most striking parts of the kingdom of Naples. I hope you saw it all, for its variety is among its greatest merits—the part of it that stretches up to Altorf being as grand and terrific, as that towards Lucerne is brilliant and captivating. It is rich too in historical recollections—Tell's life seems to have been passed on its banks; and the Rüttli, both from its situation, and from the story belonging to it, is one of the most remarkable spots upon which a traveller can place his foot. Did you climb up the Rhigi? I do not know that the view from it can be called beautiful, but it is certainly very surprising from its extent and the number and magnitude of the objects it embraces. I like Grindelwald less than any thing else that I have seen. It is too bare and savage to please me. There by-the-bye I saw two glaciers, and, I confess, without any pleasure, and without much interest. Glaciers, I think, have been vastly over-rated as objects of curiosity. There is nothing of which it is more easy to form a correct idea without having seen it. One can have no difficulty in figuring to one's self a ravine or valley filled to a great depth with snow which accumulates faster in winter than it melts in summer. Indeed, this is one of the many cases in which

fancy is apt to outstrip reality. *Imagined* snow is always white, and so are *imagined* sheep, but the glaciers of Grindelwald are about the colour of a flock going through Islington on a dusty day, under the conduct of their Lincolnshire drover. But, perhaps, you will say that I ought to suspend my judgment till I have seen the glaciers of Chamouny—until then therefore I will hold my peace. I had a delightful ride yesterday along the banks of this lake—but it is far inferior to that of Lucerne. I came into this country much too late to make a complete tour of it—but it is lucky I did not come sooner, as the summer, till very late, was wet and cold. I have had time only for a few principal objects, and such as came most in my way. But this signifies less, as Switzerland is a country which, if I have life and health, I shall certainly re-visit. The days are already growing too short for a mountainous district and an uncertain climate, so that I am already on the retreat. I go to-day to Berne, and from thence I mean to proceed without delay to Vevay and Lausanne. Beyond the Pays de Vaud I have no fixed project; but it is not unlikely that I shall go, through Geneva and Lyons, to Marseilles, and from thence to Nice, with a view of spending part of the winter in that mild and sunny spot.

Do you care much about the affairs of the Greeks, which excite so lively an interest on the continent? For my part I am almost as enthusiastic on the subject as a German student—and I earnestly hope that no narrow over-refined notions about the balance of power will induce the English government to stretch out a saving hand to the Porte. I have always reckoned it to be the great disgrace of Christendom to suffer those hateful barbarians, the Turks, to remain encamped upon the finest and most renowned part of Europe for upwards of four centuries, during at least two of which it has been in our power to drive them out whenever we pleased. Let us at least have one civilized and Christian quarter of the globe, although it be the smallest. If three Christian sovereigns could divide Christian Poland, and that without any interference on the part of England, surely her safety cannot be bound up in the existence of a barbarous Mahometan despotism. Her influence and authority would, no doubt, be well employed in modifying the new arrangement that would arise upon the downfall of the Ottoman power, *e.g.* in preventing it from turning too much to the profit of the Russians, and too little to that of the Greeks; but it would be a paltry mistaken policy to prevent the expulsion of the Turks from Europe,

where they have only appeared as usurpers and tyrants.

I have had no direct accounts from England for some time past ; but I picked up a Galignani the other day, in which the contest for Oxford had ended in favour of Heber. I am glad of it on many accounts ; because he is a friend of yours — because he is an old acquaintance of mine—because he is a gentleman and a scholar,—and, not least of all, because I think he is likely to act honestly and independently. His own notions, for I take him to be a Tory, will naturally lead him to support the government of the day ; but he will be content to consider the honour the University has done him as the *end*, and not as a mere stepping-stone to selfish objects of a lower order ; he will not, as is so often done, sell piece-meal a mark of confidence so honourably and freely bestowed upon him. This is a less slight praise, than it, perhaps, at first sight, seems. For I have so often seen the political life of persons, in stations of high public confidence, pass away in compliance on the part of the individual, and jobs on the part of the government, that I am apt to reckon upon that as the usual mode of proceeding, and to consider a more generous conduct as the exception.

Our domestic squabbles seem daily to assume

a more vulgar and barbarous form. The scene at the wretched queen's funeral was quite disgraceful to the nation. The great genius and high connections of Mr. Fox gave some dignity to faction; but now that the rabble have shaken off all liberal and gentlemanlike influence, and chosen leaders of their own kidney, their proceedings become altogether ferocious and disgusting.

Berne, 12th.

Another delightful ride from Thun. An appearance, too, of ease, comfort, and neatness, that equals, or even surpasses, England. Though to judge of the comparative situation of the inhabitants requires details of information such as in a very rapid visit it is impossible to procure. But I have seen enough to convince me that Switzerland is to be numbered among the most favourable specimens of human existence. I rode over to Hofwyl this noon; but as I had not thought of providing myself with letters to Mr. Fellenberg, my visit was but to little purpose. I wanted to form some notion of a new system of education, and a very civil young man showed me several cows crammed together in a hot dirty stable, a riding-house, some poles, up which the boys are taught to climb as a part of their gymnastic exercises, and an admirable new-invented churn. All

this did not help me much ; but I do not complain, for it is not to be expected that Mr. Fellenberg is to take the trouble of expounding his plans to every unknown stranger. Direct as usual, “chez Messrs. Ardoin and Hubbard, No. 7, Rue Bergère, à Paris.

Ever most truly yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXIII.

Nice, November 27, 1821.

THE last number of the Edinburgh Review has found its way here. So far as I can observe it does not contain a single paper of distinguished merit. Nothing that even reminds one of the brilliant æra of that journal. If you had not served me for a scholiast upon your own calumniator, I should never have guessed that the scurrility of the paper on classical education was directed against the Provost of Oriel. Though I am sufficiently *thin-skinned*, yet I am sure that such abuse would give me no pain. In the first place, not one reader in ten thousand will ever dream that you are the person intended, and those that are in the secret, that is, the resident Oxford men, and none other, will detest the malignity, and despise the impotence of the attack. A-

caricature, to be ludicrous, must bear some resemblance to the life, a calumny to be effectual must approach to some truth—or supposed truth. But to attack you and your college about your conduct in elections to fellowships, is I apprehend, really to take the bull by the horns. The character which the society bears in the world is a sufficient evidence of the judgment and fidelity with which your right of co-optation has been exercised; and to those that are at all acquainted with the internal history of the University that the vast improvement upon the practice of former times, begun under your feeble but well-intentioned predecessor, and completed under your own management. The admission of such a paper does great discredit to Jeffrey, not only on the score of taste, but on that of some qualities far more essential than taste. But the truth is that the conduct of a journal, the two great objects of which are, to create a *great sensation*, and to assail the existing order of things at all points, is no task for a very good-natured man, or a sturdy moralist.*

I am glad you saw Bobus. You can hardly

* I am happy in being able to say, that, a few years after, a very ample and respectful apology, with many expressions of deep regret and self-reproach, was made to me by the writer of this article.—Ed.

fail to have been struck with the vigour of his understanding, and the variety and extent of his knowledge. Besides he is an excellent person, upright and kind-hearted. It is very provoking that his success in parliament should have been so entirely disproportionate to his talents. It has made him a less happy and less useful man. But though no speaker, his known abilities and entire freedom from party views and party objects, give to him no inconsiderable weight. I see but little of him except in the House, when we generally sit next each other. It is impossible to have a more agreeable neighbour. He shuns society which is so much benefited by his presence. Formerly he had great spirits, but his failure in parliament, and still more the loss of a favourite child, who died about three years ago, are supposed to lie heavily on his mind. I am acquainted with his sons of whom you make honourable mention; but only enough to have remarked their fine persons and pleasing manners. One of them, I am told, has considerable talents. Those talents have wanted no advantage of cultivation, not only at the best places of education, but at home where their father has bestowed great pains upon them.

I will not accept your compliments upon what you are pleased to call my conversion. I will not consent to be treated as a raw recruit, as a mere

proselyte of the gate. I *always* delighted in fine scenery; but I always preferred, and do still prefer the rich and beautiful to the rude and terrible features of nature. I go for once out of curiosity to see a glacier, and I can gaze now and then with wonder upon the peak of Mont Blanc. Such objects improve the prospect when they bound the horizon at a great distance. But for my *near* views give me the banks of my favourite lake of Lucerne, or the cheerfulness and luxuriance of such a country as the Palatinate, to which I can recur with constant and increasing satisfaction. After all it is not the tourists that have the best of these scenes. Completely to enjoy them one should be able to attach to them those associations which are the result of protracted residence, which endear to men even the flats and swamps of Holland; but which, superadded to that interest which naturally belongs to fine country, occasion some of the strongest and most delightful feelings of the human heart.

It is certainly much to be lamented that we have not a government strong enough or wise enough to apply a remedy to those evils which threaten us from the state of our finances, and still more of our poor-laws. And yet these are the men, the only men, we have to look to. A change is neither to be hoped nor expected. The

conduct of opposition is such as must more and more alienate from them all reasonable and honest men. There is no longer a choice for those that see their real drift, and do not aim at a total overthrow of the constitution. That Will-o'-the-Wisp seems now to be leading them into a horrible quagmire. I have known this man all my life. He is a brave good-natured fellow.

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I see by the papers that he has been drawn in a sort of mock triumph to Howick, and the distinguished nobleman who resides there is, of course, determined to support him through thick and thin. He is now become, I presume, in some measure his military adviser.

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I cannot help suspecting that his Majesty's late journeys to see his kingdoms of Ireland and Hanover will not, on the whole, redound much to his

honour or advantage. His manners no doubt, are, when he pleases, very graceful and captivating. No man knows better how to add to an obligation by the way of conferring it. But on the whole he wants dignity, not only in the seclusion and familiarity of his more private life, but on public occasions. The secret of popularity in very high stations seems to consist in a somewhat reserved and lofty, but courteous and *uniform* behaviour. Drinking toasts, shaking people by the hand, and calling them Jack and Tom, gets more applause at the moment, but fails entirely in the long run. He seems to have behaved not like a sovereign coming in pomp and state to visit a part of his dominions, but like a popular candidate come down upon an electioneering trip. If the day before he left Ireland he had stood for Dublin, he would, I dare say, have turned out Shaw or Grattan. Henry IV. is a dangerous example for sovereigns that are not like him, splendid chevaliers, and consummate captains. Louis XIV. who was never seen but in a full-bottomed wig, even by his valet-de-chambre, is a much safer model.

I came here from Switzerland by way of France, along the banks of the Rhone, an ugly useless river, and through Provence, an arid country infested by the mistral. But I am glad to have

seen the antiquities at Nismes, and still more the Pont de Gard which astonishes one even after what one has seen at Rome. Most places fall short of description. Nice exceeds in beauty and climate all that I have heard in its praise, Virgil talks of the "*alienis mensibus æstas*." I can assure you that at Nice it has fairly cribbed November from the Winter. . In the course of it we have had rain once for about half an hour, three or four partially cloudy days, the rest perpetual sunshine. The thermometer stands in the middle of the day in a northern aspect at betwixt 63° and 68°, at night it goes down about ten degrees. So you see the contrast is by no means formidable. I speak of two hours before midnight. Just before sunrise it is probably colder. As yet never the slightest suspicion of damp. I live, like most of the English, in a suburb called the Croix de Marbre which extends about a mile along the coast. I look over orange groves to the sun and the sea. There are three excellent drives on good roads for invalids. The rides and drives are endless and beautiful. When this letter reaches you, as it probably will in ten or twelve days, recollect that I am writing within sight of a plantation of sugar-canes. No such improvement of climate can be obtained any where else, at any thing like the same distance

from home. Ten easy days' posting take one to Paris at any season—and an ἀνὰ εὐχρονος may, like the courier, do it in a week. Our society is rather scanty this winter; but still sufficient for those that find any resource in reading. Your avocations I know are numerous; but this will reach you just before the Christmas holidays. In the course of them you will have some leisure. If you will bestow a few minutes of it upon me you will give a real pleasure. We have rather a remarkable young man here, a Mr. Talbot, a Wiltshire gentleman of independent fortune. He was high in the list of wranglers at Cambridge. Hallam showed me his Greek prize-exercise which had struck him, a very competent judge, with its extraordinary merit. He is rather *unlicked*, but that don't signify. We have fine gentlemen enough. He is very laborious, not so much I think out of vanity or even ambition as from the mere love of what he is acquiring. He has an innate love of knowledge, and rushes towards it as an otter does to a pond. He bids fair to be a distinguished man. Direct as usual.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXIV.

Nice, March 8, 1822.

I AM quite ashamed when I look at the date of your last friendly, agreeable, unanswered letter. As you are liberal enough to correspond with me upon the terms of Glaucus's bargain, I certainly ought not to slack in carrying on a commerce so advantageous to me. But Nice supplies no topics, and whether from the influence of the climate, or the absence of the usual stimulus of society, (of which there is but little), I have for the last few months been not only lazy, which I am afraid is my habitual state, but even torpid, which I do not think is my nature. On the whole, I have not been lucky in my choice of a winter to spend here. It has been so mild every where, that I have not gained very much in point of climate, and, in every other respect, I have undoubtedly been a loser.

One of the inconveniences of Nice is, that in winter it is not easy to go away from it, either towards the south on account of the roads, or towards the north on that of the weather. This year it has so happened that one might have left it with safety and convenience at any time, but in general the journey to Paris, in the early part of

the year, is too cold and damp to be undertaken by a person whose health, like my own, requires a good deal of care to prevent its failing them altogether. Had it not been for this obstacle, I should have been glad to attend the opening of the session; but as it is already too late to get home before Easter, I shall perhaps make up my mind to play truant entirely. It has begun languidly, promises little, and will probably end soon. The state of the division shews a slack attendance, and unless I am deceived by looking at the debates through so unfavourable a medium as the reports Galignani copies into his paper, they have hardly sustained the reputation of the English parliament for wisdom and eloquence. I hear, however, that Brougham's speech was a very considerable performance. Government seem determined to maintain both the sinking fund and the present state of the currency. Both decisions, I am inclined to think, are wise; if it is possible to adhere to them, which your view of the subject must lead you very strongly to doubt. The position you maintain against Ricardo is most important, and if you succeed in establishing it, must conduct us to conclusions very different indeed from those upon which our present system of finance is founded. If the depreciation was 30 per cent., it is utterly inconceivable how the coun-

try should bear such an enormous load of additional debt, as was suddenly thrown upon it by a recurrence to cash payments. I shall be very anxious to see the paper that is to appear in the Quarterly Review upon that subject. Lord Lansdowne writes word to a correspondent here, that every thing in England has fallen in price, except the Grenvilles. They certainly have made an excellent bargain, in proportion to their talents, reputation, and numerical strength. Were Lord G. still in the full vigour of life and exertion, one should not be surprised at any sacrifice made to obtain so powerful a support; but by his retirement from public affairs, one would have thought that the value of his family was reduced near to that of the half dozen votes they can bring into a division.

I suspect and fear that Canning will end by going to India, though I have heard nothing from himself, and know little more than is to be collected from the papers. It will be a singular and unsatisfactory termination to the career of the greatest orator in either house of parliament, of a man too whose talents have always been directed towards the support of a system of policy, which has succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. Voltaire observes, that men succeed less by their talents than their character: I

should have preserved the French word "caractère," to which the English one is hardly an equivalent. He is comparing Mazarin and De Retz. Walpole and Bolingbroke make a similar pair in the next century: Castlereagh and Canning are remarkable examples of the truth of the maxim which our own days have furnished.

What say you to this project of lending money to the parishes? At the first blush it appears to me very wrong in principle, and quite inefficient for its purpose. Mr. Pitt, indeed, advanced money to commercial houses, under what he believed, and what turned out to be, a temporary difficulty; but when these millions are gone and spent, we shall be just where we were. I suspect that both this measure, and the repeal of the duty on malt, are mere tubs to the whale, expedients for silencing the clamours of that "ignorant impatience," which calls upon parliament and government to *do something*; often when they ought either to do nothing, or when the right thing to do is that to which the complainants would most object.

I am not without apprehensions as to the tranquillity of France. The king for a long time tried to steer a middle course betwixt the parties. They united for a moment to compel him to depart from that course, and choose one or the

other. He chose, as was natural, the friends to his office and family. The Ultras are now masters, and it remains to be seen whether they are strong enough to contend with the fury and despair of their adversaries. I hope they are; for though they will probably end by carrying the authority of the crown, and the influence of the church, much higher than I should wish, yet they will never be able (even if they are willing) completely to re-establish the old despotism, and I should think anything short of it preferable to another revolution, which would involve Europe in another war.

This little county of Nice is rather a prosperous district. There are no duties upon any sort of importation, so that every thing that is wanted from other countries is cheap. It is impossible to conceive agricultural industry carried higher. One never sees a spot of earth a yard square, even in the clefts and on the shelves of the steepest mountains, that the spade has not brought into the most perfect cultivation. My plans are (as they are wont to be) unsettled. But as the Col de Fende is open (the first time these forty years at this early season) I shall probably go first to Turin. When you are charitably disposed, write to me. You must not consider your letters as

wholly thrown away, where they give so much pleasure, though for any return that I make I do not much deserve them.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXV.

Turin, March 29, 1822.

THE south, or at least the south-east of France, is so odious a country, both from its climate and its aspect, its *mistral* and its dreary barren hills, that when I passed through it in autumn I made a vow, if possible, never to behold it again. From Nice there are two ways of going, without passing through Provence; one by the Corniche, the other over the Col de Fende. The Corniche is, I believe, the most interesting road, but as committing one's carriage to a felucca, for an uncertain passage, is a disagreeable thing, and as I had some reasons for wishing to pass a day or two at Turin, I preferred the Col; I might live half a century without being able again to pass it at this season of the year. Generally, it is obstructed with snow till full a month later, and the passage, if effected at all, must be made upon a sledge.

But this has been an "Annus Mirabilis" as to climate, and wheels have gone over the summit without obstruction since the 29th February. As the highest point, over which the road passes, is upwards of a thousand feet lower than the Mont Genis, and as it is also more to the south, it is not easy to account for the greater depth and duration of the snow upon it. Independently of that circumstance, the passage by the Col de Fende is made more troublesome by two very obstinate hills that precede it. The journey from Nice to Coni, which, as there is no post, you must go with horses hired for the whole distance, is divided into three days, so that you have a Col a-day. They are called by the uncouth names of Braus and Bruis. You end the first day with Braus, begin the second with Bruis, and on the third the Col de Fende itself comes somewhat inconveniently in the midst of your labours. Braus and Bruis take about four hours a-piece, and the Col de Fende did not require above half an hour more. From Nice to la Ghiandola, the resting-place on the second day's journey, the road is far less interesting than that through the Valais, or that from Chambery to Lanslebourg. The mountains, indeed, sometimes assume a striking appearance, but they are almost wholly destitute of wood. Betwixt la Ghiandola and Fende the road winds through a

narrow gorge, by the side of a stream. To right and left you are hemmed in by perpendicular rocks, that rise to a prodigious height, and form a scene awful enough to be compared to Lauterbrunn, on the southern extremity of the lake of Lucerne. The climate of Nice accompanies you till within a few miles of Fende; then it grows a little colder, and you exchange the olive for the chestnut tree; not but that I found the climate of Fende sufficiently mild. When I went to bed the thermometer stood at 56 (at about eight o'clock); and at four, when I rose, it had not sunk below 50. Even towards the summit the cold was by no means severe. On the northern side of the mountain there was a little snow lying upon a few yards of the road—not more than the workmen employed upon it might have removed in half a day, if they did not prefer sitting still, and yawning in each other's faces, to doing their duty; even that little was already giving way to the influence of the sun. The road itself is altogether in a state that does credit to the Piemon-tese government. The view from the highest point is by no means what I should have expected; the plain is intercepted by another chain of hills. I should apologise to most people for these details of a journey, or rather I should spare myself both the details and the apology, but I know you rather

like to receive them. Let superstition and despotism be as bad as they may, it is impossible to maintain, after having seen this country, that they prevent rural industry from being carried to its highest pitch. Holland is not more like a garden than Piemont; none of the Swiss Cantons surpass the elaborate cultivation of the county of Nice. The eye would in vain search for a palm's breadth of soil, capable of bearing any thing that is allowed to lie idle. Nature is every where tasked to her utmost. By means of a series of narrow terraces, raised one above another with admirable neatness and care, the sides of the steepest hills are made productive, and one often sees spots in full cultivation to which even to have climbed would seem an achievement; and yet this is a state in which the king's "*motu proprio*" supersedes the sentence of the law, and where it is employed not only in matters of public concern, but in litigations betwixt private persons, and where the inhabitants bow down before relics with all the blind devotion of the 12th century.

This has been a most uninteresting session of parliament. At Nice I saw nothing but Galigani, and was inclined to impute the apparent badness of the speeches to the imperfection of the reports. But here I have been looking at the Chronicle and the Courier, in which they cut just

as poor a figure. Opposition, led by Mr. Hume! is become quite despicable. The degradation of one side produces slovenliness on the other, and hitherto the houses have produced very little indeed of which an Englishman can be proud. From a letter of Plunkett's, I see it is not likely that the Catholic question will be brought forward. Government does not seem inclined to meddle either with the currency or the poor-laws, and the whole war will resolve itself into a succession of affairs of post—mere squabbles about the details of economy. As the estimates have been brought in early, these cannot be spun out through half the summer, as they were last year.

Florence, April 14th, 1822.

I wrote thus far at Turin. As I was accidentally interrupted, I laid aside my papers, and have been prevented partly by the occupations of a journey, and partly too, I am afraid, by my usual indisposition towards writing, from taking it up again till this moment. I was then undetermined whether or not to cross the Alps; but the dread of northern blasts, and the love of Italy prevailed. I came here by way of Genoa. You have been there, and therefore must remember the disagreeable passage over the Bocchetta. That is now avoided. As far as Novi the road

is the same. You there turn a little to the left, and then wind along the valleys almost to Genoa. There is but one considerable ascent, and even that is by no means sufficient to be troublesome. There is nothing in which the present age has a more manifest advantage over the *wisdom of our ancestors*, than in our different way of directing the line of roads—*round* hills instead of *over* them. It is only within these few months, that it has been possible to go from Genoa to La Spezia in a carriage. Even now the road is incomplete, and from Borghetta there are seven horrible miles partly along the bed of a torrent, where absolutely nothing has been done. I was obliged to hasten my departure from Genoa, in order to pass at all. The road in its present state was kept open for the Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia. As soon as she was gone, it was to be shut, in order to avoid interruption to the workmen. When it is finished, it will be a very noble and useful work. Most travellers will prefer this way into Tuscany, to the old road by Parma or Placentia. It is quite as short, far more easy, and far more interesting. It is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the coast from Genoa to Sestri. You then pass some mountains, which are, I own, too savage and barren for my taste. Fairy-land begins again

at La Spezia. I crossed a part of the gulph to Lerici. From hence a promontory stretches out about half a mile into the sea. At the end of it stands a ruined convent. If any one can behold the prospect from this point without the liveliest delight, he may as well own at once that external nature has no charm for him. He may vest his capital in the county of Cambridge or Huntingdon, without any loss of pleasure. At Carrara, I met with an accident, which has turned out comparatively slight, but which might easily have proved fatal. In order to go more expeditiously from Carrara itself to the quarries, I mounted a post-horse. In a narrow part of the path rising some feet above the bed of a rocky brook that flowed beside it, the animal refused to go on. I urged him—he retreated, and rolled over with me into the water. I escaped with two or three slight contusions, and rather a deep cut in my head. But no serious harm is done, though for the first few minutes I was sadly shattered and stunned. I was conducted to a house which I took for an inn, and attended very civilly by a man who spoke tolerably good English, whom I took for a waiter. But the inn turned out to be a palace, and the waiter a nobleman of an illustrious Italian family—the Marquis Pisani. He was really very kind to me; but the fact is, that

with all their faults, the Italians are a very good-natured people. My wound was dressed by the surgeon of the place. I suspect that some branches, at least, of the healing art have made considerable progress in this country, of late years. I was quite surprised at this man's intelligence and skill. To be sure there was no great deal to do, but I am persuaded that Mr. Cline could not have done it better. I suffer no inconvenience except that of being obliged to wear a cap for a few days.

I have just received a visit from an old acquaintance of ours, Sir John Malcolm. He has come overland from India, by way of Egypt, and the Ionian Islands. As he goes directly to England, I shall trouble him to be the bearer of this letter, though I generally do not like "amateur" conveyances; but he is a man of business, and may be depended upon. His Herculean frame has, I am sorry to see, yielded in some degree to the effects of *glir* te and fatigue. But his spirits are unabated, he retires content with himself, and with his employers; and his health has not so far declined that it may not be recruited by repose, and his native air. I have ventured to tell him that I am sure you will be happy in an opportunity of renewing your acquaintance with him. He seems to have exe-

cuted, or caused to be executed, a very curious statistical work upon the central part of India. Canning, it seems, Governor-General! It is impossible to say that this is the most natural or desirable termination to the career of the most distinguished speaker in the English parliament; but I have no doubt but that the appointment is a fortunate one for the country he is sent to govern. In his case, I think I should have judged differently, and preferred the House of Commons.

I shall look anxiously forward for the next No. of the Q. R., on account of a paper on finance which I have been told is likely to appear in it. Government, it is evident, looks to some considerable improvement in the situation of the country before the next session, or it would never have courage to leave things as they are. I ought to be thinking of my return—but it is difficult to leave Italy in this season.

Ever most truly yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXVI.

Modena, May 23, 1822

FOR the last two or three years I have been happy to observe that your health and spirits

have neither of them appeared to fail you, but on one or two former occasions I have heard you complain of a melancholy and depression which were highly distressing. I was sincerely sorry for this calamity. I was at that time unable to judge of its extent from my own experience. Lately I have suffered too, and have at this moment hardly escaped from a visitation of that sort, which has enabled me to form but too just a notion of what you must have gone through. If I recollect right, I wrote to you from Florence soon after my arrival there from Nice by way of Turin and Genoa. I had intended to stay there only about a fortnight, but I was induced by one reason or another, none of them very good, to linger on for upwards of five weeks. Of the delay, I have had abundant cause to repent. For the last week I laboured under such a fit of anxiety, nervousness, irresolution, and despondency, attended by a derangement of the stomach, as made life quite loathsome to me. I ascribe this misfortune to two causes—to my having allowed some unpleasant circumstances to dwell too constantly upon my thoughts, and to staying in Italy after the hot weather had set in, for experience has at last convinced me that great heat, though agreeable, is highly pernicious to me.

My way of life had certainly contributed nothing towards bringing me into the state I have described. I am always temperate, and for many months past I had been even more than usually so. In short, if I had been the General of the Franciscans, my example would have been edifying to the whole order. I had just strength of mind and body left to come away, and am thus far on my way to Geneva and Paris. A friend of mine, Mr. F. Pigou, a sensible, accomplished man, joins me as far as Milan. His society and kindness have been of great comfort to me. For the first day or two, the state of my spirits must have made me a vile companion; but the change of air has already done me good, and I hope that the first breeze from the Alps will restore me to a more reasonable and cheerful frame of mind. I shall begin to be as fond of mountains as you are. My strength and spirits revived rapidly while I was in the Appenines, and sunk again as quickly when I descended into the oven of Bologna. I ought perhaps to apologize for writing all this about myself; yet to be wholly silent upon that subject when any particular occasion prompts one to speak of it, seems affected and unfriendly, as always to be speaking of it is tiresome and absurd. Besides, you may hear from others what it is better you

should have in a more direct and authentic way from myself.

At Florence I saw the last No. of the Q. R. and looked in it eagerly for a paper upon finance which I had been taught to expect. I suppose it is destined for the next, though it would have been better if it could have appeared while parliament was sitting. After all, the resources of the country are prodigious, and in spite of our enormous burthens, rendered so much and so unnecessarily heavier by the mistake into which we fell as to the currency, I should not be surprised, if, in a very few years, supposing peace to last, England were to be more flourishing than ever.

What do you think of the last plan for reducing the five millions to a less sum payable for a longer period? I have only caught a hasty glimpse of Lord Londonderry's speech, and I did not quite understand from it what taxes he means to take off in consequence of this measure. Hitherto I am inclined to suspect that we have not gone upon right principles in the reduction of taxes. Should we not do wisely to repeal some of those that most discourage expenditure at home? The sum now annually spent abroad by English people, is really a con-

siderable national object. I do not speak of lounging bachelors like myself, or of families that go to spend a winter in Italy and return again as soon as it is over; but of the thousands that are settled in dull towns in France and Flanders, purely from motives of economy. Now provisions are almost, if not quite as cheap at home, but the assessed taxes and (ludicrous as it may appear,) I suspect the dearness of wine keep them away. Cheap claret and the hand of the tax-gatherer laid more lightly upon small establishments, would, I am persuaded, bring half of them back again. Most of the English that inhabit foreign countries hate foreigners and foreign habits, and will be most happy to return to their own fire-sides, if they were enabled to do so by a moderate sacrifice of comforts and indulgences.

Milan, May 29th.

The above was written at Modena. Instead of taking the direct road to Milan, we went by Mantua to the lake of Garda, through Brescia and Bergamo to Lecco, and from thence by water to Como. When I was first in this part of Italy, I had not seen the Swiss Lakes.

Upon comparison, I think they have the advantage of their southern rivals. The lakes of Lucerne and Thun seem to me greatly to surpass what I have seen of Como and of Garda. Yet the scene about La Cadenabbia, where the Lecco branch joins that of Como, is very beautiful. But they have not the grandeur, the variety, or the cheerfulness of the Swiss scenery. If they have any advantage, it consists in a certain softness that belongs to a better climate. In the finest weather and in the loveliest spots in Switzerland, one is alarmed by the traces of a rude ungenial nature.

I mean to write to you again from Geneva, where I am not without hopes of finding a letter from you. We came yesterday, and as the town is insufferably hot, we leave it to-day. My next letter will, I trust, contain less about the writer; and be in a more cheerful tone.

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXVII.

Paris, June 17th, 1822.

I HAVE to thank you at once for two letters—one dated April 8th, which I found about ten days

ago on my arrival at Geneva—the other, quite recent (June 5th,) which I had the pleasure to receive the day before yesterday, when I got to Paris. The last time I wrote to you was from Milan — a bad place, by-the-bye, to write from, as I am inclined to suspect, that the post-office there is either irregular or unfaithful in its proceedings. Until I know the contrary, however, I shall suppose that my letter has reached you. Since that, my journey has presented to me nothing interesting. I came straight to Geneva, and from there as directly to Paris. It was some satisfaction to me to observe that all the stories about the Simplon road being suffered to fall into ruin are utterly untrue. It is in a state that indicates constant and judicious care.

It is generally foolish and tiresome to write about oneself; but there are occasions on which one can hardly avoid it. In my last, I complained of my health, and still more of my spirits. I am obliged to renew the complaint. In spite of the most rigid undeviating temperance, my stomach is almost constantly disordered; and what is a thousand times worse, the gloom and anxiety under which I suffered, have been rarely chased away even for a moment by more agreeable thoughts. I was in some hopes that change of air and scene would afford me relief; but

even here I find myself under the dominion of my old enemy, from whom, I begin to fear, that it is impossible to escape. Sometimes I recover a little, and look back to the state of mind in which I have been for some time past, as to a horrible dream; but even there is something humiliating as well as painful in the recollection of such despondency, and contemptible incapacity for all useful effort, or indeed, for efforts of any kind. If this lasts much longer, I shall have great difficulty in knowing what to do. I am unfit for solitude, for I cannot amuse myself. I am unfit for society, for I cannot contribute my share towards amusing others. However, I will trouble you no more at present upon this disagreeable topic; only if you hear that I am much changed, you may believe it.

Of late, I have been able to read but very little; yesterday, however, I looked over the paper you mention in the Edinburgh Review upon Lord Byron. It seems to me extremely well done. As to what is said in it as to the moral tendency of his writings, he will care little or nothing for that; but the remarks upon the sterility of his invention of characters, will, I dare say, sting him to the quick. But is it not quite deplorable that in the midst of all this sound enlightened criticism, Jeffrey should quote, with approbation,

a passage in which Lord Byron chose to predict a revolution, in the hope, no doubt, that the prophecy may contribute to its own accomplishment. For my part, I cannot help flattering myself, in spite of a great deal of distress, and some discontent, that this event is highly improbable. It appears to me that the people of England are advancing in knowledge and good sense. Party spirit seems to be (in our part of the island at least,) less blind and furious than it used to be. There is less factious opposition (I am not speaking of the House but of the country,) to the ministry, and less factious support of it. People do not abandon themselves so entirely to certain leaders, but exercise a more discriminating judgment upon each question as it arises. What I am most afraid of is parliamentary reform; but I think that the experience of this very session must have convinced all reasonable men, that though the present House of Commons is not the direct and complete representative of the people, yet that on the other hand, it is quite as far removed from being a servile tool in the hands of the Government. Public opinion strongly expressed is sure to controul its votes. Opposition complains very much that it is an innovation in our mode of carrying on affairs, for a ministry that is beat upon particular points to retain office,

If it is an innovation, I think it is also an improvement. It is quite monstrous that parliament should be obliged to give a blind confidence to the chiefs of one or the other faction, and that it should only have a choice of masters.

I am glad you are become personally acquainted with Huskisson. Besides possessing considerable abilities, and, upon some subjects, extensive knowledge, he is cheerful, good-natured, and obliging; a man of the world of the best sort. When you come to converse with him upon other topics than those to which the purpose of your first interview limited you, you will find that nothing can be more rational and agreeable than his conversation. I do not think he has been well treated in the late arrangement. He has surely earned a seat in the Cabinet. His connection with Canning, or probably too the lowness of his origin have, I suppose, stood in his way.

I never trouble myself about French society when I am here. I have found it neither very accessible nor very agreeable. Mere accident, however, brought me yesterday into company with M. de Villèle. He is understood to be by far the most important member of the French Government. The slight glimpse I caught of him made upon me an agreeable impression. He seems a modest, unaffected man. The truth

I take to be, that France is, at this moment, a very prosperous and well governed country. The fury of the "left side" of the chamber, only inclines me to think the better of the party in power.

Caution, I suppose, is a valuable quality in an editor — but Gifford's is pushed to excess. The method of pamphlet had of course presented itself to you, and been rejected upon deliberation.*

* This relates to a paper in the Quarterly Review on the Currency Question, which was reprinted as a pamphlet in 1830. That paper was written after long study of the subject, and nearly twenty years of experience since it was written have confirmed me in the opinions there maintained, and have, I think, proved the correctness of its reasoning: but mankind are unwilling to believe that what skilful practical men find difficult and perplexing can be resolved into a few simple principles, the forgetfulness of which had caused all the difficulty. The temporary prosperity also which springs from an extensive paper currency not only blinds the eyes of the public at large, but raises up numerous interests among individuals whose profits depend upon a continuance of the delusion. The patient is accordingly flattered by nostrums which give immediate ease, but really increase the malady; until at length a crisis comes, which demands a desperate remedy. The alternative is, either a debasement of the coinage (which is national bankruptcy, i. e. paying so much in the pound—and this has been the usual remedy for insolvency with all the governments of Europe,) or a severe re-action on the victims of the delusion, which causes embarrassment and stagnation in trade, and ruin to thousands who lived and flourished upon the ideal property. A dreadful dilemma! America is now suffering under it, and is probably doomed to undergo still greater convulsions before the cure can be effected, boundless as her physical resources are.

Unfortunately too, in such a state of things, a large party are ever prone to run into the opposite extreme. Struck with dismay

Half of the debate on Western's motion has reached Paris ; but I have not read it yet. I presume it is too late to re-tread our steps ; and yet how provoking it is to think what a different situation we should probably have been in, if the blunder had never been committed. After a few days' rest I mean to go over to England. When I arrive I shall write to you, though, perhaps, in the present state of my mind, the kindest thing I can do to my friends, is to let them alone.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

[FROM this time till the beginning of August the correspondence assumes a new, and a very distressing character ; insomuch, that it has been a matter of some deliberation, whether it ought to

at the fatal consequences of excess, they preach up, not temperance, but total abstinence. They are for *no* paper money. Thus it ever is—*Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*. They are disposed to anything except moderation. The plain truth is, that convertibility at the will of the holder is the one sufficient security against depreciation;—and if ever this convertibility is restrained, either by the law (as it was in England for more than 20 years) or by public opinion equivalent to law (as it has been for many years in America) the system becomes bloated and plethoric, although exhibiting many of the outward appearances of health ; and a course of depletion must be submitted to, with all its mortifications, in order to save life.—ED.

be laid before the public or not. But my judgment was, after much hesitation, at length fully decided for it. Imperfections of character, indeed, moral faults and aberrations, infirmities of temper, or the grosser errors of opinion ought never to be exposed, except for the benefit of mankind: and then the task belongs not to a personal friend, much less, if the evidence of such infirmities came into his possession through the confidence of friendship, and in full reliance upon his fidelity. But in the instance before us, no one of these objections applies. The altered tone is purely the result of physical disease. There is alternate depression and agitation of spirits, and morbid anxiety, and deep distress—but there is no aberration of mind—no fatuity—no delusion—much less any obliquity of moral sentiment. The powerful intellect, the acute perception, are ever apparent through the gloom: while the estimable moral qualities and religious principles, which in the gaiety of social intercourse or the bustle of life were sometimes disguised, but which really formed the basis of his character, now shone more brightly, from the cessation of those sparkling lights which attracted the admiration of the world, and often dazzled the eyes of those who most lived in his society.

Another consideration also had its weight with me. If my friend's reputation should be not only

uninjured but even heightened by the disclosure, I could not but think it a public service to record an example of such sufferings, happily of no long duration, and succeeded by years of recovered health and happiness; since it must tend to administer solace and support to others when visited with similar affliction. It may calm the agitation of many a wounded mind, and may reconcile them to themselves, and counteract the influence of despondency, to know that their case is not singular—that it is one of the ills which flesh is heir to. And they will surely be encouraged to hope that the cloud which hangs over them may soon pass away, as it did from one who, with an understanding naturally strong and vigorous, felt as they feel, and yet within a few weeks regained his ordinary tone of spirits, and the enjoyment of life with all its blessings.

Let me add that the professional document recorded in the Preface is a satisfactory proof of the physical cause of this disorder.

I proceed therefore to give, without mutilation, as affording a lively portraiture of his case, and of his character under a new and severe trial, the series of letters which were written while this disease prevailed, after his arrival from the Continent.]

LETTER LXVIII.

9, New Street, Monday, June 24, 1822.

I ARRIVED here last night. I mention this in order that you may know where to direct whenever you are good enough to write. I am in tolerable health, but *low* to a degree of which I am ashamed, without being able to help it.

Mr. Stewart was good enough, in my absence, to send me a copy of his Dissertation. I have read a few pages. Pleasing, full of learning on his subject, but surely over-cautious, and I think a little *senile*.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXIX.

Friday, June 28, 1822.

I AM very sorry to have missed your first letter, but it will be forwarded to me without delay.

Your kindness and friendship give me all the pleasure that I am capable of receiving in my present gloomy state.

On the whole, perhaps, I am something better,

but still sadly low and incapable of effort of any kind. Indeed, there is nothing that I so much dread.

This attack has been coming on for some time. If I had been better aware of its nature, I might have guarded against its approach. As it is, I am quite under the dominion of very tormenting feelings. It is in vain that my reason tells me that the view I take of any unpleasant circumstances in my situation is exaggerated. Anxiety—regret for the past—apprehensive uneasiness as to my future life, have seized upon me as their prey. I dread solitude, for society I am unfit, and every error of which I have been guilty in life stands constantly before my eyes. I am ashamed of what I feel when I recollect how much prosperity I still enjoy ; but it seems as if I had been suddenly transplanted into some horrible region beyond the bounds of reason or of comfort. Now and then I enjoy a few hours respite, but this is my general condition. It is a dismal contrast, for you well remember that I was naturally gay and cheerful.

Let me consider a little of your most friendly offer. I shall always be grateful for it ; but I suspect that of the two, I am even less fit for retreat than for the world. However, as I hope we are to meet soon, we shall converse upon the subject,

and I shall have the advantage of your advice after you have seen your patient.

Excuse me for writing only about myself; but bad as the subject is, I am incapable of saying much upon any other.

If you come to town on Saturday evening, pray let me know about what time I may hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday morning.

Ever most truly yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXX.

Tuesday Morning, July 2, 1822.

PRAY let me see you after Dr. Maton's, not so much out of kindness to a friend, as out of compassion to an unhappy fellow-creature. My situation is truly horrible. I know not what is to become of me. My feeble body cannot long resist the violent agitation of my mind. Sleep has in a great measure forsaken me. It was that alone which hitherto sustained me and enabled me to go through the day. I am weary without being able to repose.

LETTER LXXI.

Alfred, Thursday, July 4, 1822.

I HAVE not yet been able to form any decided plan, so that I fear I may seem to have been the means of detaining you in vain. But such kindness is not lost upon me. Not only am I grateful for it, but it does me real good. Coming from such a man it appears inconsistent with the existence of any solid foundation for those anxieties which have for some time past embittered my life.

I must give up the hope of accompanying you to Oxford, but I retain that of visiting you there.

To-morrow morning I count upon seeing you again; and I shall call here in the evening for the chance of falling in with you.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXXII.

Saturday, July 6, 1822.

I HARDLY know what account to give of myself. On the one hand I suffer less than I did from that extreme agitation of mind which at intervals ren-

dered life almost intolerable ; but on the other a calmer despondency, and a settled conviction of the immutability of my condition gain ground upon me. My distress is less acute, because it has become habitual ; but I am more and more convinced that I have bid adieu to positive happiness. By a sudden and copious infusion the whole cup of earthly existence has been embittered. I seem condemned to pass the rest of my days, not in the usual alternations of pain and pleasure, but in perpetual pain more or less acute.

I cannot venture to form any plans—but if you continue at Oxford to the middle of the week, I may, perhaps, run down for a couple of days. Under this uncertainty, you will of course make no change in your plans on my account, but be good enough to let me have a line on Monday to say how long you would naturally remain, without reference to me.

Unhappy as I was during the time you passed here, still your kindness to me spared me misery still more intense. You do not willingly allow me to offer you my thanks. I therefore suppress them ; but I shall not forget it so long as I live.

I am expecting a visit from the Governor-General of Bengal. If it were as great a consolation as it has sometimes been pretended, to have companions in misfortune, I might derive some

from recollecting that his immense superiority of genius and accomplishments has not saved him from errors, humiliation, the taunts of his enemies, the disappointment of his friends, and (I must believe) the reproaches of his own conscience. Perhaps I ought not to say *conscience*, as that might imply *crime*, and I only mean to speak of that species of self-disapprobation which arises from opportunities missed and advantages thrown away. But these considerations do not afford me much comfort, and perhaps I do not think the worse of myself for being incapable of deriving them from such a source. Adieu. I dare not put on paper all that at this moment I feel. I am almost overwhelmed. But I must be sincere, or not write at all.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXIII.

July 8th, 1822.

I AM still uncomfortable enough, yet I certainly have not experienced within the last twenty-four hours such acute symptoms of mental distress as had tortured me for many preceding days. But

even at moments of comparative relief I dread the recurrence of them in all their violence, and I am almost certain that the total cessation of them is a blessing to which I cannot look. Such a wound must leave a scar, and it is much if from time to time it does not open again, and become as painful as ever. Saturday was a very bad day. I dined out, unluckily for me, since I was so nervous and distressed, that upon my arrival at the house of my host, I was hardly able to walk into the room. To-day I am more composed. W. R. a fellow-sufferer, is coming to dine with me, and his gloom which hangs upon him almost as heavily as it does upon me, does not prevent him from being a very agreeable companion. I look forward with some sort of satisfaction to the tête-à-tête.

I have been looking at a treatise on nervous diseases by one Dr. Reid. I bought it upon the recommendation of the Quarterly, and a vile catch-penny it is. It is positively dishonest in an editor to allow such a miserable performance to be puffed. But the truth is, that if any branch of the public administration were as infamously jobbed as the reviews, it must soon fall a victim to the just indignation of the world.

I made a mistake about the hour of my appointment with the *Mogul* on Saturday, and so missed him, but I saw him yesterday for a few minutes.

His health seems excellent, and his spirits by no means low. The more I think of his accepting the appointment, the more I am amazed at the judgment he has formed upon the matter. He quits the natural theatre for the display of his own talents.

I hope your stay at Oxford has not been protracted with reference to the possible plans of so uncertain a creature as myself. But as you do not go for several days, I shall not improbably avail myself of that delay to pass one or two of the last of them with you.

I have not mustered sense enough yet to read your paper in the Q. R. I perceive Mackintosh knows it to be yours.

Ever most truly yours,
J. W. W.

There is a story in circulation, of Lord Liverpool's health being in a declining state. If this were true, it would make the *expatriation* of Canning still more preposterous.

LETTER LXXIV.

Tuesday, July 10th, 1822.

As I may possibly come to Oxford to-morrow, I think right to send you a line. But pray do not

make the smallest difference in your arrangements for such a chance.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

At any rate I shall not arrive till the evening.

LETTER LXXV.

July 10th, 1822.

You have been so indulgent to me in my present unfortunate state that I am sure you will not be displeased or take it amiss when I tell you that I have given up my project of a visit to Oxford. I must tell you the whole truth. I had my carriage actually at the door this morning ; but there is something in the idea of a solitary journey which so much sinks my spirits, that I am unable to endure it. I know how ridiculous a weakness this is, but I cannot help it, and I must rely upon your good nature and sympathy to excuse it.

What I am afraid of is, that I have been the means of detaining you at Oxford—an abuse of your friendship which I shall most seriously regret to have been guilty of. If consistently with truth

you can give me any comfort on this point I shall feel greatly relieved.

I received a very kind note from you this morning, but I must delay answering it till to-morrow.

Ever most truly, and (allow me to add)

Gratefully yours,

J. W. W.

One word by way of postscript. If my wretched nerves were in a better state to-morrow, the drive might do me good, and I might appear at your door. But do nothing with reference to me. I am not in a fit state to ask or risk it. Excuse me if you can.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

Pray let me hear from you—two lines will satisfy me.

LETTER LXXVI.

July 11, 1822.

My night was sleepless and agitated, and to-day I have been in a deplorable state. Holland has been here and wishes me to take medicine. I will not

trouble you with a description of what I have gone through. Most of it, I am sensible, owing to the unfortunate texture of my own mind. I alone am to blame, and self-reproach increases tenfold every other suffering.

Among many painful feelings that now hold possession of my whole heart, one is, that I may appear to have trifled with you, and may actually have put you to inconvenience. I have, indeed, behaved most foolishly about my visit, and allowed my nerves and fancy to get the better of my reason and opinion. But, Heaven knows, it is not in my nature to be insensible to benefits conferred, still less to repay them with rudeness. If I have played fast and loose, and wasted your time, you must ascribe it to sickness of body and heart. I am deeply sensible of your goodness to me in listening to my complaints, and in contributing to soothe me under affliction. Your friendship has always been to me a source of pride, and the belief that I preserve some share in it is a stay and support to me under the influence that often threatens to overwhelm me altogether. If you can truly say that you do not blame me *much*, and that your indulgence for my weaknesses is not yet exhausted, you will afford me great relief. I beg of you to let me have a line from you on Saturday respecting this point.

This has been one of my very worst days. If I might, without profaneness, borrow the most expressive language, I should say that the iron had entered into my soul deeper than before. A violent paroxysm, however, has been succeeded by comparative tranquillity, and, I trust, under Providence, to time and patience for relief.

I am unable to enter at all into general topics. My friend Abercromby, I hope, is safe. I shall not easily forget that, while his life was actually threatened by the fury of his enemies, he found time, attention, and calmness to offer consolation to me.

I shall be much obliged to you to let me hear from you; if it be only a couple of lines. Do you leave Oxford on Monday?

Ever truly and gratefully yours,

J. W. W.

After spending a few days with me at Oxford, during which there were many variations, occasional gleams of hope succeeded by gloom and nervous agitation, then calmness, and then a return of horrible paroxysms, he resolved to go either to Buxton, or to London, but was long undetermined which. He left my house with post-horses for the London road, promising to write after his journey's end. The next letter, however, was dated from Buxton.

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LETTER LXXVII.

Buxton, July 21, 1822.

You will be surprised at the date of this. After all that passed I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to tell you that I ended by setting out for Buxton. Once on the road, as you predicted, I felt much easier. The second day was better than the first. The *journey* became rather a source of satisfaction, and helped to sustain me under those causes of distress which for some time past have been pressing on my mind, and under the shame it was impossible not to feel for the scenes to which I had made you a witness. One must be very far gone indeed not to derive some pleasure from the rapidity and facility with which one travels in England—from the freshness of the air, the smiling aspect of the country, and the civil treatment one every where meets with. I left Oxford so late on Wednesday, that I could not reach Buxton till Friday morning. Here a fresh annoyance awaited me. In spite of our calculation of probabilities, founded upon the surest laws of evidence, the Stewarts were *not* here. You may imagine what a blow this was to me in my nervous and fidgety state. However, I determined to take the chance of a couple of days, which I passed in seeing Chatsworth, Matlock,

the wonders of the Peak, &c. &c. This evening, on my return, I luckily found my friend.

The post is going out immediately, so that I have hardly time to write. Yet I do not like to lose a day in thanking you for your most kind and friendly note from Wantage, which has been just put into my hands. I am very grateful to you for the pains you have taken to reconcile me to myself, and I will endeavour to be less sorry for what passed than I ought.

I owe you, besides, many apologies for not having written sooner, but on the journey I was hurried.

Adieu. I find I must conclude abruptly.

On the whole, I think I may reckon myself better.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Buxton, July 23, 1822.

THE note I despatched to you the day before yesterday was so hurried and abrupt that I feel as if a sort of postscript or supplement was necessary in order to make it at all an answer to the

letter I received from Wantage. Short, however, as it was, I hope I did not omit to thank you for your real kindness and delicacy, not only in enduring my strange and wayward behaviour in a paroxysm of nervous agitation, but in endeavouring to spare me the additional torments of shame and remorse, which the recollection of such a scene is but too well calculated to produce. I receive your absolution with gratitude, and I try to persuade myself that the pain I suffered might atone for the weakness I displayed. On the whole, I am perhaps improving, but I have suffered under more than one very severe attack, and am at this very moment in a state of mind of which I abstain from drawing a picture,—both because the traits of it are dismal, and because they are unhappily familiar to your own experience!

I have found Mr. Stewart a good deal shattered in body, but his mind remains, so far as I can observe, quite entire. The paralytic seizure, by which he suffered about a year and a half ago, has affected his speech a little—but only a little, and occasionally. In general he is quite articulate. I have to convey to you his thanks for your pamphlet. But I suspect that his interest in such subjects begins to diminish; for he tells me that for a good while past he has confined himself almost entirely to books of entertainment—chiefly

the classics. I am glad to have seen him once more. No other opportunity may perhaps occur without making a journey to Scotland.

It has rained incessantly since I came into this country. This is no good recipe against low spirits, and yet I think that my frame of mind is less under the dominion of weather than of any other cause that can be supposed to influence it. However, it is rather provoking to find the English summer so much worse than the Nicæan winter.

I was a good deal surprised to-day to find, upon incidentally mentioning it, that Mr. S. had never read Burke's fragment of the History of England. It is an omission for which it is difficult to account, except by some latent prejudice against that great writer.

I mentioned to you that I had spent a couple of days in seeing the curiosities of the neighbourhood,—on such occasions I frequently lament that I do not know as much of geology, mineralogy, and even botany, as would give an additional interest to what I see. The singularity and even the beauty of natural objects soon palls upon the eye; but travelling must always amuse those to whom every plant, every fossil, every mountain affords some illustration of the principles of a science. If I were diligent it would not perhaps

be too late to remedy this defect. Neglecting these acquisitions was among the many mistakes of my early life.

I shall trouble you with occasional bulletins. But I am by no means unreasonable enough to ask of you to answer them all. When you are at leisure I shall be delighted to hear from you ; but don't let me be troublesome.

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

I mean to set out for London to-morrow or next day.

LETTER LXXIX.

Saturday, August 3, 1822.

I HAVE to thank you for two letters—one of the 22d July, which I received upon the road—the other of the 25th, which I found upon my return to town. Nothing can be more gratifying to me than the interest you are kind enough to express in my health and comfort. I am happy to be able to send a favourable bulletin. In body I am as well as a person turned forty and not very

strong can expect to be, and my spirits are very much improved, i. e. very much, indeed, as compared with the worst, and something even as compared with the best of what you saw. I am able to occupy myself—not, indeed, so steadily or so usefully as I could desire, but still enough to stave off laziness and ennui, and to afford a hope that I shall become, before long, capable of employing myself more to my advantage and satisfaction. Blanco's book about Spain* is one of the first things I shall read, after I have dispatched what I now have in hand. Your recommendation would be sufficient, but I know Spain and I know the author, and these are additional motives. I shall also attempt Conybeare's work on Geology. I say attempt it, for I hardly know what taste I shall have for a new science, or what facility in imbibing its principles. As long as I stay in London I shall have an excellent living commentator at hand in the person of Dr. Holland, who is very fond of these studies, and, I believe, a very considerable proficient in them. He tells me that the geology of England is now very complete—more so than that of France; so that, having got through our own business, we are in a condition to assist our neighbours.

On my return to London I passed a day at the

* Blanco White's, under the title of *Doblado's Letters*.

house of a Staffordshire friend of mine, Sir R. Lawley. He has been a good deal in Italy of late years, and had two Italian acquaintances staying in the house with him. The morning after I arrived, we all went to see Sir R. Peel's cotton works, which are only five miles off. I was glad to join this party, as I had not seen a manufactory of that sort for more than twenty years. My ignorance of mechanics prevented me from deriving all the satisfaction I ought from viewing the machinery, but still it was impossible not to be struck with the neatness and rapidity with which such difficult and complicated operations are performed. Besides, though I am incapable of analysing the movement of all these wheels, and pullies, and shuttles, yet I looked at them with a sort of blind veneration as the talismans on which our national wealth and prosperity depend. The very sensible and intelligent person who superintends them, told me, that the profits are far from being what they were in Sir Robert's best days; but the sale is greater than ever, though the proportionable gain is less, and he by no means despairs of our maintaining our superiority in the foreign market. It seemed to me as if fewer children were employed than in the works I once saw near Glasgow, and that their appearance was healthier.

Your account of Fonthill makes me desire to see it. If such a noble Gothic palace as you describe is to be sold, one should wish the Duke of Wellington to be the purchaser. He is vilely *under-lodged* as it is. To be extravagant, and to be a West Indian, are both causes of distress. Beckford unites them, and his ruin must, therefore, be complete. I have not yet made any plans for what remains of summer. Your offer of meeting me and of giving to me part of that time which you would otherwise pass with your own family, is an instance of kindness which I can never forget, and I know not, whether, under any circumstances, I ought to have allowed you to make such a sacrifice, though, if I had continued as I was, I should probably have been selfish enough to accept it. But now that I am a good deal recovered, and able, as it were, to shift for myself, I will not be the means of your doing that which must, after all, interfere very much with the more natural and agreeable disposition of your time. Perhaps, however, we may meet during this long vacation in a manner more compatible with your other arrangements. I have an invitation to a house in Devonshire for the end of summer. If I *render myself to it* (as the French say) my journey will be made far more agreeable by seeing you, coming or going, or both, as may

suit your convenience. London will be my headquarters for some time, and I shall make a visit or two in the neighbourhood, in order to prepare me for more distant flights.

As you are at Sidmouth, you may perhaps see my old friend Sir Joseph Scott. If you do, pray remember me to him very kindly, and tell him that on my journey through Staffordshire, the other day, I did not pass within sight of Barr Beacon, without recollecting the many pleasant days I had formerly spent under his hospitable roof.

Do not plague yourself about writing; but remember, that whenever you can send me a few lines you always give me much pleasure.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

P. S.—I must tell you Bobus Smith's joke upon V * * * * and H * * *. They were standing together at the bar. Some one said they would make a good subject for a caricature. "Yes," said Bobus, "and the motto should be, 'penny-wise, and pound foolish.'"

LETTER LXXX.

London, August 12, 1822.

I HAVE to thank you for two letters—the first of which crossed my last upon the road. You are right in your prediction as to my gradual recovery from the dismal state of nervous depression and agitation in which you saw me. I have had no regular fit of it for some time past, and I am become capable of occupation and even of amusement. In short, life is no longer a burthen, and I am no longer under an absolute disqualification from partaking in the society of reasonable beings. I have at least recovered sufficient self-command not to be a burthen to others. This don't sound very brilliant, but still it describes considerable improvement, and I am thankful for it to Heaven and to my friends. But notwithstanding this partial recovery, which up to its present very moderate point, will, I trust, be permanent, I cannot help suspecting that a somewhat darker shade is to be spread over the remainder of my life. Up to a certain period hope triumphs over experience—after that, experience gradually extinguishes hope. One sees pretty clearly the best that can come of this life—and that this *best* is not very good. Errors become irreparable, and exertion loses a great part of its value, and at the same time

of its motive. However, I will try not to abandon myself to inaction and despondency. Employment may sometimes be irksome, but I am sure it is always a less evil than those to which the absence of it gives rise. This reminds me of what you so truly say as to the discouraging view of human pursuits. I admire the 10th satire as a splendid declamation, but I have always thought it a miserable piece of philosophy.

I am writing from Loughton, a place in Essex, where I have been passing two or three days at the house of Mr. Hamilton, a clergyman, and a brother of the English minister at Naples. There is something in the name of Essex which one does not readily connect with the idea of picturesque beauty. It reminds one of marshes, calves, bad air, &c., and yet I doubt whether there is any spot at an equal distance from London more agreeable in itself, or from which one commands finer views, than Hainault forest. It is a real forest full of fine oaks—not a bare common as forests are apt to be; and you command from it besides, a well-wooded and fertile intervening country, the course of the Thames for several miles, and the Kentish hills beyond it. In the midst of all this one is almost surprised to see the ten-mile-stone from London. The roads are excellent, and there is an air of ease, comfort and neatness in the dwell-

lings of all orders of people, high and low, that I have not seen exceeded in any part of England, and which is quite refreshing to my eye, long wearied as it has been with the dirt and slovenliness of the Continent.

I forget whether you have read O'Meara's book. On Thursday last I dined in company with the author. He is a stout, and not ill-looking man, as I should guess, about four or five-and-thirty years old. He is cheerful, good-humoured, and communicative, and in spite of an air of confident vulgarity which is diffused over all his behaviour, the impression he made upon me was rather favourable. At least my belief in what he has told is strengthened by having seen him, and still more so by some conversation which I happened to have the very next day with Sir G. C. whom I met at Gloucester Lodge. He defends Sir Hudson Lowe, only just as far as prudence and decorum oblige an official man to do so. Indeed, he acknowledges, that with respect to what passed in St. Helena, he was disposed to take O'Meara's part. He mentioned a circumstance, however, since O'Meara's return to England, which he thought disreputable—a letter addressed by him to the Admiralty, containing a charge against Sir H. L., which, if made at all, ought to have been made openly and substantiated by proof. This,

therefore, must be set off against that appearance of credibility which is, as I think, distinguishable in O'Meara's book and in his conversation.

I must make an end, for the post is going out, but I will write again in a few days. The account you give of yourself is such as I have great pleasure in hearing.

Ever truly yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXI.

9, New Street, August 23, 1822.

I WAS obliged to bring my last letter to rather an abrupt conclusion, so that I omitted one or two things I had to say in answer to yours. I now add them by way of postscript.

Though Canning is now delivering valedictory speeches at Liverpool, it seems not improbable that some proposal will be made to him of coming again into office. I say *not improbable*, because it is, I apprehend, by no means so much a matter of course as it might at first sight appear. Great as his talents for parliament are, and great as is the want of them on the ministerial side of the house, it is not without the utmost reluctance that

the rest of the cabinet will consent to receive him as an associate. If they make him any proposal it will be only because they are forced to it by the opinion and wishes of their own friends, and if they make him a *fair* proposal, it will be a clear proof that they think that the government cannot go on without his aid. Till yesterday I was inclined to believe that they would try Peel single-handed—but as a very well-informed person, whom I saw last night, expressed his persuasion that some offer would be made to Canning, it has staggered me. He will be to blame if he content himself with *office*—he has a right to demand his share of *power* proportioned to the importance and difficulty of the station he fills. For after all, he has a great deal to give up. India, in the way he has obtained it, and still more, in the way in which he would hold it, is a splendid thing. No party would dare to recall him for any cause short of absolute delinquency, so that he would govern the east almost like an independent sovereign.

Now one word about my little self, of whom you do me the honour to speak. I am not at all desirous of office, and that for an honest and sufficient reason—that I am not fit for it. I am not lazy, but I am not bred to business, and I have neither the habit nor the qualities of mind that will enable me to engage in it with credit. A

man of business should be quick, decisive, and callous against small rubs. Anxious, irritable minds are not made for the conduct of human affairs, nor indeed for any other good purpose that I know of. A state of health too that requires constant attention is another disqualification.

At present I am tolerably well in body and mind. This does not happen to be a good day, but still I am quite a different man from him whom you saw at Oxford, and you may be assured that I will use all the means that reason suggests to me to prevent a relapse.

I am at this moment in town, but I shall go again to-morrow to spend a day or two at the house of a friend in the neighbourhood, and next week I shall probably make a longer expedition.

Adieu. I could find it in my heart to be very low to-day, but I will not give way to it.

Ever yours most truly,

J. W. W.

You give me a very gratifying account of your mode of life. I sincerely rejoice at your happiness.

LETTER LXXXII.

Whippingham, near Cowes, Sunday, September 8, 1822.

THE fine weather has not been lost upon me. Since I wrote to you last I have been engaged in a tour, which has filled up ten days very agreeably. You will be startled when I tell you that this expedition has been made with a *female* companion.† No scandal, however, I assure you. * * * * * has made many journeys before with such grave and respectable persons, that the whole weight of precedent and authority is in my favour. Indeed, we crossed the Alps together this spring, but that took up only three days. It is but justice to her to say that one could not easily meet with a more intelligent, a more cheerful, and what is remarkable in a woman, a more active fellow-traveller. She is very curious, and submits willingly to early hours,

† If the lady in question were now in England, I should of course ask her permission to print the name. At present I can only say, that all who know the circumstance are aware that friendship, and sympathy for a friend's sufferings, alone prompted this benevolent step—and that it is not the only instance in which the same individual has verified the encomium of the Poet addressed to the sex collectively :—

“ When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering Angel thou !”

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punctuality, and labour, in order to gratify her curiosity. I hardly know a more industrious person of either sex. She rises with the lark and never seems to lose a moment. Our object was Fonthill, which it has been so much the *rage* to see that a visit to it seems almost an indispensable requisite for appearing on equal terms with one's neighbours in society. A letter from you first put it into my head, and since about that time, it has become more and more a subject of conversation. It is certainly worth seeing, for any body that is going that way, or that wants an object for a country expedition. But, after all, I do not much admire it. Such expense and such labour might have produced a really noble monument, a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ*; but I can regard Fonthill Abbey only as a magnificent "extravagance" (as the Italians would say) a sort of Patagonian plaything, which ceases to please as soon as the first wonder it excites is over. A *sham* abbey is absurd, and a *sham abbey on the top of a hill* is a still greater absurdity. The number of persons that have been to see it is prodigious—not less, I imagine, than five or six thousand. All those that came first paid a guinea, and the catalogues are still sold for half that sum. When you add to this the travelling expenses of each individual, which, in many instances, must have exceeded

the price of admission tenfold, you will see that a very large sum—not less than fifteen or twenty thousand pounds—must have been expended on the mere gratification of curiosity in seeing a single private house. Is not this a phenomenon of a remarkable kind in a *ruined* country? If one class has lost, is it not pretty evident that some other must have gained proportionally?

Leisure and fine weather have tempted us to extend our original plan, and to come round by the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. None of this country is absolutely new to me; but many years have elapsed since I went through it last. It is one of the finest parts of England, and seems at least to be in a most flourishing condition. Landlords and tenants, it is agreed on all hands, are alike distressed, and yet I never saw cultivation more complete, houses of every sort, from the castle to the cottage, in more perfect repair, or so few marks of wretchedness even in the lowest ranks of society. Judging by what falls under one's immediate observation, one cannot travel in England at a more favourable moment. It makes me rather melancholy, however, to revisit, now that the autumn of my life is begun, those scenes which recall the recollection of early youth. I cannot help making to myself some very grave moral reflections, about time wasted, opportunities

lost, errors committed, and I have nothing to buoy me up, except a very vulgar topic of consolation—that nine people out of ten, upon a retrospect of five-and-twenty years, have quite as much to reproach themselves with—that still better hands have been worse played. On the whole, however, my spirits are incomparably better than when you saw me, and my health is such as gives me no great reason to complain.

One of the effects of wandering about, whether at home or abroad, is to make me less attentive than I otherwise should be, to the progress of political events. These last days, too, have been unusually barren of them. The delay that has taken place in filling up the very important station that was held by Lord Londonderry, is itself a pretty good proof of the embarrassment of the King and his Ministers. Canning will be a bitter pill to them; and yet I am more inclined than I was at first to think that they will swallow it. I give C. full credit for what he declared at Liverpool—that he *knew nothing*,—and yet without imputing to him any jesuitical reservation, I consider his speech to be that of a man who thought that he was more likely to come in than not. But it is idle to speculate upon what will, in all probability, be put beyond doubt before this reaches you.

I am much obliged to you for recommending to me Doblado's Letters. I am very much pleased with what I have read of them. They have very much raised my opinion of Blanco's talents, though, from his conversation when I met him in Spain, I had always supposed them to be considerable. But he surely must have been helped a little as to style. In spite of his English or rather Irish descent, I can hardly conceive a man born and bred in Spain to have attained to such perfection in our very difficult language.

I forget whether you ever made the tour of this island. When I saw it first, I was very much charmed with the Under-cliff. It seemed to me a sort of fairy-land. Its beauty was of a kind altogether new to me—and its myrtles and fig-trees, growing spontaneously in the open air, gave me a foretaste of those delicious climates which I then knew only by description. I still think it pretty; but Chiavari, and the Gulf of Spezia, and the Bay of St. Ospizio are too fresh in my recollection for me not to be struck with the inferiority. English neatness and comfort, however, still give it one advantage over the Italian shore. I do not add English industry, because I think that the cultivation of the soil is as diligently attended to in that part of Italy as it is here.

The place from which I date belongs to Dr.

Hook, with whom I am passing a day. Whippingham is his living, and he has built upon it a most comfortable parsonage. Wherever I go I observe that the country churches are decently and numerously attended, and yet sectaries are said to increase.

The steam-boat has added wonderfully to the comfort of the inhabitants of this island. We came from Southampton to Cowes in an hour and twenty minutes, and it rarely exceeds an hour and a half. The distance is twelve miles.

I have not determined whether to go abroad or stay at home this year. At any rate, I shall probably go as far as Paris.

Ever most sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXIII.

9, New Street, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1822.

CANNING has proposed to me to be his under-secretary in the foreign department. You may easily imagine how much a case of doubt and difficulty and importance agitates and worries my anxious mind. Perhaps I shall be obliged to return an answer to him before I know your

opinion ; but I will take the chance of obtaining it time enough to assist me. *Say nothing upon the subject to any one*, as he exacts discretion.

The office is altogether subordinate, and it involves going out of parliament. These seem objections ; but then I prefer subordination to responsibility, and parliament is no great object to me, as I am quite sure never to cut any figure in it. Then the under-secretaryship is an occupation, and that too of an agreeable and interesting sort. Yet, perhaps, any fatigue, particularly coming in the shape of a task, is what I ought not to venture upon, and I am not free from apprehension lest the acceptance of such a situation should be held as a degradation. The habits of your own life have not led you to look critically upon the nature of offices, and their fitness for particular persons ; but it would be a help to me to know what is your first impression.

It is right you should know that Lord Binning has already declined the same thing.

Ever yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXIV.

9, New Street, Monday, September 30, 1822.

UPON looking back I perceive that a letter which I wrote on Friday ought to have been directed to Oxford instead of Exeter. By this blunder I have lost two posts, and possibly the benefit of your advice.

Canning has proposed to me the under-secretaryship in his department. It is, as its very name implies, a completely subordinate situation, and it implies going out of parliament. But on the other hand, it is certainly "one of the most agreeable places under government, and necessarily gives one an insight into all that is going on," to use the very words of another friend whom I have consulted. Parliament too is less an object with me than you would perhaps suppose. I have long since been thoroughly convinced that I am never to cut any figure in it, and besides, the heat and late hours disable me from following it closely. But again, it is perhaps too late to engage in such a career, and the notion of inferiority may so far attach to the office as to make the acceptance of it discreditable. You have never been led to look very nicely into the relative dignity and fitness of offices of the second and third class, and your opinion on that account may be less decided ; but

I should be very much obliged to you to tell me how the proposal appears to you *primâ facie*. In short be kind enough to let me know whatever occurs to you upon the subject, and if you have a decided opinion, state it as strongly as you feel it. I am in a state of great doubt and anxiety. My decision, whatever it may be, is manifestly to affect the whole future tenor of my life. In one determination you will, I am persuaded, think me right, — not to accept if my father should declare himself positively against it. His general authority as a father is in this instance very much strengthened by the obligations I am under to him for the liberal way in which he has so often brought me into parliament. I have written to him, but I have not yet got an answer.

I wrote on Saturday to William Lamb. His answer I enclose. Be so good as to say nothing on the subject to any one. I shall be anxious to hear from you. Any hint from such a quarter will be valuable to me.

I am almost ashamed to copy the complimentary parts of L's letter; but you know that it is not out of vanity that I wish you to read it.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

MR. LAMB'S LETTER.

Panshanger, September 29, 1822.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning alone, destroyed it as soon as I had read it, and have considered its contents as I rode over here from Brockett, and upon the whole, putting myself in your place, I have little doubt that you should accept the offer—it is one of the pleasantest places under government—necessarily gives an insight into all that is going on, and would be rendered to you particularly agreeable by your cordial agreement and intimacy with your principal—add to this, that it would have the effect of supporting and assisting Canning at this moment—that it might lead to more—that it would give you what you want in occupation and employment—and that, without flattering your abilities and knowledge of the world at home and abroad, it might enable you to be of essential service to the ministry and the country. These are considerations sufficient in my mind to induce you to accept; at the same time do not take it unless you can make up your mind, in the first place, to bear every species of abuse and misrepresentation, and the imputation of the most sordid and interested motives; in the second place, to go through with it if you undertake it, and not to be dispirited by any difficulties or an-

noyances which you may find in the office, and which you may depend upon it no office is free from. I write in a great hurry, and with a bad pen, but if you can read it you will understand me as well as if I had written three times as much.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. LAMB.

Hon. J. W. Ward.

LETTER LXXXV.

Sunday Night, October 6, 1822.

I AM very anxious to see you to-morrow morning before the die is cast. Perhaps you mean to breakfast at the Alfred, and in that case I will meet you there at ten. I do not propose to breakfast with you, for fear that should not be a convenient hour. I will send about nine for an answer.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Tuesday Night, October 8, 1822.

I HAVE got a further reprieve, and therefore ac-

according to my procrastinating nature have decided nothing. My leaning however is strongly towards your opinion. I suspect that my labour in the office would be thrown away, at least that it would procure no increase of credit or consideration to the labourer. If any thing further strikes you on the subject, it would probably arrive time enough to do good on Thursday morning.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Friday, October, 11, 1822.

DECISION is not absolutely called for till Monday. I will write again to-morrow.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

9, New Street, Saturday, Oct. 12, 1822.

IF three days ago you regretted that the final step had not yet been taken, you will still more be inclined to wonder at and to blame a further delay.

But as my last word is not absolutely called for till Monday, I cannot help availing myself of this opportunity of endeavouring to strike the balance more correctly betwixt reasons that have hitherto appeared to me so nearly of equal weight. I think you state the arguments *against* rather too strongly. It is true that no reputation, none that can be compared with parliamentary reputation is to be acquired by the labour of an under-secretary. But it is an office of great trust and confidence in the present state of Europe and under such a man as Canning highly interesting, and one that affords a better introduction into business than any other in the state, with the single exception of that of Chief Secretary in Ireland. You would be better reconciled to the appointment if I could continue in parliament ; but you forget with what good reason I am desirous to be out of it. If I were likely to cut any figure there the whole case would wear a completely different aspect. But as I am now become absolutely incapable of an effort to which, even in better times, I was never able to bring myself without the utmost difficulty and pain, the choice is betwixt a diligent under-secretary in an important department, and an utterly insignificant member of the House of Commons. The option is not flattering to one's vanity, but I am inclined to think that the under-

secretary is the most considerable person of the two. If indeed nothing were asked or expected of me, if I could hear the debate, give my vote, and then depart in peace, quite sure that my silence from the first to the last day of the session would be completely unnoticed by friend or foe, the condition of a "pedarius senator" might not be altogether disagreeable to me. It affords amusement and keeps one in good company. But as, unfortunately, I have somehow given rise to expectations which I am unable to fulfil, I am tormented every day not only by mortifying reflections of my own, but by the exhortations of friends who mistake inability for laziness, and by the taunts and sneers of those who, better acquainted with the real nature of the case, choose to disguise their malice under the mask of compliment. To me, therefore, leaving parliament would be to escape from a very painful situation; and escape I would, were I not uncertain as to the *degree* of disapprobation among reasonable men that would attend such a step, and were I not apprehensive that the labour and confinement of the new situation might prove too much for my health. Add to this some doubt whether my slowness and unreadiness in composition, (even of the most ordinary kind) does not unfit me for the duties I should have to perform.

Should I be more censured as an inefficient member of parliament, or as an under-secretary out of parliament?

Occupation is not so easy to find as you seem to imagine. You are hardly a fair judge on the point, for you never were without it. I do not speak of your private studies, but of stated, definite, official (though not political) business. Literature begins to pall upon me. If I had the ability and knowledge sufficient to undertake some considerable work, that would fill the void more completely and satisfactorily than any public employment — but “*cupidum pater optime! vires, &c.*”

Perhaps if I let this opportunity go by, the best thing I can do will be to seek amusement, or at least distraction and consolation, in wandering over the face of the earth again. I foresee nothing at home but irritation and disappointment.

This note you see leans to acceptance, but it does so more in order to apologize for delaying the decision to which you wish me to come, than to announce a contrary one. I see great force in the reasons that have guided your judgment. There is much too in the additional ones which I have myself suggested—I mean those which arise from the state of my health, and from my possible unfitness for the situation.

I ought in fairness to add, that I have reason to believe that my prospect of foreign employment would not be diminished by my non-acceptance of what is now proposed to me.

I owe you many apologies for worrying you so much upon this matter—interesting only to myself. But a crisis so important to me can hardly recur, and when it is once over, which in forty-eight hours it must be, I shall cease for ever to be troublesome upon personal points.

If you could find time to write a few lines to-morrow you would do me a kindness.

I am in a choice of evils, and the prospect is gloomy on every side. It will most likely end in my declining.

Ever yours,
J. W. W.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Monday, October 14, 1822.

How glad I should have been to obtain Lord G's opinion, but it is no use regretting what cannot be recalled.

My leaning is still against, and so I think is your own in spite of all I have said, to which, however, you have given a fair consideration.

The last word is not yet said, and perhaps it may not be in time for the post.

In any case I should be an object of compassion (to you I may speak thus undisguisedly) for a long time to come. I see no escape. Do what I may my character must be lowered and my feelings wounded.

You shall hear again to-morrow.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

I am very sensible to your kindness in allowing yourself to be worried by my affairs.

LETTER XC.

9, New Street, Tuesday, October 15, 1822.

I HAVE put an end to the question by declining. Do tell me candidly whether you think that upon the whole I have done right. One is often exhorted to decide in order to put an end to painful suspense. But my mind is so unluckily constituted, that I doubt just as much after as before

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decision, without the consolation of knowing that my fate is still in my own hands.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

I am not composed enough yet to write about other things.

LETTER XCI.

9, New Street, Thursday, October 17, 1822.

I CANNOT help owning that I am uneasy at not having heard from you to-day. It looks very much as if you thought that I had decided wrong. Yet surely your opinion up to a very late period was most strongly the other way. Perhaps I shall get a letter to-morrow. If you have not already written, pray let me hear from you as soon as you can in answer to this.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

LETTER XCII.

9, New Street, Friday, October 18, 1822.

THE note which I have just received has given me great satisfaction, and entirely removed the anxiety which I expressed in that which it crossed upon the road. I should indeed have been very sorry if you had seen any reason to alter your first opinion. Every thing that I have heard within the last two or three days tends to convince me that I have followed the best advice. The pleasure, too, which my decision has evidently given to my father makes me glad that I did not avail myself of an extorted consent to that which after all would have vexed and mortified him. He has behaved to me in this instance with equal good sense and kindness.

C. received my final answer quite amicably. With his conduct too throughout I have every reason to be satisfied.

To yourself I owe apologies for all the trouble I have given you, and thanks for wise counsel, and most friendly anxiety for my interests and character.

I was out of town part of yesterday; and am only just returned, and as it is already late I must make an end.

Ever most truly yours,
J. W. W.

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P.S. You know how little I expect from Parliament, but happen what will to me there, I am inclined to believe that I have not determined wrongly.

LETTER XCIII.

9, New Street, Saturday, October 19, 1822.

MY note of yesterday will have told you that my last interview with C. was quite amicable. It was short, however, as we were neither of us desirous to dwell much upon a point already decided.

On the whole I think I have done the best. Some of the arguments against acceptance I did not myself completely enter into; but if they were considered as valid by sensible and impartial men, that is enough.

I have had no reason given me to expect that diplomatic employment will *soon* be within my reach; but if C. continues in power, it is certainly not altogether out of view.

My father is *very* much pleased that I have not accepted, and that at least is a certain advantage on the side I have preferred. He is a high Tory, but of a very peculiar breed—devoted to courts

and ministers, and wholly indifferent to the favours they have to bestow. He has a right too to talk to me about independence, as he supplies me so nobly with the means of maintaining it.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

LETTER XCIV.

Brighton, Tuesday, November 5, 1822.

THE secret has for some time past become what the French call "*le secret de la comédie*," and I ought to apologise for not having relieved you from an useless restraint. Your note has come in good time to quell some doubts and misgivings that were beginning to haunt my mind as to the prudence and propriety of the step I have taken. The weight of authority inclines wholly on one side; so that if I have erred, it is not only with Plato, but with nearly all the other philosophers. Tierney, who is here, told me he wondered how I could hesitate. I asked, "Is that your opinion independently of the unfavourable view you take of C.'s character? in short, should you have said the same thing, if (*mutatis mutandis*) the proposal had come from Lord Grey?" He answered,

without hesitation—"Yes." In short, it really seems, as if in a choice of evils, I had taken the least.

I hear from various quarters that F. Lamb is the person to whom it is offered. If he is right in taking it, some of the reasons that have been urged to me for declining it can hardly be valid. He is just of my own age, in talents my superior, and he fills a diplomatic station which ranks at the very top of the second class.

There is no sort of occasion for you to feign ignorance of the offer; but if you should have occasion to speak of the motives out of which I declined it, I had rather you would confine yourself to *age*, and *health*, to which confinement, and residence from year's end to year's end in London, would be injurious. I mean when you speak of reasons *assigned by me*, for I do not pretend to ask that you should suppress such other reasons as to yourself appear to confirm the propriety of my decision. But I am very desirous to avoid any thing that might seem uncivil to Canning, or disparaging to the office; or create a notion that I considered myself as a fit candidate for higher employment. I am quite sensible that it is only by the absence of all pretension that I can escape the severest and most merited criticism.

I have been here eight or nine days, having in-

tended to stay only three or four ; but the air agrees with me, and I found several of my friends. To-morrow I return to town ; and must soon after decide whether or not to remain in England for the rest of this winter. If I do not go abroad, I shall probably make this place my head-quarters. The difference of climate betwixt it and London, is much more than can be accounted for by the trifling difference of latitude. The sea and the southern exposure do the rest.

I am much obliged to you for mentioning Lowe's book.* Such a work, from a skilful and impartial hand, was, I think, a desideratum. It probably gives a synoptical view of facts which were before to be hunted for through a mass of parliamentary papers and other voluminous documents.

Ever sincerely yours,
J. W. W.

* Soon after, I had reason to think that by far too favourable an opinion had been formed of this book, both by myself and others. It is undoubtedly the result of much laborious research, and it contains a vast body of statistical information well arranged. But the writer had an imperfect view of some of the first principles of political science—especially in regard to population, which he assumes to be an element of strength and wealth in the direct ratio of its numerical amount. His estimate too of abundant capital as a test of prosperity, without reference to the means of employing it, is equally fallacious.

LETTER XCIV.

New Street, Saturday, January 4, 1823.

It is near post time, but I cannot allow you to be removed to a greater distance without thanking you for both your letters, particularly that which I received this morning—dictated by a most kind and friendly regard to my feelings. I cannot conceal from you that I think the decision wrong to which I came after such long and anxious doubts. But it is a comfort to know that I have so much authority on my side, and that although I have incurred the inconvenience, I shall not, in the eyes of the world, bear the blame of a capital error. What has happened since will probably not diminish the number of suffrages in my favour. Lord F. G.'s appointment is, I hear, the subject of a good deal of criticism—more I think than it deserves. If indeed the young man were unfit for the employment, then the placing him in it would have evinced a mean desire of court favour, but as he is perfectly capable of fulfilling its duties, I do not see why Canning should not have gratified his master by the choice of a person agreeable to him.

As to Parliament I am only anxious to withdraw from it as quietly and as decently as I can. I do

not mean to cant about power or fame—they are among the highest and most reasonable of human gratifications. But it is a capital point of prudence to desist from the pursuit of them when they are unattainable. It is a bad bargain to worry one's spirits and impair one's health for the sake of a little, third-rate, precarious, fictitious reputation—unattended by any solid self-satisfaction, or by any real influence on human affairs. I meditate a speedy retreat, I will not say from business, for in that I never was concerned, but from the sphere in which business is transacted—and I shall then try what literature and society will do for me during the remainder of my days—*Seu plures hyemes, &c.* My health, thank Heaven, is restored, and I duly appreciate the blessing.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. W. W.

HAVING now arrived at a period in Lord Dudley's life, when a new position in society and a new sphere of action were about to open for him through the death of his father, which happened

in the following April, I have thought it best to regard this as an Epoch, and to close the volume with this letter. Whether any more letters will be published is a question not to be determined, it seems, by my own judgment: and I confess, whatever construction may be put upon the avowal, that I cannot submit either to solicit permission as a favour; or to recognize the duty of Executors in such a case to forbid the publication of letters addressed to myself, merely because they have the legal power of doing so, as possessing a share in the copyright. As far as tenderness for the reputation of the testator, whose property they administer, may influence the proceeding, the motive must be respected: but I may perhaps be forgiven, considering the relation that subsisted between myself and the writer, if I assert a moral claim to be regarded, not only as a safe guardian of that reputation, but as the safest perhaps that could be found among his surviving friends.

There is a well-known passage of Cicero which has been often quoted in reprobation of the practice of divulging private correspondence. “*At etiam literas (he exclaims indignantly against Antony) quas me sibi misisse diceret, recitavit, homo et humanitatis expers et vitæ communis ignarus. Quis enim unquam, qui paululum modò bonorum consuetudinem nôsset, literas ad se ab*

amico missas, offensione aliquâ interpositâ, in medium protulit, palamque recitavit? Quid est aliud tollere e vitâ vitæ societatem, quàm tollere amicorum colloquia absentium?"—"Quam multa joca solent esse in epistolis, quæ prolata si sint inepta videantur? quam multa seria, neque tamen ullo modo divulganda!"—CIC. PHIL. II. 3.

Now to the first part of this censure I have no fear whatever of being exposed. So far from being actuated by feelings of enmity or resentment, my sole object is to do honour to the memory of a deceased friend: and in case the partiality of friendship should be thought likely to lead me into the latter error, I fearlessly appeal for my vindication to the letters now published, written in all the freedom of familiar and confidential intercourse,—written often in haste and on the spur of the moment, under the influence of various feelings and fluctuations of animal spirits; yet in no one of them, nor in the remainder which are unpublished, do I discover a single passage which betrays weakness or puerility, or improper levity—much less a single line which ought to be suppressed upon any moral or religious consideration—

“Not one, which dying he would wish to blot.”

But I am content to wait the issue; and for

the present to dismiss the volume, in full confidence that it will justify my original design, and perhaps tend to its final completion.

P. S. Recent communications however, quite unexpected, make this a matter of great uncertainty. I feel a fresh restraint imposed upon me, which I shall not seek by solicitation to remove. In page 325, mention is made of a professional document recorded in the Preface, which the reader will not find there. It was voluntarily offered and sent by authority, unsought and unthought of by me—to be printed, as I supposed, entire. I never wished to have it, and as some difference of opinion has arisen as to the proper use to be made of it in this publication, I willingly omit it altogether: and I should not have even mentioned it, but for the reference already made in page 325, which it is too late now to cancel.

APPENDIX.

ON THE COPYRIGHT OF PRIVATE LETTERS.

To professional men it may seem strange that I was not aware of the legal decisions by which the right of publishing letters addressed to one's-self is restrained. But it was some satisfaction to me to find, that the same ignorance prevailed among many of my acquaintance, men of education and experience and conversant with the world, but not versed in the study of the law.

Upon reference also to the cases by which the law as it now stands is established, I find that the latest decision, although a peremptory one, rests entirely on the respect due to two former decisions—deriving no additional weight from the opinion of the Judge who pronounced it, but on the contrary, clearly implying that he was not satisfied in his own mind of the correctness of those decisions.

The first reported case is that of *Pope v. Curl*, decided by Lord Hardwicke in 1741.

In this case the letters had been printed in Dublin, and sold to Curl, who only claimed the right of reprinting them. The Lord Chancellor decides, that he is to be restrained only from printing those which are written *by* Mr. Pope, not those which are written *to* him: and he throws out this *dictum*, "The receiver of a letter has only a joint property with the writer."—*Atkyn's Reports*, vol. ii. p. 342.

The second case is that of the Executors of Lord Chesterfield, against the widow of his natural son Philip Stanhope, to whom he had written a series of Letters on Education, which his widow had agreed with Dodsley the bookseller to publish, when an Injunction was granted from the Court of Chancery, and after a hearing of both sides was confirmed.

Lord Apsley was then Chancellor. The case was argued 23d March, 1774, and is reported in Ambler under the title of *Thompson and Others against Eugenia Stanhope, Widow, and John Dodsley*. Lord Apsley said it was *within the reason* of several cases where injunctions had been granted,

and cited the case of *Mr. Forrester*, of *Mr. Webb*, of *Mr. Pope's Letters* printed by *Curl*, and *Lord Clarendon's Life*, advertised to be published by *Dr. Shebbeare*.

Notwithstanding these decisions, a case was tried in Chancery before Lord Eldon, in the year 1818, which is very copiously reported in *Swanston*, vol. ii. under the title *Gee v. Pritchard*, in which the whole question was elaborately argued, and decided for the Injunction; but Lord Eldon's mind appears to have inclined the other way, and had this been the first case of the kind, it seems evident that he would not have granted the Injunction.

Omitting those circumstances of the case, which have no bearing upon the merits of my own, the following abstract from *Swanston's Report*, will perhaps enable the reader to judge whether my opinion is well founded or not.

Mr. Hart, *Mr. Wetherell* and *Mr. Sidebottom*, in support of the motion for dissolving the Injunction, argue as follows:

"This Injunction cannot be supported, except on the general principle, that the writer of a letter is entitled at any time to restrain the publication, and to recover the possession from the person to whom it was addressed. No such principle has ever been recognized in the jurisprudence of this country, and is negatived by the only recent decision on this subject, *Lord and Lady Perceval v. Phipps*. In *Hudson's Treatise* on the Court of Star Chamber, no trace is to be found of any interference of that tribunal, by injunction or otherwise, on the subject of letters, unless the publication was libellous."

The Lord Chancellor observes, that this view of the case is irrelevant—since a libel is a crime, and he has no jurisdiction in crimes.

The Counsel resume,

An attempt will be made to sustain the Injunction, on the ground that the publication of the letters will be painful to the feelings of the plaintiff.

The Lord Chancellor says,

I will relieve you from that argument. The question will be, whether the bill has stated facts of which the Court can take notice, *as a case of civil property, which it is bound to protect*.

The Counsel observe,

It will be difficult to establish that letters may be the subject of literary property. The cases of *Pope v. Curl*, and *Thompson v. Stanhope*, render it doubtful to what extent the Court recognizes the doctrine of property in letters.

The Lord Chancellor,

"My predecessors did not inquire whether the intention of the writer was or was not directed to publication. The difficulty which I have felt in all these cases is this: If I had written a letter on the subject of an individual, for whom both the person to whom I wrote and myself had a common regard, and the question arose for the first time, I should have found it difficult to satisfy my mind that there is a property in the letter: but it is my duty to submit my judgment to the authority of those who have gone before me; and it will not be easy to remove the weight of the decisions of Lord Hardwicke and Lord Apsley. I cannot agree that the doctrines of this Court are to be changed with every succeeding judge. . . ."

"I understand the Vice Chancellor, in the case of *Lord and Lady Perceval v. Phipps*, not to have denied Lady *Perceval's* property in the letters, but to have inferred, from the circumstances, that she had authorized, and for that reason could not complain of, the publication."

Soon after Lord Eldon observes:—

"I think that *the decisions represent* the property as qualified in some respects; that by sending the letter, the writer had given, for the purpose of reading, and, in some cases, of keeping it, a property to the person to whom the letter was addressed, yet, that the gift was so restrained, that *ultra* the purposes for which the letter was sent, the property was in the sender The principle on which the Court interferes recognizes a joint property in the writer and the person to whom they are addressed."

The Counsel observe, that the defendant was entitled to read and show the letters, which is one mode of publication: upon what principle then can the publication by printing be restrained?

Lord Eldon replies,

An Injunction never goes so far as to restrain a person from carrying a book to a reading-room, or reciting it in public company; but that is no reason for not restraining the publication by printing. The usage limits the extent of the jurisdiction.

The Counsel for the Injunction, Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Roupell, contend that unless the defendant can show that the publication of the letters is for purposes essential to justice, the case of *Perceval v. Phipps* will not avail him. Lord Eldon observes, that in that case the defendant's own letter was decisive, that the publication was not necessary for those purposes.

In conclusion, Lord Eldon, omitting all reference to circumstances not essential to the main question, declares that he is not to interfere because the letters are written in confidence, or because the publication of them may wound the feelings of the plaintiff, but simply and wholly as a question of property.

"The argument of Mr. Wetherell," he observes, "has confirmed doubts which have often passed in my mind relative to the jurisdiction of this Court over the publication of letters: but I profess this principle, that if I find doctrines settled for forty years together, I will not unsettle them. I have the opinion of Lord Hardwicke and of Lord Apsley, pronounced in cases of this nature, which I am unable to distinguish from the present. Those opinions have been acquiesced in without application to a higher Court. If I am to be called to lend my assistance to unsettle them, on any doubts which I may entertain, I will lend it only when the parties bring them into question before the House of Lords."

In the case of *Perceval v. Phipps*, (Vesey & Beames, vol. ii. p. 22.) decided by the Vice Chancellor in 1813, the same principle was laid down that the question was merely one of literary property: and the Counsel (Romilly and Treslove) in that case observe, that "if there is a joint property in the letters, the Court will not restrain the publication where the object is not [qu? is] profit, but will do justice to the Plaintiff by giving an account of the profits." And this, I cannot but suspect, was Lord Eldon's view of the matter, and would have been his declared opinion, had the case come by appeal before the House of Lords.

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